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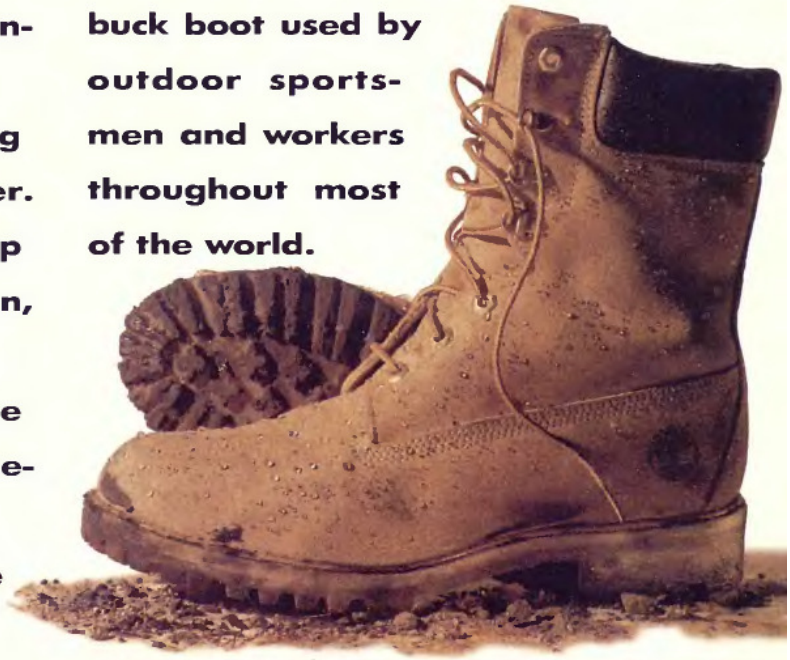

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NEE-NEE-NEE-NEE, NEE-NEE-NEE-NEE. Quick. Name that tune. Right. Anyone who did not guess *The Twilight Zone* is hereby grounded until he has memorized E. D. Hirsch, Jr.'s, *Cultural Literacy*. As all professional students working on a degree in pop culture know, television is the electronic campfire in our global village. So let's toast our brains like marshmallows. One of our favorite moments on TV this year was U.S. Senator **Charles S. Robb's** wimp-out on NBC's *Exposé*, which featured former Miss Virginia-USA **Tai Collins'** account of a tryst in New York's posh Pierre Hotel. Robb, who had earlier told newsmen he'd merely taken off his clothes, got into bed and received a massage, whined to the *Exposé* audience, "I placed myself in circumstances appropriate for a bachelor, inappropriate for a happily married man." Well, we thought you might like to hear Tai's side of the story. Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** captured her beauty—a view you won't soon see on TV.

We asked **Neil Tesser** to celebrate great moments you did see. *Ultimate TV* is the result: the very best episodes ever aired. To give you an idea of the pervasiveness of television, check out *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. Sports prognosticator **Gary Cole** says that college football's biggest battle this year won't be over first downs made or points scored but over viewer share. Television dollars are the reason Notre Dame split from its ABC-TV/College Football Association contract and why the Big Ten became (in fact, if not in name) the Big 11. Will the Pac 10 drop two schools, based on their low Nielsen ratings, and go by the name Eight Is Enough? Will *Playboy* start running pictorials called *Girls of the Unsyndicated Seven*? Stay tuned. (And while you're at it, check out *Girls of the Big Ten*.)

Another thing about television: It keeps you off the streets. Which is something you may want to consider after reading *Rude Boys*, **T. J. English's** account of the vicious Jamaican drug-runners who have swept the Mafia aside like so many lounge lizards. **Marshall Arisman** provided the illustration. English, author of *The Westies* (a book about the Irish Mob in New York City), is currently working on a *Playboy* series on the new Mobsters. **Lawrence Block,** creator of two of the most successful mystery heroes ever (Bernie Rhodenbarr and Matt Scudder), checks in with *A Blow for Freedom* (with artwork by **Chuck Walker**). Bernie was *The Burglar Who Dropped In on Elvis* in our April 1990 issue. This new story chronicles the effect of a handgun on its owner. **Ellen Umansky** tackles an even more sobering topic—the effect of a divorce on an alienated 15-year-old. Umansky's *Crewcut* is the winner of our College Fiction Contest.

You will notice that not a single interview show made our television hall of fame. The Barbara Walters/Jane Pauley/Connie Chung/Bryant Gumbel/Mike Wallace school of conversation will never replace the printed word. Which is why we sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** on an 18,750-mile jaunt to keep up with **Robert Maxwell,** international publishing giant and the new owner of New York's *Daily News*. His *Playboy Interview* is a fascinating portrait of a mogul in motion. **Warren Kalbacker,** in contrast, simply turned on a tape recorder and ducked when he popped *20 Questions* at **Camille Paglia,** author of *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*. Paglia considers herself an "independent thinker who shocks." We think you'll agree.

Not all of us are couch potatoes. Contributing Editor **Ken Gross** evaluates wheels in *Playboy's Automotive Report* (illustrated by **Dave Calver**). Our *Fall Sportswear Portfolio* (photographed by **Peter Arnell**) shows what the well-dressed man about town will be wearing. After all, man does not live by eyes alone. Sometimes life is how you look, not what you see.

FREYTAG

TESSER

COLE

ENGLISH

ARISMAN

SHEFF

BLOCK

WALKER

UMANSKY

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PLAYBOY

vol. 38, no. 10—october 1991

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COVER STORY

Tai Collins, 1983's Miss Virginia-U.S.A., poses in a white robe, symbolic of the one that figured so prominently in her secret tryst with Governor Charles Robb, commencing their long hush-hush love affair. In an exclusive *Playboy* pictorial, Tai finally sets the record straight. Our cover was produced by Linda Kenney, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to Tracy Cionflone for styling Tai's hair and make-up.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SPIKE LEE INTERVIEW

As a human being of multinational descent (primarily African-American, Hispanic, West Indian and Anglo-Saxon, with a possible Jewish relative thrown in for good measure), I found the opening paragraphs of your July *Playboy Interview* with film maker Spike Lee highly upsetting. Granted, everyone is entitled to his opinion, regardless of how bigoted, and I won't criticize *Playboy* for living up to the spirit of the much-trampled First Amendment.

However, I wonder what would have happened if Ron Howard or Steven Spielberg had uttered the same type of comments as Lee's (to paraphrase): "I have never seen white men with beautiful black women. [Black women] are ugly dogs. You always see black men with attractive blondes." Can you imagine the uproar as African-American groups moved to boycott *Playboy* for publishing racist material, the hand-wringing by pseudo liberals and conservatives alike?

There is such a thing as black racism. Thank you, *Playboy*, for exposing it in the market place of ideas.

Charles G. Weekes
Jamaica, New York

Spike Lee says *Do the Right Thing* did not cause riots in movie theaters. Well, I happen to be an usher in a movie theater that exhibits his films, and the crowds are always troublesome and destructive.

But what bothers me most is his use of the term Uncle Tom. Why is it that when a black person attains a high social status, or gets along with white people, he is an Uncle Tom? Are we not trying to end racism? I like drag racing, Jack Daniel's, Budweiser, cruising, philosophy, heavy-metal music and writing poetry, and I happen to be black. Does that make me an Uncle Tom?

Of course not. It merely makes me an open-minded individual who can think for himself. Spike Lee cannot speak for me.

I am glad that Lee has made it as a producer/director, but he has a long way to go to become a full human being.

Carl V. Purnell
Bronx, New York

I applaud Spike Lee for his tremendous accomplishments in the film industry, his commercial success (I'm into Mars Blackmon) and the public awareness of racism he promotes. I'm sure he has been able to succeed only through long hours of hard work and sincere dedication. His attitude regarding quotas and discrimination against minorities, though, is entirely too negative. If he would simply display the positive example of his hard work, instead of whining that minorities are treated unfairly, more minority peoples would be inspired to achieve goals that *everyone* dreams about.

John Mueller
Toledo, Ohio

Lee downplays the importance of Colin Powell's achievements. But the reason Powell, Bernard Shaw, Bryant Gumbel, Arsenio Hall (and Spike Lee and his friend Michael Jordan, for that matter) are so important is that they prove that blacks do not need special favors to succeed. All they need, and all they deserve, is an even chance.

Howard Underwood
Fremont, California

BREAKING UP

Thanks for *The Thinking Man's Guide to Breaking Up*, by Contributing Editor Denis Boyles (*Playboy*, July).

As someone who has recently heard the words "I think we should stop dating" from someone I've been seeing seriously for almost three years, I found Boyles's article both intriguing and accurate.

It's reassuring to know that after

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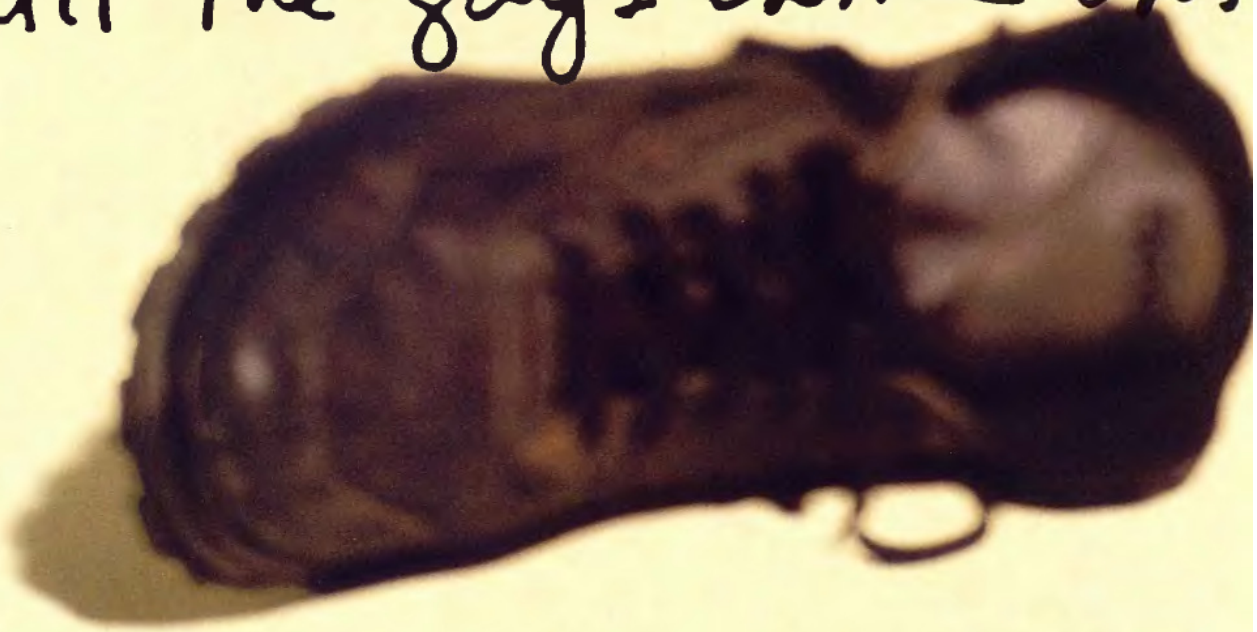
until the guys came out



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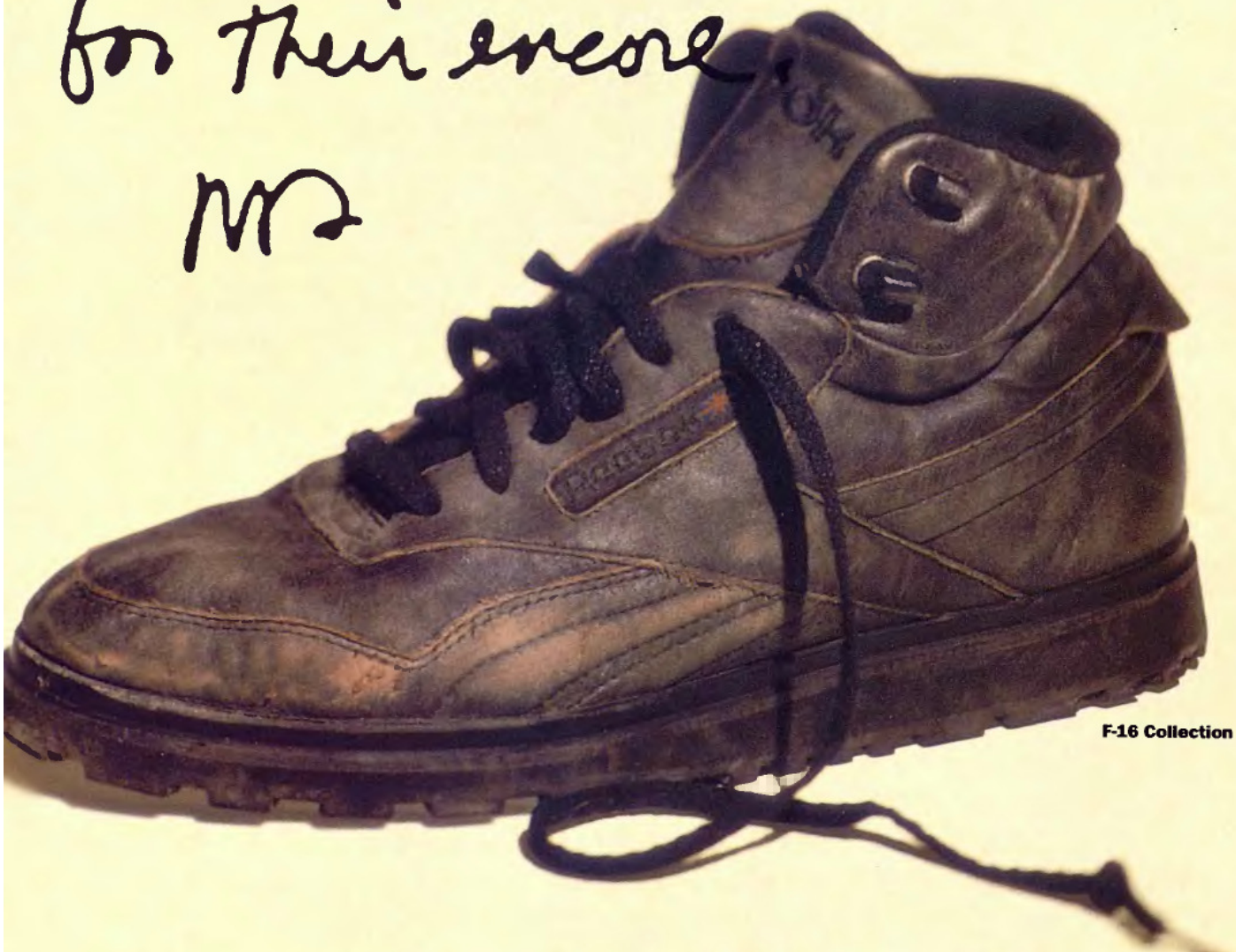
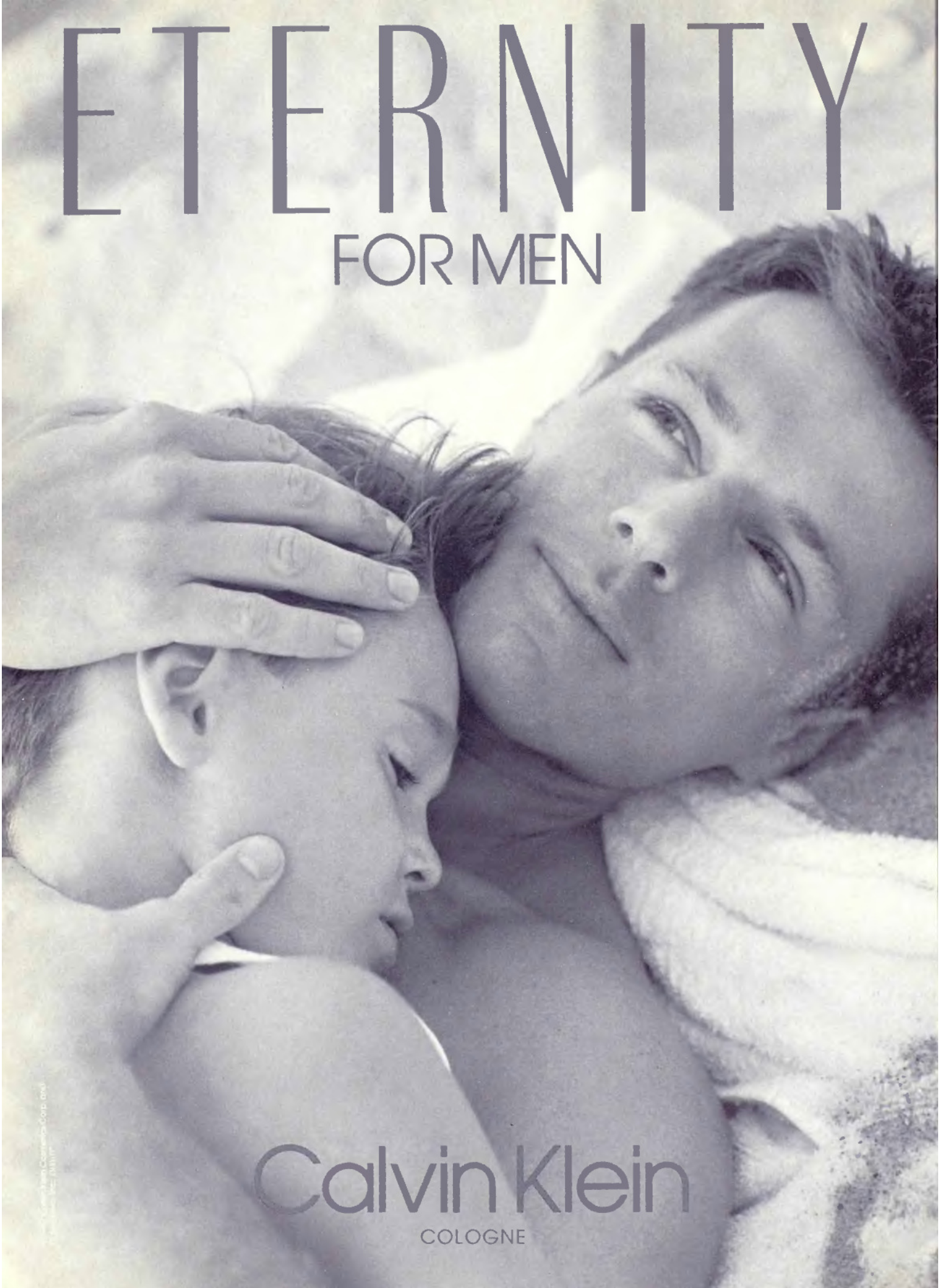
for three encore

MJ



F-16 Collection

A new collection of casual shoes from The Reebok Design Group. To locate the store nearest you please dial 1-800-843-4444.


ETERNITY
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
COLOGNE

becoming road kill, I have taken several steps in the right direction: shrugging my shoulders, walking away and giving old what's-her-name the space she wanted.

Ed Patrick
Peoria, Arizona

My only complaint regarding Denis Boyles's article on breaking up is that you didn't publish it two years, one month and seven days ago.

Lord knows I did everything wrong. I went to her place for the news, literally begged for a reversal of her decision, sent letters, cards and even gifts galore, straining for some kind word or change of heart—all to no avail. In retrospect, I don't know which hurt the most—losing her or nearly destroying my self-respect by completely abasing myself in the futile attempt to draw her back to me.

Every man who gets the big dump can save needless agony by adhering to Boyles's advice.

Tom Vaché
Marietta, Georgia

"THE WAR ON NUDITY"

In regard to the July *Playboy Forum*'s opening essay, "The War on Nudity, Part One: The Great Pinup Controversy," I believe Lois Robinson could have solved her problem with the "offensive posters" of female pinups on her job cheaply and quickly. All she needed to do was hang up a few male centerfolds from *Playgirl*. My bet is that her foreman and male coworkers would quickly decide that nude posters of either sex don't belong in the workplace.

Sharon Edwards
Fresno, California

SOME LIKE IT HOT

I thoroughly enjoyed the third installment of *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock*, *Some Like It Hot* (July), by David Standish, especially the portion on Bix Beiderbecke, who, between his stays in Chicago and New York, played around Greater Cincinnati for two years (as did another legendary cornettist, Wild Bill Davison). One discrepancy: The "shepherd's crook" cornet is not Bixian. He played a Conn "Victor" model until the late Twenties, when he switched to a Vincent Bach, made in Mount Vernon, New York. He gave a duplicate to his Wolverines successor Jimmy McPartland. The Conn resides in a Cincy collection. The horn pictured in the photo at the bottom of page 91 appears to be an 1890s French product, sold in the U.S. by a Cincinnati firm, Rudolph Wurlitzer. Keep swingin'!

Murphy Parchmann
Terrace Park, Ohio

According to Donald Marquis, curator of the New Orleans Jazz Collection of the Louisiana State Museum, the instrument in our photo is believed to be the cornet Bix used in his student days. It was donated to the museum by Ben Pollack in 1963.

DOUBLE PLAYS

I enjoyed your July fashion pictorial, *Double Plays*, but you seem to have overlooked the premiere father–son combo in major-league baseball—the Griffeys of the Seattle Mariners. Not to diminish the considerable talents of the Alomars or the Ripkens, but the Griffeys, Kens Sr. and Jr., are the only father-and-son duo ever to play on the same team. They patrol the outfield together and usually follow each other in the batting order.

Bill Engelhardt
Olympia, Washington

OPERATION PLAYMATE, CONTINUED

I would like to thank you for the way you stood by the troops deployed in the Persian Gulf for Operation Desert Shield/Storm. I especially liked your *Operation*

Playmate in the June issue, which I got to read upon my return from the Gulf.

While thousands of us returned home to a hero's welcome, thousands more are still deployed in the region, some still facing danger. Let's keep the flags flying, the yellow ribbons posted and the letters going out until all the troops are safely home. And when they do return, let's make sure they get the same welcome I and my comrades-in-arms received. Again, thanks for your support.

W. J. Maurin
Alameda, California

It was the least we could do. And speaking of welcomes, how about Playmates Lisa Matthews, Christina Leardini, Lorraine Olivia and Wendy Kaye in this shot from the Operation Welcome Home ticker-tape parade in New York?

THE HEIGHT REPORT

Wow! The women in your July pictorial *The Height Report* have the most gorgeous gams I have seen in a *long* time. I love legs that go on and on—and these women have legs that go on forever! The photos are absolutely magnificent.

Navarro D'Artagnan Parker
Wichita, Kansas

If I saw *The Height Report*'s Michelle Holloway, "a 6'1" beauty, nude except for the boots on her endless legs," struggling with the carburetor of her Mazda, I would stop my MGB and offer what assistance I could. But I would be unable to help her with her carburetor, because the Miata is fuel-injected!

Thomas W. LeBlanc
Santa Barbara, California

I loved *The Height Report*. Being a tall person myself (6'8"), and a leg man, I was glad to see you recognize that good things come in tall packages, too. I'm sure that I'm not alone in feeling that it's your biggest and best pictorial ever. Bravo!

Bill Melda
Chino, California

"HOW IS SHE IN THE MORNING?"

Only one word came to mind while reading Contributing Editor Asa Baber's July *Men* column, "How Is She in the Morning?": prudery. Both of the people Baber describes have all the seductive charm of cold fish. The husband equates talking with conflict, while the wife equates sex with a chore—which is precisely what Americans are taught. Of course she has not been lusty since their courtship—he probably hasn't courted her since then. This kind of prudery comes from girls' being taught that sex is bad, while boys are taught that emoting is for sissies.

I elected in my second marriage not to marry an American, precisely because too many men here say they want a seductress but, when they get one, label her immoral. Now I have a husband who thinks bringing me roses is a privilege rather than a chore and who demands delight instead of obedience. It's too bad the husband and wife in Baber's column are too tired to take care of each other anymore. They've made a priority out of everything but their marriage.

Mrs. B. K. Parmenter
Salt Lake City, Utah

WENDY KAYE

I couldn't help but notice July Playmate Wendy Kaye's reference to God in the text accompanying her incredible centerfold pictorial (*Miss Liberty*). As a former born-again, I know that members of the cult consider their bodies a temple. I can only say that I would be content to spend eternity worshiping Wendy's temple. No doubt she could make a believer of me!

Bob Markey
Cathedral City, California

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SHUCKIN' THE SHYSTERS

Lawyers are sweating it out in bayou country. Representative Terry Gee drafted a new bill in the Louisiana house that reads, "Any person with a valid state rodent- or armadillo-hunting license may also hunt and harvest attorneys for recreational and sporting (noncommercial) purposes."

In an apparent attempt at magnanimity, subsequent clauses in the bill stipulate that U.S. currency may not be used as bait and that *honest* attorneys, as an endangered species, are protected from the hunt.

Other provisions state:

"The willful killing of attorneys with a motor vehicle is prohibited, unless such vehicle is an ambulance being driven in reverse.

"It is unlawful to shout 'Whiplash!' 'Ambulance!' or 'Free Scotch!' for the purpose of trapping attorneys."

When Gee requested permission to file the bill, 56 of the 105 members of the house—all of the nonlawyers—voted yes. However, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory—and, we suspect, following the advice of *his* attorney—the rascally rep admitted he wasn't going to file it after all. "We were doing it just for fun," he said. Oh, Gee.

AUTOCRAT OF THE MONTH

A reader from San Antonio spotted a car bumper—the postmodern soapbox—adorned with two less than congruent stickers: FIGHT CRIME—SHOOT BACK and MY CANDIDATES VOTE PRO-LIFE.

SWATCH REPORT

We all know about Swatches. They're those colorful, kicky, wildly entertaining watches from Switzerland that we find on the wrists of some of the girls we go out with. What we don't realize is what a big deal Swatch is in Europe. The company markets its watches as fashion accessories: You own several to wear to formal or casual occasions or to sporting events. The watches are designed in Milan and each season, Swatch releases a new line. It also puts out Special and Art Editions—usually limited to 9999 units. The watches in all price ranges are enormously popular. By 1989, the company boasted 50,000,000 wearers world-wide. We saw a store run through its new-model allotment of 300 units ten minutes after it opened—leaving empty-handed almost 200 people lined up outside in the rain. One enterprising shopper seized the opportunity to sell—for three times the price he had paid—the watch he had bought just moments before.

However, that did not prepare us for what we saw at the Christie's auction of Swatch Classics in Zurich this past summer. A Keith Haring Art Special—a watch you could have picked up for $80 in 1986—sold for $2394. A very-limited-edition (120) Mimmo Paladino watch—originally given away to celebrities such as Robert Redford, Sting and Jane Fonda—went for $25,432.

Who would spend that kind of money? We cornered Dr. Christoph Schifferli, an active auction bidder who keeps his 1000-item collection in a locked steel cabinet. "There are three design innovators of the Eighties," he explained. "Braun, Olivetti and Swatch. The company kept the identity of the product despite constantly changing its style."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Dr. Schifferli is interested in the technological features of the watch and his collection includes prototypes and display models. So is it too late to get in on Swatch collecting?

"Yes, after 1988, the prices got crazy," he said, smiling the smile of a man who had just spent several thousand dollars on some timely investments.

•

It's not just a band, man, it's a way of life. This headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times* proves it: "GRATEFUL DEAD FAN'S BODY IS FOUND IN LAKE MICHIGAN."

SEX AND STREETS (1)

Despite years of Westernization, beautiful Oahu has endured. According to *Hawaiian Street Names*, by Rich Budnick and Duke Kalani Wise, indigenous islanders have left their mark on 4000 Hawaiian-language road signs on the island. Melodious as the native originals sound, their English translations push the poetic envelope: *Poli'ala Street* means Fragrant Breast Street; *Hanakealoha Place*, Lovemaking Place; *Pakohana Street*, Naked Street; *Ma'ipalaoa Road*, Whale Genitals Road; and *Ulehawa Road*, Filthy Penis Road. Now we know why there's no street named after Jack Lord.

SEX AND STREETS (2)

Gay Court is, or used to be, a street in the megabucks San Francisco suburb of Alamo. The county board of supervisors, citing homosexual implications, social stigma and ridicule, officially changed the name of the thoroughfare to High Eagle Road.

Leaving aside the statistical probability that there are more gays living on the street than there are eagles, are we seeing the birth of another reactionary trend? Are all residential designations with any similar hint of deviant *entendre* to be likewise bowdlerized? In nearby Oakland, are the folks who live on

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I like to watch a child play on a swing or see a Hare Krishna get French-kissed by a jackhammer."—COMEDIENNE JUDY TENUTA, ON THE SIMPLE THINGS IN LIFE, FROM *Comedy Explosion: A New Generation*

DANGER! PILLOWS AHEAD

Number of injuries last year that involved house plants, 1325; pillows, 3971; Christmas decorations, 5868; products designed for use in the genital area, 6133; toothpicks, 7832; first-aid equipment, 26,641; paper money or coins, 29,613.

•

Number of injuries last year related to boxing, 5993; football, 414,294; basketball, 640,755; cheerleading, 12,405.

ON AND OFF THE LAM

Chance that a fugitive will be captured after being profiled on *America's Most Wanted*: one in 2.4. Chance that a viewer will have information and phone in a tip: one in 3050.

•

Percentage of first 153 fugitives captured after being profiled on the show who are still behind bars: 89.

•

As of last June, fastest capture after profile, 33 minutes; number of fugitives who surrendered after being profiled, 13; longest time fugitive had been at large before profile and capture: 18 years.

•

Number of fugitives in the U.S.: 275,000.

EQUAL OP

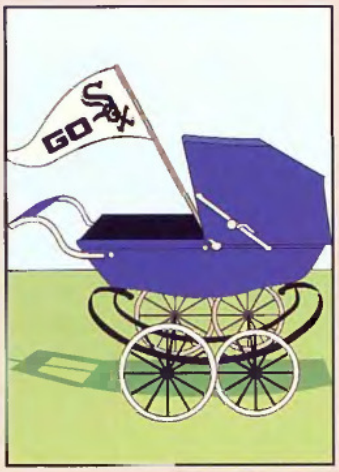
Percentage of males aged 13 to 17 who say they know how to sew on a button: 80. Percentage of females aged 13 to 17 who say they know how to bait a hook: 76.

BOYS OF SUMMER, INC.

Number of major-league baseball players whose salaries were at least $3,000,000 in 1990, one; in 1991, 32.

•

Team with the most players earning at least $1,000,000 per season as of opening day 1991: Oakland (14). Teams with the fewest: Baltimore and Seattle (three each).



FACT OF THE MONTH

The times, they are a-changin': All of the public men's rooms at Chicago's new Comiskey Park have diaper-changing areas.

LIGHTS! CAMERA! CUSS WORDS!

According to studies by psycholinguist Tim Jay of North Adams State College in Massachusetts, the frequency of profanities in the following films: *Eddie Murphy: Delirious*, one every eight seconds; *Do the Right Thing*, one every 17 seconds; *Scarface*, one every 34 seconds; *Lethal Weapon*, one every 44 seconds; *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, one every 79 seconds; *Bimbo Bowlers from Boston* (hard-core), one every minute, 50 seconds; *Pretty Woman*, one every six minutes, 30 seconds; *Easy Rider*, one every seven minutes, 48 seconds; *E.T.*, one every eight minutes, 51 seconds; *Rebel Without a Cause*, zero.

•

Average number of profanities in hard-core films, 69; in R films, 75; in PG-13 films, 37.

•

Percentage of on-screen profanities during the Sixties that were "fuck" or "shit," one; today, 36. Percentage that were "hell" or "damn," 53; today, 13.

•

Ratio of male to female on-screen cursing in the Sixties, ten to one; today, two to one.

—CHIP ROWE

Fruitvale Avenue even now muttering, "Damn, when you think about it . . ."?

Indeed, given the number of street names in America that incorporate such words as gay, fruit, Nellie, drag, Fay and the like, are we looking at Rand McNally's worst nightmare?

Local gay activists responded with ingenuity and aplomb, announcing that Bay Area homosexuals would henceforth refer to themselves not as "gays" but as "high eagles."

RADIO WAVE

At a number of radio stations, former chart-busting musicians are moonlighting as the next generation of Wolfmen Jack. Ex-Turtles Flo and Eddie broadcast from WXRK in New York City; Jerry Shirley, a former piece of Humble Pie, is now at WNCX, Cleveland. We called on Michael Stanley of the Michael Stanley Band and host of *In the Heartland* on WNCX to find out how it feels to go from making platters to spinning them. "It's like the difference between having sex and watching porno movies," he told us.

WACKY WAX

At last, the perfect antidote to urban stress: At the Clinique de Beauté, the salon she runs out of Manhattan's Lombardy Hotel, Livia Sylva Weintraub offers the latest Wall Street trend—back waxing for men. "What else could you ask for after a day in the concrete jungle?" Livia asks. We dunno. Maybe just a little off the top and leave the sides long.

UPTOWN IS HOT . . . AND SPICY

No surprise that in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*, Flipper takes Angie to Sylvia's Restaurant near the corner of 126th Street and Lenox Avenue for her first taste of Harlem—it's *the* soul-food hot spot in New York. What is a shock is that the waitress in the film (played by rapper Queen Latifah) dishes some Manhattitude when serving the mixed-race couple. That's not the way it is, bro'.

On weekend nights, Sylvia's three dining rooms are overrun with a mélange of locals, politicians, jocks and rappers who have come to chow down on tasty home-style ribs, sweet yams, collards and spicy corn bread. Among the notables: Mayor David Dinkins (it's his favorite joint), Jesse Jackson (he likes to run back to the kitchen), the *other* Jacksons, Robert Duvall, most of the Knicks' starting five, Michael J. Fox, Public Enemy's Flavor Flav, English heartthrob Lisa Stansfield and the insatiable Al Sharpton.

Owner Sylvia Woods is responsible for cultivating the open-door, open-arms policy. When nervous phone callers ask if it's "safe" to visit, Sylvia replies, "We don't have any gorillas or tigers up here, if that's what you mean." Then she looks at the full tables and smiles.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CLEARLY RELISHING their dual roles in the sleek romantic thriller ***Dead Again*** (Paramount) are British director/star Kenneth Branagh (an Oscar nominee for *Henry V*) and his wife, Emma Thompson. Branagh portrays an L.A. private detective enlisted to help identify an amnesiac young woman (Thompson) whose loss of memory is compounded by ghastly nightmares. In black-and-white flashbacks, they also play a famous musical conductor and the wife he is executed for brutally murdering in 1948. Directing himself with a nice gritty flair for old-fashioned Americana, Branagh on screen seems more like James Cagney than an English performer rooted in the classics. The movie's outstanding second-rung attractions include Andy Garcia as an intrusive newspaperman whose career spans the decades, British stage star Derek Jacobi as a knowing hypnotist, Campbell Scott in a telling cameo and Robin Williams (unbilled until the end credits) as a clever consulting psychiatrist who has lost his license for sleeping with a couple of his patients. *Dead Again* may stretch the laws of credibility, but it sizzles as a showcase for blue-ribbon bams. ¥¥¥

●

The time is 1924, the setting a ship bound for Buenos Aires. Stephanie (Mathilda May), a beautiful but bored young Frenchwoman married to a much older man (Fernando Rey), impulsively swaps identities with a Polish girl who has flung herself overboard. Thus begins ***Naked Tango*** (New Line), with Stephanie quitting the ship in Argentina to assume her new role as a duped mail-order bride who's destined to perform tricks in an elegant bordello. Esai Morales and Vincent D'Onofrio, respectively, play the brothelmaster and the dancing assassin who figure in her future. Leonard Schrader, who adapted the late novelist Manuel Puig's *Kiss of the Spider Woman* for the screen, wrote and directed *Naked Tango*—also purportedly "inspired" by Puig. Visually, the movie is a treat, all lurid lights and shadows—with spectacular sex, costumes and suggestive dancing. Scriptwise, it's all but incoherent, albeit heralded as "a mythic story of obsessive passion." Uh-huh. More often, it teeters on the edge of becoming outright laughable. ¥¥

●

Urban blight leaps from the daily headlines right into your lap in ***City of Hope*** (Goldwyn). Written, directed and edited by protean John Sayles, who also portrays a shady character with lots of nasty secrets, the movie is a slice of big-city corruption, set in a New Jersey

Branagh, Thompson are *Dead Again*.

Say goodbye to summer with amnesia, white slavery, urban blight and murder.

metropolis no sane person would want to live in *or* visit. Tony Lo Bianco plays a construction man who knows how to play politics; Vincent Spano is his wayward son, Nick, whose rebellion is expressed in petty crime and a hopeless attraction to a local cop's ex-wife (Barbara Williams). A black city councilman (Joe Morton) struggles with ethical questions of his own when two black teenagers, accused of mugging a white college professor, falsely claim they were fending off his homosexual advances. Well acted but not altogether convincing, *City of Hope* is dully serious moviemaking. Sayles the writer overstuffs the film with more message than Sayles the director can comfortably chew. ¥¥

●

As co-authors of ***Barton Fink*** (Fox), the Coen brothers—Joel directing, Ethan producing—walked off with the Palme d'Or at this year's Cannes Film Festival. If you ask me, which the jury didn't, Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever* should have won. Still, *Fink* is indubitably a cinematic triumph of sorts. Although it's described in press releases as a comedy, *Fink* is rife with serial murder, severed heads and sundry horrors; its satirical aspect *does* evoke dark laughter. John Turturro plays a Broadway writer hired to hack it in Hollywood during the Forties. His encounters with a studio chief, the big man's groveling side-kick and a harried producer (Michael Lerner, Jon Polito and Tony Shalhoub play hell with their respective roles) are savagely antic. Both John Mahoney as a famous novelist drinking himself to death on Hollywood's payroll and Judy Davis, playing his doomed secretary, contribute telling cameos. John Goodman, however, dominates the movie as Turturro's bumptious, mysterious neighbor in a ramshackle hotel. He calls himself an insurance salesman but turns out to be something far more chilling—propelling *Barton Fink* well beyond spoofery into a stylized, cinematically savvy nightmare. ¥¥¥½

●

Unreleased for years because of legal hassles, ***Brenda Starr*** (AM/PM) features Brooke Shields as the intrepid girl reporter of comic-strip fame. Good try but bad timing, since both *Batman* and *Dick Tracy* got here first with more pizzazz than *Brenda* ever delivers. Shields is vibrant, though, and every inch a Starr in stylized Bob Mackie costumes. Timothy Dalton as the matinee idol of her dreams, Diana Scarwid as a bitchy rival and Tony Peck as an artist-architect who gets drawn into Brenda's funny-paper world against his will all work hard to lighten up a flimsy balloon of a screenplay that director Robert Ellis Miller never quite manages to keep from sinking. ¥¥

●

Mystery Date (Orion) charts one of those off nights when things just aren't going well. Ethan Hawke plays a teenager going out for the first time with a neighborhood dream girl (Teri Polo). Not only does he discover two dead bodies in the trunk of his borrowed car but his date gets kidnaped and he finds himself on a collision course with a vicious Chinese drug lord (B. D. Wong). Such comedy thrillers are assembly-line jobs, but the cast is especially appealing, and the young at heart will probably love it. ¥¥½

●

Writer-director Ken Russell, a certified cinematic wild man, veers well off the mark in a mini-epic called ***Whore*** (Trimark). Adapted from *Bondage*, a play by David Hines, the movie stars Theresa Russell, a compelling actress (and no relation to Ken), here stymied by the gimmick of talking directly to the camera while pounding the pavement between tricks. This strained narration ("He was beatin' his meat and lickin' my shoe," says Theresa, fumbling a down-home accent) does little to lighten Russell's grimly realistic portrait of a prostitute with a heart of cold steel, whose tricks assault her with lines such as "I wouldn't waste my come on you." Well, Theresa did look far better in *Black Widow*. Director Russell, who often stresses style over substance, seemed to have a firmer handle

on his subject with Kathleen Turner in *Crimes of Passion*. Although arresting, his odd *Whore* is no great bargain at any price. ¥½

•

A gay Congressman (Greg Mullavey) is set up for entrapment in **Undertow** (Capstone) when he arranges to meet an available young stud in a furnished room. What the politico doesn't know is that there's an FBI agent video-taping the action. Adapted by writer-director Thomas Mazziotti from a play called *Raw Youth*, the story has a cruel twist: The lad hired for the scam is no homosexual hustler but a young ex-cop (Peter Dobson) accused of corruption. He's faking the trick as a favor to his dad (Burtt Harris), a convicted con man who has to help someone frame the Congressman in order to stay out of jail. Hardly a pretty picture. But Mazziotti and company bring off this downbeat B movie with some compassion and subtlety, avoiding every temptation to settle for mere sleaze. ¥¥

•

Why so many big names were attracted to small roles in **The Dark Backward** (Greycat), 25-year-old writer-director Adam Rifkin's eccentric black comedy, is a puzzlement. Judd Nelson and Bill Paxton play two garbage men living in a junked-up nether world, where they long for better things. Nelson as Marty wants to be a stand-up comic; Paxton plays Gus, who is a chubby chaser, hooked on grossly overweight women. When a third arm inexplicably sprouts from a lump on Marty's back, he sees it as his passport into showbiz. Enter Wayne Newton as a cheap agent named Jackie Chrome, James Caan as Dr. Scurvy, who is no help at treating extra limbs, and Rob Lowe, sporting buck teeth, as a sleazy TV talent scout. If they're all having a good time, the fun doesn't show on screen. Maybe you had to be there. ¥

•

Some major summer releases screened too late for earlier review but still likely to be in circulation include:

Dying Young: Terminal-disease schmaltz co-starring Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott as lovers *vs.* leukemia. ¥¥½

The Naked Gun 2½: Of course, with Leslie Nielsen. As low-down as the original, but good for laughs. ¥¥¥

Point Break: Hold your breath and dispense with logic as Patrick Swayze plays a surfing, parachuting bank robber who enthralls FBI agent Keanu Reeves. Super photography in a brain-dead, idiotic action movie directed by Kathryn Bigelow. ¥

Regarding Henry: Slick, emotionally supercharged soap opera by Mike Nichols, for crying out loud—with Harrison Ford and Annette Bening, both in top tear-jerking form. ¥¥¥

Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves: Epic and bland, with a downcast Costner robbing the rich as if he were walking through his senior-class play. ¥¥

The Rocketeer: Well, it's no *E.T.*, but it really takes off as comic-strip cinema if you're feeling young. ¥¥¥

Terminator 2: Judgment Day: Arnold is back in a nonstop spectacle that preaches world peace while pushing action to the max. ¥¥¥

Obsessed with Jennifer.

OFF CAMERA

What should a beautiful, ambitious young actress do with an agent who turns down chances at roles in *Twin Peaks* and *Drugstore Cowboy* on her behalf? "I fired him," says **Jennifer Rubin.** Things are now looking up for the 27-year-old who starred as a leggy Las Vegas moll in *Delusion*. By now, you may have seen her in the USA Network's *Drop Dead Gorgeous*. "It's a whodunit, and I play the gorgeous part, I guess, as a schoolteacher turned model. Sally Kellerman is terrific as the lesbian owner of the model agency." Her next movie out should be *A Woman, Her Men & a Futon*. "It answers, or at least poses, the question Does a woman have to sleep with a man who takes her to dinner? It takes place in lots of restaurants; I'm with about five different guys."

We asked Jennifer about rumors linking her with *lots* of guys in Hollywood's fast lane. "Yeah, it's true that famous men fall in love with me," she admits nonchalantly. "But I won't name them. I want my work, not my personal life, to speak for me."

Jennifer's work now includes a five-year contract to do a series of Obsession commercials for Calvin Klein. "They're going to be very romantic ads, based on the works of great writers. I've already done one, directed by David Lynch and co-starring James Marshall, who was James in *Twin Peaks*. I'm sort of doing Ava Gardner in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*," she says. "You hear a male voice saying he can't sleep for thinking about me." We can identify with that.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Barton Fink (See review) Hollywood horrors by the brothers Coen. ¥¥¥½
Brenda Starr (See review) Brooke as the comics' girl reporter. ¥¥
City of Hope (See review) More urban angst from John Sayles. ¥¥
The Commitments (Reviewed 9/91) Dublin rockers on the rise. ¥¥¥¥
The Dark Backward (See review) Maybe going the wrong direction. ¥
Dead Again (See review) Actors acting up a lively storm. ¥¥¥
Defenseless (9/91) The wife, the other woman and the dead man. ¥¥¥
Dying Young (See review) Smile, Julia, when you say that. ¥¥½
Jungle Fever (9/91) Racial enmity exposed, Spike Lee style. ¥¥¥¥
The Miracle (9/91) Intrigue at an Irish seaside resort. ¥¥
My Father's Glory (8/91) Marcel Pagnol's boyhood revisited. ¥¥½
My Mother's Castle (8/91) And then *re*-visited, with better results. ¥¥¥
Mystery Date (See review) Boy meets girl and Mobsters. ¥¥½
The Naked Gun 2½ (See review) The sequel, slapsticky as ever. ¥¥¥
Naked Tango (See review) Beautiful but dim-witted. ¥¥
Point Break (See review) Surf's up. Otherwise, it's a washout. ¥
Prisoners of the Sun (7/91) Bryan Brown airs Japanese war crimes. ¥¥¥
Regarding Henry (See review) A wounded man recovers his senses. ¥¥¥
Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves (See review) Defying his critics, Kevin scores big in Sherwood. ¥¥
The Rocketeer (See review) A blast that never tries too hard. ¥¥¥
Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll (9/91) Bogosian's wild one-man show. ¥¥¥¥
Slacker (9/91) Texas twister. ¥¥
Soapdish (9/91) Sally Field, up to her armpits in suds. ¥¥¥
The Story of Boys and Girls (9/91) Big Italian engagement party. ¥¥¥½
A Tale of Springtime (8/91) Playing cupid in the French manner. ¥¥½
Terminator 2: Judgment Day (See review) Future shock in spades. ¥¥¥
Thelma & Louise (5/91) On the road with two hell-bent gals. ¥¥¥¥
Trust (8/91) Hello, young lovers; who has the hand grenade? ¥¥¥
Undertow (See review) Male stud opens gay politician's closet. ¥¥
Whore (See review) Two Russells bad-rapping the oldest profession. ¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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AS LONG AS THE ENJOYMENT OF OYSTERS IS NOT RESTRICTED TO THE DINING ROOM TABLE ...

There will always be a

CHIVAS REGAL.

VIDEO

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: a labor-day vid festival

Take This Job and Love It: The secret to job success is a positive attitude, says this motivational video (Access).

Take This Job and Shove It: On the other hand. . . . In this spirited 1981 comedy, Robert (*Airplane!*) Hays leads revolt in a Dubuque brewery (Nelson).

Employer vs. Employee: Chairman of the bored Phil Donahue presides over wide-ranging agenda on employee rights and employer abuses (Films for Humanities and Sciences).

On the Waterfront: Even when union bosses are bad, the workers can be heroes—as in Elia Kazan's Oscar-winning epic of union corruption on the New York docks (RCA/Columbia).

Work of Love: Inspirational docuvid tracks the career and good deeds of everyone's favorite working mom—Mother Teresa of Calcutta (Ave Maria).

The Lamaze Method: Laboring painlessly; Patty Duke hosts (Nelson).

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDEO SILENCE

They weren't silent, of course—there was usually music, courtesy of a theater organist. Yet even without dialog, these silents were golden—and still are, on video.

Way Down East (1920): The famous stage melodrama gets the full D. W. Griffith treatment here—all sentimental naturalism—and was best known for Richard Barthelmess' thrilling (and real) rescue of Lillian Gish from a speeding ice floe.

Blood and Sand (1922): Rudolph Valentino's unworldly bullfighter is torn between bride and vampy Nita Naldi. Lest we, too, be corrupted, the studio added a wise-old-don character to inveigh against bullfighting, while women thrilled to Rudy's robing scene.

Wild and Wooly (1917): Tycoon's kid Douglas Fairbanks likes roping the butler and riding breakneck round Central Park. When he's sent West to scout an investment, his life becomes a dime-novel fantasy. Delicious story by Anita Loos.

Passion (1919): Ernst Lubitsch's unhistorical but hot Madame-DuBarry-meets-the-French-Revolution tale was loved for its sexiness, crowd scenes and star turn by Pola Negri. This silent broke the post–World War One boycott of German films in the U.S.

Earth (1930): Dovzhenko's cinematic ode to collectivized farming (and one of the last great Russian silents) is ripe with sunflowers, clouds and tractors. It was considered highbrow at the time—and still is—and is set to a synchronized orchestral score.

The Extra Girl (1923): Tragic comedienne Mabel Normand stars in Mack Sennett's story of a country girl who stalks the silver screen. Best bit: Normand, thinking she has a dog on a leash, tugs a lion across a studio lot. Some things will always be funny. —JAMES HARRIS

(All tapes available from Video Yesteryear, 800-243-0987.)

VIDBITS

Remember the guide to celebrity nudes on video that we excerpted here in 1988? It has quadrupled in size since then. The 400-plus entries include Ellen Barkin, Annette Bening, Rebecca De Mornay, Bridget Fonda, Melissa Gilbert, Brigitte Nielsen, Lena Olin, Michelle Pfeiffer, Meg Ryan, Meg Tilly and Debra Winger. For the complete list, send ten dollars to Fox Films, DHCC, P.O. Box 20469, New York 10017. . . . Looking for ***The Fugitive? Ozzie and Harriet? Lost in Space? The Man*** (and ***Girl***) ***from U.N.C.L.E.?*** For videophiles bent on finding and rewinding chestnuts from television's wonder years, check out the classifieds in *The TV Collector*, a Massachusetts-based publication devoted to boob-tube nostalgia. For a sample copy of the magazine, send $3.50 to P.O. Box 1088, Easton, Massachusetts 02334, or call 508-238-1179. . . . For finicky cats that would rather lounge in front of the TV than on top of it, here's ***Video Catnip,*** a 25-minute montage of birds, squirrels and chipmunks specifically designed to glue kitty to the tube. Pussyvision at its best. Available for $19.95 from Pet Avision, Inc., 800-822-2988 (that's 800-TABBY-TV).

GUEST SHOT

"I think *The Godfather, Part II* is the finest movie I've ever seen," says talk-show host and home-video enthusiast **Regis Philbin**. "The character development is well rounded, and I *love* De Niro as the young don." Other perpetual Regis rewinds are Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* ("for those unforgettable moments—like the ax coming through the door and the maze chase at the end"), *Hannah and Her Sisters* ("I love the way Woody treats New York City") and *Tootsie*. "That was the first film in which I noticed Jessica Lange's ability," says Philbin. Hmmm. What took him so long? —DONNA COE

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Double Duty: As the laser-disc industry continues to grow, Pioneer's keeping its customers happy. Its dandy CLD-M90 player allows you to load one video disc *and* as many as five audio CDs and operate them all from a handy remote. Pioneer is also keeping up with the software Joneses: Blue-ribbon laser-disc titles include *Ghost*, *Glory*, *Misery* and *Madonna's Blond Ambition Tour*.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING DRAMATIC	***Awakenings*** (Doc Robin Williams whips catatonic patients—including Robert De Niro—into wonder-drug frenzy); ***Hamlet*** (Mel Gibson says g'day to Laertes—and does it well); ***True Colors*** (cutthroat politician John Cusack screws WASP pal James Spoder in climb for high office).
FEELING JUMPY	***The Silence of the Lambs*** (junior Fed Jodie Foster stalks psycho with aid of jailed man-eater Anthony Hopkins; terrifying); ***Paris Trout*** (fascist cracker Dennis Hopper tyrannizes home town); ***Sleeping with the Enemy*** (Julia Roberts fakes drowning to evode wacko hubby; it almost works).
WITH THE FAMILY	***Robin Hood*** (clever scripting, Patrick Bergin and—yesss—Uma Thurman moke for fine Costner-free Sherwood); ***King Ralph*** (Vegas lounge singer John Goodman becomes heir to British throne; a riot); ***Shipwrecked*** (pirate-treasure quest lands Norwegian naïf on South Pacific isle).
WITH THE GUYS	***New Jack City*** (Major dopeman Wesley Snipes annexes a project; hip cop Ice-T leads righteous interdiction); ***The Perfect Weapon*** (spin-kick newcomer Jeff Speakman offs kin-killing crime guys); ***Flight of the Intruder*** ('Nam-era airmen take off on unsanctioned raid and let the bombs fly).

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STYLE

ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DAH

After skiing off the slopes and onto the menswear fashion runways in Europe and the U.S., the zippered mock turtleneck has become the number-one item to add to your wardrobe this fall. Smart, relaxed styles by Robert Stock (shown here, $75) and Byblos ($242) will update virtually any outfit.

But don't stop there. Zippers in all shapes and sizes, on everything from pants to sports coats, are hot this year. We're not talking about those thin nylon zippers that blend into the fabric but good old industrial-style, silver-finished metal zippers. For the real adventurous types, there are pants with zippered ankles by STNT ($98) and sports coats with zippered pockets and closures by ETC. ($180). And while Marithé and François Girbaud have added zippers across the backs of their more daring denims ($90), Jean-Paul Gaultier is showing a zippered vest worn shirtless ($500). So go ahead. Add a little zip to your wardrobe this fall.

HOT SHOPPING: AUSTIN

Deep in the heart of Texas, clothes, clubs and grub are considered Lone Star State staples. Here's what's hot in Austin: **Clothes:** *Statement* (2905 San Gabriel) offers star designer styles in a stark concrete setting. *Electric Ladyland* (1506 South Congress) stocks thousands of not-just-for-Halloween costumes. And recycled cowboys can pick up great vintage boots at *Cadillac Jack* (6623 North Lamar). **Clubs:** One of the liveliest live-music scenes is centered on the Sixth Street strip. Check out *Antone's* (2915 Guadalupe Street) for blues or the new club/café *La Zona Rosa* (612 West Fourth Street) for everything from jazz to *conjunto*, which is Tex-Mex accordion. **Grub:** Espresso goes West at the trendy *Mezzaluna* (310 Colorado) and *Z Tejas Grill* (1110 West Sixth Street) offers the best *nuevo* Mexican this side of the border.

VIEWPOINT

Success hasn't gone to **Joe Regalbuto's** head, but playing slick reporter Frank Fontana on CBS' *Murphy Brown* definitely has affected his wardrobe. "Fashion was never that important to me," he says. "Now I don't want to wear anything but Armani." Of course, with Regalbuto's real-life role as father and his passion for Italian cooking, most of his clothes "end up with olive-oil stains," so he relaxes in jeans and sweat shirts. "But when I'm dining out in another cuisine, I still dress Italian, because of their great sense of style." After all, he adds, "once you've worn a well-tailored suit, you can never go back."

HIT KNITS

Fashion's latest flashback? Woolly knit ties. While these square-bottomed staples of Fifties collegiate cool tended to be solid, stolid and practically as thick as the tweed jackets they were worn with, today's easy-to-knot models are lighter and a whole lot livelier. Laura Pearson features Jacquard geometrics drawn from Amazon art ($35) and Henry Grethel offers abstract prints in kaleidoscope colors (about $35). For more traditional tastes, there are updated bar stripes from Rooster ($14) and Fair Isle patterns from Nautica ($18.50) and Tanga by Max Raab ($17). Other knit picks spotlight new materials and shapes. Joseph Abboud spins out silk knits in savvy tones, such as russet, ocher and black ($65 to $70), while Fern Devlin creates hand-woven, knubby-rayon/cotton designs ($45). And in place of the traditional straight-bottom ties, Grays by Gary Wasserman features pointed tips ($47.50)—suggesting that with neckwear's new knits, it's sometimes not hip to be square.

BITING THE BIG APPLE

For a look at the Big Apple as the Big Deli, check out the latest *Zagat New York City Marketplace Survey*. More than 500 of the city's best food, beverage, etc., shops are listed, with most of the top choices offering mail-order service. For kosher bagels, give H&H Bagels West (800-692-2435) a buzz. Swiss-imported champagne truffles from Teuscher Chocolates (212-751-8482) have been described as "ecstasy for sale," while Zabar's deli (212-496-1234) has been called "the ultimate New York experience." Call Whole Foods (212-673-5388) for health foods. And for wines and liquors, there's Sherry-Lehmann (212-838-7500).

STYLE METER

SWEATERS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Crew, turtle, hooded and V-neck pullovers; cardigans; knitted vests	Large, shawl-collared cardigans; motif sweaters; anything acrylic
COLORS	Gray; slate black; warm, natural colors and tonal contrasts	Ice-cream pastels; primary blues, reds or greens; bright color contrasts
PATTERNS AND KNITS	Authentic tapestry and alpine patterns; tweeds and luxury-yarn knits	Bold patterns and stripes; shiny cotton knits

Where & How to Buy on page 185.

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

TO BE A HEARTBREAKER or to be a Wilbury? That is the question posed by ***Into the Great Wide Open*** (MCA), Tom Petty's first album with the Heartbreakers since 1987's underrated *Let Me Up*. Since then, young Tom has become the junior member of the Traveling Wilburys—alongside biggies Dylan, Harrison and Lynne—and struck platinum with his solo album *Full Moon Fever*. If this latest effort recalled that album, there'd be no problem. Instead, the airy acoustic guitars, bloated drums and glazed background vocals favored by coproducer Jeff Lynne often make Petty and friends sound like Tom's Electric Wilbury Orchestra. This approach has its charms—there are some excellent songs, such as *The Dark of the Sun* and *Kings Highway*. But as you grow to appreciate Petty's emergence as a first-class mid-tempo balladeer, you often miss guitarist Mike Campbell's edge and crunch on the chord changes. Can't we have both? Even the single *Learning to Fly* is just a languorous remake of the wonderful *Free Fallin'*. On the positive side, Petty is maturing, as both a melodist and a lyricist (check out the Byrdslike *You and I Will Meet Again*). This is a transitional album that grows on you, given a chance. But when Petty sings, "I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings," you can't help thinking, Sure you do, Tom. They're called the Heartbreakers. Let 'em soar.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Miriam Makeba has a right, and maybe she *is* right. After returning to South Africa from 30 years of exile to cut her third post–Paul Simon album, ***Eyes on Tomorrow*** (Polydor), the apartheid-fighting singer called in Johannesburg's slickest studio musicians. So, while its two predecessors revamped South African folk forms, the new LP is attempted pop that leans on the slightly jived-up fusion favored by Soweto jazz players. In a liberated South Africa of upwardly mobile blacks, these synth-cushioned protest hymns about peace and birds and tomorrow could conceivably sound like the future. But to this apartheid-hating white man in jaded America, they're the weakest kind of schlock—the tasteful kind.

Zimbabwe-born Dorothy Masuka came up with Makeba in the black Jo'burg musical-comedy revues of the Fifties. Building on the simpler South African jazz styles of the time, she gradually evolved a style for which she revived the term *marabi*, once an all-encompassing name for syncretic African shebeen music. Makeba's 1967 U.S. hit ***Pata Pata*** was originally a South African hit for Masuka, and it's also the title of Masuka's new Mango album. Its swinging rhythms and primary colors modernized with hooks lifted from Zimbabwean *chimurenga*, *Pata Pata*'s style is direct and tuneful, often drawing on South Africa's catchiest idiomatic melodies. In Soweto, Masuka may still seem old hat, but here in jaded America, she's fresher than fusion—natural pop fetching enough to cross any language barrier.

Tom Petty: Heartbreaker or Wilbury?

A first-class balladeer,
Fifties Gospel
and *Jungle Fever*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Van Halen serves primarily as the vehicle by which Eddie Van Halen's guitar communes with his public. So we ask the question with any new Van Halen album: Is the guitarwork even more monstrous, awe-striking and knee-destabilizing than the last time? In the case of ***For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge*** (Warner Bros.), the answer is yes. There are lots of noises here you've never heard before, and those you have heard before only Eddie can play. And the new noises are generously doled out. I am grateful that a lyric sheet wasn't included this time. Singer Sammy Hagar has loads of energy, but it's rare that he chooses to think about anything deeper than his irritation at driving exotic sports cars 55 miles per hour.

The Sisters of Mercy, by contrast—and what a contrast—call the President of the United States a motherfucker in the title song of ***Vision Thing*** (Elektra). Now, that's getting to the point! Lyrically and musically, the energy emanates from the dark side but is ultimately liberating, because the Sisters (who are mostly Andrew Eldritch) can name and locate the darkness accurately and poetically. Yeah, I suppose they're Gothic, but there's a lot more to these guys than dressing in black.

NELSON GEORGE

Stevie Wonder's career has been in a transitional period for most of the past decade. After his enormous artistic output in the early to mid-Seventies, culminating in the massive and brilliant *Songs in the Key of Life*, Wonder's flow has diminished, as has his role in American music. No longer the trail-blazing

QUEST SHOT

IRISH *songwriter/performer* ***Paul Brady*** *has some impressive fans—Carlos Santana, Tina Turner and Dave Edmunds, to name just a few who've sung or recorded his work. Over a two-decade career, he has worked in soul music, Irish folk and a myriad of pop and rock hybrids. His fifth solo LP,* "Trick or Treat," *mines those varied riches. Brady was eager to review Kathy Mattea's latest,* "Time Passes By," *a disc that also side-steps conventions.*

"Kathy Mattea is one of a growing band of country artists who don't feel totally at home within the narrow confines of the Nashville set. On *Time Passes By*, she keeps an ear open for songs born of bona fide emotions and situations, and this quality can only bring her an audience broader than that attracted to most country stars. *Time Passes By* showcases Mattea at her best, using her pure contralto without any of the current stylized country delivery. Kathy's love of British Isles folk strains also adds new depth to her music. This is an album of rare beauty from start to close, with some standout cuts: *Asking Us to Dance*, *Time Passes By* and *From a Distance*."

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Pat Benetar: True Love (Chrysalis) **44663**

Fleetwood Mac: Behind The Mask (Warner Bros.) **43766**

Bulgarian State Radio & TV Choir: Le Mystere des voix Bulgares (Nonesuch) **01081**

Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA) **33911**

The Best Of Bob Marley: Legend (Island) **53521**

Black Box: Dreamland (RCA) **84063**

America: History (Greatest Hits) (Warner Bros.) **23757**

Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris: Trio (Warner. Bros.) **14804**

Yanni: Reflections Of Passion (Private Music) **24223**

Jackson Browne: The Pretender (Elektra) **10848**

Leon Redbone: Sugar (Private Music) **62325**

The Best Of Melanie (Buddah) **20005**

Jesus Jones: Ooubt (SBK) **44654**

U2: The Joshua Tree (Island) **53501**

The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) **14742**

Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) **34198**

Traveling Wilburys: Vol. 1 (Warner Bros.) **00711**

Stevie B: Love And Emotion (RCA) **00539**

Concrete Blonde:Bloodtatting (I.R.S.) **84212**

Ven Halen: OU812 (Warner Bros.) **50913**

The Cars: Greatest Hits (Elektra) **53702**

The Escape Club : Dollars And Sex (Atlantic) **54291**

Edie Brickell: Ghost Of A Dog (Geffen) **73923**

Joe Cocker: 13 Classics (A&M) **04887**

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: A Night On The Town (RCA) **63689**

Bette Midler: Some People's Lives (Atlantic) **53568**

Slaughter: Stick It Live (Chrysalis) **20666**

Cinderella: Heartbreak Station (Mercury) **73694**

Paul Simon: Graceland (Warner Bros.) **72315**

Carly Simon: Have You Seen Me Lately? (Arista) **20912**

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Acoustic Alchemy: Reference Point (GRP) **82967**

Music Of Bali (Nonesuch) **44671**

Jane's Addiction: Ritual de lo Habitual (Warner Bros.) **10020**

Paula Abdul: Shut Up And Dance (The Dance Mixes) (Virgin) **80326**

Reba McEntire: Rumor Has It (MCA) **44609**

Endless Love-Graat Motown Love Songs (Motown) **10995**

Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) **23385**

Prince: Graffiti Bridge (Paisley Park) **34107**

16 Top Country Hits, Vol. 1 (MCA) **74207**

Warner Bros. Symphony Orchestra: Bugs Bunny On Broadway (Warner Bros.) **70059**

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) **63678**

Vince Gill: Pocket Full Of Gold (MCA) **73599**

Bad Compeny: Holy Water (Atlantic) **24784**

Replacements: All Shook Down (Warner Bros.) **83585**

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Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) **01112**

Charlie Parker: Bird/ Original Recordings (Verve) **01044**

Depeche Mode: Violator (Sire) **73408**

Anita Baker: Compositions (Elektra) **00921**

Kitaro: Kojiki (Geffen) **43758**

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The Judds: Love Can Build A Bridge (RCA) **24549**

Vinnie James: All-American Boy (RCA) **63237**

Clint Black: Put Yourself In My Shoes (RCA) **24690**

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The Cole Porter Songbook (RCA) **54023**

Diane Schuur: Pure Schuur (GRP) **10824**

Guy!: Guy!...The Future (MCA) **14875**

George Strait: The Chill Of An Early Fall (MCA) **53641**

Fleetwood Mac: Rumours (Warner Bros.) **24025**

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Z.Z. Hill: Greatest Hits (Malaco) **64479**

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Steelheart (MCA) **44528**

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Benny Goodman: Yale University Recordings, Vol. 1 (MusicMasters) **93504**

Keith Sweat: I'll Give All My Love To You (Elektra) **51603**

Dave Grusin: Havana/ Sdtk. (GRP) **11082**

Dwight Yoakam: If There Was A Way (Reprise) **64310**

Paul Overstreet : Heroes (RCA) **50526**

Diana Ross & The Supremes: 20 Greatest Hits (Motown) **63867** ✻

Madonna: The Immaculate Collection (Sire) **54164**

Marvin Gaye: 15 Greatest Hits (Motown) **53534** ✻

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Kronos Quartet: Winter Was Hard (Nonesuch) **00675**

AC/DC: The Razors Edge (ATCO) **33379**

George Benson/ Count Basie Orch.: Big Boss Band (Warner Bros.) **13519**

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Mario Lanza: Tha Great Caruso (RCA) **80259**

Gipsy Kings: Allegria (Elektra) **11178**

Joe Sample: Ashes To Ashes (Warner Bros.) **54092** ✻

K.T. Oslin: Love In A Small Town (RCA) **74372**

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Best Of The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.) **43738**

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King's X: Faith, Hope Love By King's X (Atlantic) **74229**

Ralph Tresvant (MCA) **14889**

Twin Peaks/TV Sdtk. (Warner Bros.) **63540**

Yellowjackets: Greenhouse (GRP) **10475** ✻

Tangerine Dream: Melrose (Private Music) **10724** ✻

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-69 (Reprise) **63363**

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) **62264**

The Cure: Mixed Up (Elektra) **74190**

Joni Mitchell: Night Ride Horne (DGC) **10731**

Great Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) **20768**

Lorrie Morgan: Something In Red (RCA) **83848**

Yes: Classic Yes (Atlantic) **50248**

B.B. King: Live At the Apollo (GRP) **24735**

Best Of Robert Palmer: Addictions (Island) **10819**

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Selections From "Cats"/Original Cast (Geffen) **63269**

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The Best Of The Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) **30125**

Air Supply: Greatest Hits (Arista) **34424**

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Carpenters: Lovelines (A&M) **24763**

Jefferson Starship: Gold (RCA) **64132**

Take 6: So Much 2 Sey (Reprise) **53580**

Steelheart (MCA) **44528**

Whitney Houston: I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) **10663**

Randy Travis: Heroes And Friends (Warner Bros.) **74597**

Jackson Browne: Running On Empty Runing (Elektra) **11056**

Trixter (Mechanic/MCA) **61594**

Chick Coree Akoustic Band: Alive (GRP) **10721**

Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) **00547**

Marcus Roberts: Alone With Three Giants (Novus) **54397**

Diane Schuur: Collection (GRP) **63591**

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) **00713**

Traveling Wilburys, Vol. 3 (Warner Bros.) **24817**

Don Henley: End Of The Innocence (Geffen)**01064**

Peggy Lee Sings The Blues (MusicMasters) **43661**

Hank Williams, Jr.: America (The Way I See It) (Warner Bros.) **20612**

Cliburn: My Favorite Chopin (RCA) **10998**

The Best Of Bad Compeny: 10 From 6 (Atlantic) **60321**

1950's Rock & Roll Revival (Buddah) **11179**

Greatest Gospel Hits (Malaco) **44366**

Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) **42874**

Debbie Gibson: Anything Is Possible (Atlantic) **24815**

Best Of The Blues (Pair) **11140** ✻

Raffi : Evergreen Evarblue (MCA) **10492**

Artie Shew: 1849 (MusicMasters) **73774**

Oklahoma!/Originel Cest (MCA) **54115**

AC/DC: Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap (Atlantic) **43944**

Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ledyland (Reprise) **23362**

James Galway & Henry Mancini: In The Pink (RCA) **51758**

Count Basie: The Standards (Verve) **80235**

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Another Bad Creation: Coolin' At The Playground (Motown) **10456**

Sinéad O'Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) **33512**

David Lee Roth: A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) **10551**

Peter Gabriel: So (Geffen) **14764**

Suzanne Ciani: Pianissimo (Private Music) **11047** ❊

Horowitz At Home (DG) **25211**

Deee-Lite: World Clique (Elektra) **52050**

Jon Bon Jovi: Blaze Of Glory (Mercury) **44490**

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) **24740**

Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) **70348**

The Civil War/TV Sdtk. (Nonesuch) **14486**

ZZ Top: Recycler (Warner Bros.) **73969**

The Go-Gos : Greatest Hits (I.R.S.) **50315**

Jeffrey Osborne: Only Human (Arista) **00545**

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) **00596**

Neil Young: Ragged Glory (Reprise) **34621**

Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) **00516**

Def Leppard: Pyromania (Mercury) **70402**

Daryl Hall & John Oates: Change Of Season (Arista) **00543**

Keith Whitley: Greatest Hits (RCA) **10728**

Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (MCA) **63322**

Buddy Holly: From The Original Master Tapes (MCA) **20069** ❊

Michael Feinstein: The MGM Album (Elektra) **10699**

Hank Williams, Jr.: Pure Hank (Warner/Curb) **60351**

Dionne Warwick Sings Cole Porter (Arista) **53326**

Moody Blues: Days Of Future Passed (Threshold) **44245**

Irving Berlin: Always (Verve) **00808**

Bread: Anthology Of Bread (Elektra) **63386**

James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) **23790**

Scorpions: Crazy World (Mercury) **14795**

Johnny Gill (Motown) **00738**

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) **00531**

Winger: In The Heart Of The Young (Atlantic) **00570**

The Best Of The Jets (MCA) **32134**

Jeff Lynne: Armchair Theatre (Reprise) **00803**

Chicago : Twenty 1 (Reprise) **10533**

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) **00933**

Guns N' Roses: GN'R Lies (Geffen) **00805**

The Winans: Return (Qwest) **00530**

The Unforgettable Glenn Miller (Bluebird) **60117** ❊

Best Of The Bubblegum Years (Buddah) **24141**

Vincent Herring: American Experience (MusicMasters) **83701**

The Robert Cray Band: Midnight Stroll (Mercury) **73659**

The Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) **00544**

Amani A.W. Murray (GRP) **03669**

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) **00790**

Morrissey: Bona Drag (Sire) **00578**

Vanilla Ice: To The Extreme (SBK) **24689**

Ratt: Detonator (Atlantic) **63335**

Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) **33779**

Don Henley: Building The Perfect Beast (Geffen) **50129**

Classic Marches/Slatkin (RCA) **00996**

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw & The Remix (MCA) **53904**

Peter, Paul & Mary: Flowers & Stones (Gold Castle) **64074**

The Alarm: Standards (I.R.S.) **24765**

John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) **80064**

10,000 Maniacs: Hope Chest (Elektra) **44340**

Bob James: Grand Piano Canyon (Warner Bros.) **04899**

Steve Winwood: Refugees Of The Heart (Virgin) **54232**

Dread Zeppelin: Un-Led-Ed (I.R.S.) **63594**

Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Dark (Delicious) **01033**

The Neville Brothers: Brother's Keeper (A&M) **63513**

Whitney Houston: Whitney (Arista) **52854**

Bonnie Raitt Collection (Warner Bros.) **00569**

The Best Of ZZ Top (Warner Bros.) **24040**

Jazz Classics (Compose) **10460**

Kik Tracee: No Rules (RCA) **10719**

Patty Loveless: On Down The Line (MCA) **00553**

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) **14187**

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) **42308**

The Oak Ridge Boys: Unstoppable (RCA) **64423**

Marty Stuart: Tempted (MCA) **70076**

George Strait: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (MCA) **63635**

Deep Purple: Slaves & Masters (RCA) **11145**

The Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) **34264**

Madonna: I'm Breathless (Sire) **00572**

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) **44185**

Allman Bros: Eat A Peach (Polydor) **63353**

Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) **44319**

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
The Best of Dorothy Love Cootes & the Originol Gospel Harmonettes	7	8	8	10	6
Dorothy Mosuko *Pata Pata*	9	8	6	6	8
Tom Petty *Into the Great Wide Open*	7	7	8	7	7
Van Halen *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge*	2	5	7	5	8
Stevie Wonder *Jungle Fever*	7	6	7	8	8

DO YOUR HOMEWORK DEPARTMENT: Remember how your mom nagged? **Buddy Holly's** homework is for sale (that used to be frowned upon, right?) for $700 by a New Hampshire autograph dealer. The dealer bought Buddy's homework at auction. Why is he selling low? 'Cause Buddy forgot to write his name on it.

REELING AND ROCKING: Among other movie projects, former record promoter **Joe Isgro** (who beat a payola rap) is working on a semifictional feature film about the record industry. . . . Music by the late Byrd **Gene Clark** will be heard in the movie *Tainted*, co-starring **Sheila E., Safire** and **Esai Morales.** . . . **Blaster Dave Alvin** is writing music for **David Lynch's** next movie, *Ronnie Rockets*. . . . Calling **Marshall Crenshaw: Stephen King** would like to see you cast in the film being made of his novel *The Stand*. . . . **Phil Collins** will play an eccentric insurance investigator in *Frauds*. . . . **Tony! Toni! Tone!** will make its film debut in *House Party II*. . . . **Diana Ross** and **Ray Charles** are writing and recording a movie theme for *The Favor*. . . . *Saturday Night Live* comic **Chris Rock** and our own music critic **Nelson George** have teamed up to write a rapumentary, *Cell Block 4*, to be filmed by the end of this year. . . . **Michael Douglas** plans to produce *Strat*, written by the folks who brought you *RoboCop*, about an alien cop who comes to earth and gets distracted from his mission by rock and roll.

NEWSBREAKS: Next summer, on the 15th anniversary of **Elvis'** death, Memphis is planning a memorial concert to be recorded for an album and TV special. . . . Just in case you missed the latest chapter in the ongoing saga of **M. C. Hammer** and **Sinéad O'Connor,** here it is: Remember Hammer promised to pay O'Connor's plane fare if she'd only go home and stop whining? Then she complained that he didn't? Well, he paid up to the tune of $2624. Is it over? No way. O'Connor returned to the U.S. during the summer to promote her EP, proceeds of which will go to Kurdish relief. . . . You should have the **Dire Straits** reunion album in your hands now, to be followed any minute by what **Mark Knopfler** describes as "the largest tour there's ever been." . . . DC is launching a series of rock-and-roll superhero comics and **Prince** and his band will be the subject of the first one. . . . Disney has gone into the book-publishing biz with an imprint, Hyperion Books. Who are its first authors? **Lou Reed** and the **Doors' John Densmore.** . . . Expect the top concert seats in the house to start going for as much as $50. Some stars—**Steve Winwood, Sting, Paul Simon** and **Yes**—already are getting that much. Promoters say it's the only way they can stay alive during the recession. Will the fans stand for it? . . . **Paul Kantner** has recorded a demo with **Signe Anderson** (the original female vocalist of **Jefferson Airplane**) and **Grace Slick** (the famous female vocalist of Jefferson Airplane/Starship). He's shopping for a record deal. . . . Finally, *Rock & Roll Confidential* reports that an astonishing 145,000 portable radio-and-tape players and 300,000 cassettes were bought at PXs during Operation Desert Shield. Apparently, waiting for war was a musical event.

—BARBARA NELLIS

pioneer, marrying synthesized keyboards with sweet, hummable melodies, the last great Motown star has been in a long period of creative stasis. No Stevie Wonder album is uninteresting, but the innovative arrangements have settled into standard formulas and the melodies into variations on long-established themes—none of them bad yet few surprising.

Jungle Fever (Motown), the sound track to Spike Lee's film, is a pretty collection that presents some quality Wonder works. *These Three Words*, celebrating the power of the phrase I love you, is Wonder at his most lyrically optimistic, with a melody that adds poignancy to his sentiment. Two short ballads, *Make Sure You're Sure* and *I Go Sailing*, are smart, quirky songs that echo past triumphs without sounding like retreads. Of the up-tempo material, *Gotta Have You* and *Chemical Love* are the most pleasing, though nothing on *Jungle Fever* is as fiercely funky as Wonder can get. An unspectacular but entertaining effort from one of our greats.

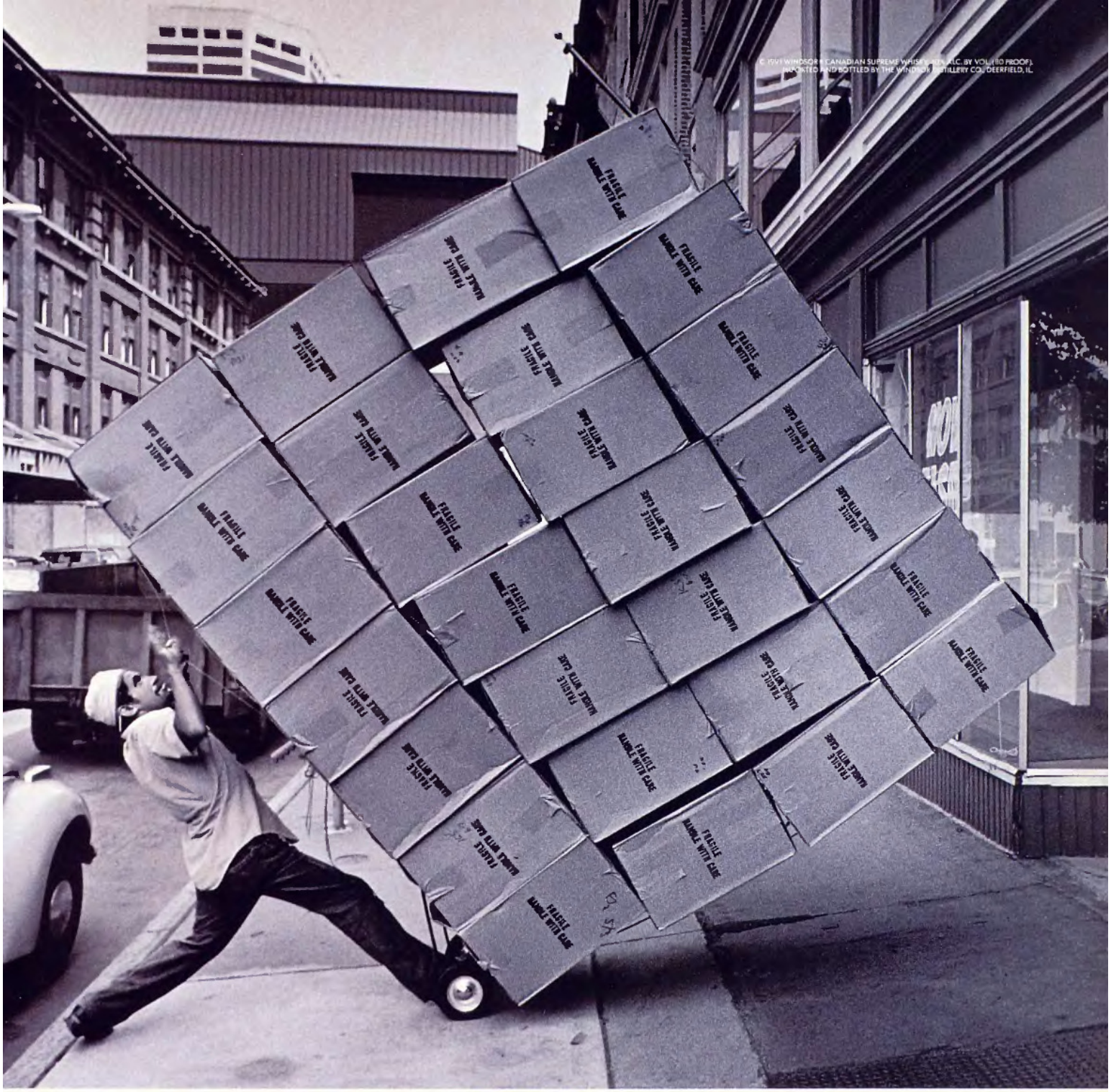
DAVE MARSH

In the age of Amy Grant, spiritual music that projects feeling, rather than wallowing in feigned sensitivity, is an essential antidote. This has nothing to do with theology, and everything to do with art. Listen to Dorothy Love Coates describe glory, and you'll know what I mean.

In this sad world, there *is* no greater glory than the shouts and exultations of the two dozen tracks that make up ***The Best of Dorothy Love Coates & the Original Gospel Harmonettes Vols. I and II*** (Specialty/Fantasy). This Fifties Gospel music rocks harder than most any rock or soul. *That's Enough* is a comment on the vicissitudes of gossip worthy of Aretha Franklin at her most driving; *Ninety-Nine and a Half* gave Wilson Pickett the hardest of all his hits.

Fantasy has also reissued ***Best of*** sets by the Original Five Blind Boys of Alabama, featuring the immortally raspy Clarence Fountain; the Swan Silvertones, featuring the silken Claude Jeter; and the Pilgrim Travelers, featuring J. W. Alexander, later manager-producer of Sam Cooke, among others. ***Greatest Gospel Gems*** gathers riches from the same groups, as well as Cooke with the Soul Stirrers, Brother Joe May, Professor Alex Bradford and James Cleveland.

Gospel scholar Anthony Heilbut has also caught the reissue bug. ***The Gospel Sound of Spirit Feel*** (Spirit Feel) gathers tracks from Gospel's postwar golden age from the likes of Mahalia Jackson, Clara Ward, Marion Williams, the Dixie Hummingbirds and Sister Rosette Tharpe. If anything, *Spirit Feel* benefits from casting a wider net than the Fantasy set.



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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

Gentry digs up Hoover's buried secrets.

Uncovering a conspiracy; a flurry of fall books from Mailer, Vonnegut, Tyler and Higgins.

PATRIOTS WHO shrieked in anger about the revelations in Kitty Kelley's biography of Nancy Reagan and in Robert Caro's biography-in-progress of Lyndon Johnson will no doubt make their shrill voices heard again when Curt Gentry's ***J. Edgar Hoover*** (Norton) hits the bookstores. According to Gentry's well-documented sources, the nation's top lawman made a career out of breaking the law, keeping secret files for blackmail, doing political dirty work for Congressmen, threatening Presidents and creating an unchallenged personal fiefdom in the FBI.

There is shocking, unpleasant stuff in this book. But before we blame Gentry for delivering the bad news, perhaps we should ask ourselves, What kind of democratic Government allows these secrets to remain buried for five decades? Where are the investigative reporters in that huge Washington press corps?

Gentry reports that the conspiracy of silence during Hoover's lifetime was enforced by the director's ruthless abuse of FBI power. A former administrative assistant put it succinctly: "Mr. Hoover was not given to halfway measures. If he didn't like you, he destroyed you." Beginning with Franklin Delano Roosevelt and continuing through Richard M. Nixon, Hoover intimidated six Presidents with what were described as "12 drawers full of political cancer"—his secret files. He rose to power as a Communist hunter in the Justice Department, becoming assistant chief of the Bureau of Investigation in 1921, then, three years later, director. He was only 29. The gangster era of the Thirties made him a celebrity, with the bureau's nationwide campaigns against John Dillinger and Ma Barker. Hoover bragged that he "created" Richard Nixon through the information he provided during the Alger Hiss case, and he relentlessly pursued the death penalty for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

In depressing detail, Gentry examines Hoover's disgraceful efforts to hinder the civil rights movement, his secret war on Martin Luther King, Jr., and his personal participation in the FBI harassment that led to the death of actress Jean Seberg. He even presents evidence that the FBI's biggest single investigation, into the assassination of John F. Kennedy, became an elaborate manipulation of evidence to support Hoover's belief that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin.

Gentry has crammed 15 years of research into an exhaustive 800-page investigation of Hoover. No reasonable person could read this book without being outraged.

Anne Tyler, who won the 1989 Pulitzer Prize for her novel *Breathing Lessons*, is back with another brilliantly evocative exploration of the simple feelings we experience most deeply. ***Saint Maybe*** (Knopf) focuses on the domestic tragedies of the Bedloes, an "ideal, apple-pie household" on a quiet street in Baltimore in 1967. Teenage Ian Bedloe confides to his older brother, Danny, his mistaken belief that Danny's wife, Lucy, is unfaithful. Both Danny and Lucy die, apparent suicides, as a result of Ian's remarks. In guilt and despair, Ian turns to the eccentric Church of the Second Chance and is convinced that the only way to redeem himself is to raise Lucy's three small children. Tyler's uncanny ear for the nuances of dialog and her choice of descriptive details are dazzling.

A different sort of victory is achieved by Aaron Latham in his candid nonfiction meditation on the intimations of mortality and the self-doubts of mid-life, ***The Frozen Leopard*** (Prentice Hall). Latham, suffering from writer's block and fear of failure, goes on an expedition to Kenya with his family. In this rugged environment, he confronts his inner terrors as a strange counterpoint to the scenes of African wildlife. He emerges from self-consciousness to give us a fresh understanding of why the primitive life of Africa holds such a powerful attraction for even the most sophisticated traveler. Latham trudged through the rainy season in his soul and has given us a vivid, touching record of his journey.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., writes that his new book, ***Fates Worse than Death*** (Putnam's), is a sequel to his 1980 collection of nonfiction, *Palm Sunday*. In the sense that it is a patchwork of previous writings stitched together with near-stream-of-consciousness commentary, that is true. But there is more self-revelation in these pages than in the previous book, a larger effort to share the origins of his dark comic vision. It is an unsettling summation, an often insightful and always funny self-portrait that may be as much of an autobiography as we will ever get from Vonnegut.

It's strange that no cultural critic has written about it, but we are living in an unheralded golden age of crime fiction. As evidence, new novels by five of that art's most distinguished practitioners are being published this month. Carl Hiaasen, who has never flinched from bizarre comic scenes of violence, reaches a new height in ***Native Tongue*** (Knopf), which climaxes in the whale tank at the Amazing Kingdom of Thrills Theme Park as Dickie the Dolphin (exhibiting remarkable sexual aggression) playfully attacks the weight-lifting villain and literally fucks him to death. Now there's a twist you won't find in Sherlock Holmes! In ***Paramour*** (Dutton), Gerald Petievich, who spent 15 years as a Secret Service agent, gives us a chillingly plausible account of a spy's infiltration of the White House in a future Administration. His intimate knowledge of Presidential protection makes this novel intense and fascinating, from the opening murder in the White House Special Projects Office to a complex penetration of Camp David's tight security.

Fans of George V. Higgins' impressive first novel, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, will be pleased to know that 15 novels later, he has returned to that gritty milieu for a sequel, ***The Mandeville Talent*** (Holt). Higgins' trademark tough-guy dialog crackles with wit and innuendo in this story of a young corporate attorney who becomes obsessed with the unsolved murder of his wife's grandfather 23 years previously. William J. Caunitz has used his 20 years of experience as an N.Y.P.D. detective to give plenty of authenticity to his three previous novels, but ***Exceptional Clearance*** (Crown) is his most shocking—and his best. Detective Lieutenant John Vinda is given "exceptional clearance" to go outside the bounds of the law in his hunt for a psychopathic killer who is terrorizing Manhattan. ***TV Safe*** (Scribner's) is the fourth novel in Jim Stinson's comic

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chronicle of hapless Stoney Winston's adventures on the seamy side of Hollywood. In this wisecracking satirical outing, Stoney is fired as a quiz-show gag writer—and is instantly rehired to find out who wants to win *Oh-Pun Sesame* badly enough to commit murder.

For the first time in 16 years, the annual American Booksellers Association convention was held this past summer in New York City, the heart of the publishing industry. The biggest buzz was for Tom Clancy's new thriller *The Sum of All Fears* (reviewed here last month), expected to be the hottest book of the fall season.

Not far behind will be Stephen King's final visit to his fictional town of Castle Rock, Maine, in ***Needful Things*** (Viking) and the third installment of his Dark Tower saga, ***The Waste Lands*** (Plume). Of course, there will be best-selling sales for autobiographical books such as Kate Hepburn's ***Me*** (Knopf), Dr. C. Everett Koop's ***Koop*** (Random House), Wilt Chamberlain's ***A View from Above*** (Villard) and Dan Rather's boyhood recollections, ***I Remember*** (Little, Brown). And how's this for a perfect pairing of biographer and subject: Jimmy Breslin's ***Damon Runyon*** (Ticknor & Fields)?

There's more: Norman Mailer finally weighs in with his long-promised major novel, ***Harlot's Ghost*** (Random House) (excerpted in *Playboy* in December 1988). John Updike's fourth collection of essays, reviews and criticism, ***Odd Jobs*** (Knopf), will be joined on the nonfiction shelf by Philip Caputo's new book of war memoirs, ***Means of Escape*** (HarperCollins), and Lionel Tiger's latest anthropological exploration, enticingly titled ***The Pursuit of Pleasure*** (Little, Brown). Pete Dexter, author of *Paris Trout*, returns to the tough blue-collar neighborhoods of Philadelphia for ***Brotherly Love*** (Random House), a tale about the Mob. Terry Southern emerges from a long hiatus with a novel about a 12-year-old boy growing up in red-dirt country in the Fifties, ***Texas Summer*** (Arcade). In Judith Freeman's ***Set for Life*** (Norton), a man in need of a transplant has an extraordinary encounter with his heart donor. Lastly, the oddity of the fall, ***The Boomer Bible*** (Workman), by R. F. Laird, should have us all praying for an end to the recession.

BOOK BAG

Rising Like the Tucson (Doubleday), by Jeff Danziger: This novel mines a rich vein of black humor in an Army officer's scheme to cash in on the postwar real-estate boom in Saigon.

The Magazine in America: 1741–1990 (Oxford University), by John Tebbel and Mary Ellen Zuckerman: A comprehensive history of the 250-year-old medium, originally established for the elite.

Wyatt Earp. Sitting Bull. General Custer.

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MEDIA

By KEVIN COOK

I DON'T KNOW about you, and don't want to, but I'm worried. In fact, I'm eating Rolaids right now. My heart pounds as I sit at my desk, surrounded by my notes, writing this column for you—a person who may be worth while in his own right but who is not, after all, me.

I'm worried that magazine writing is being taken over by egoists.

In a recent *Esquire* cover story on movie sexpot Ellen Barkin, I learned that Philip Weiss is having an affair with a married woman. He is 30ish and "hip." He drinks seltzer. He likes salads. Add sliced almonds, please, since Phil also likes nuts in his food.

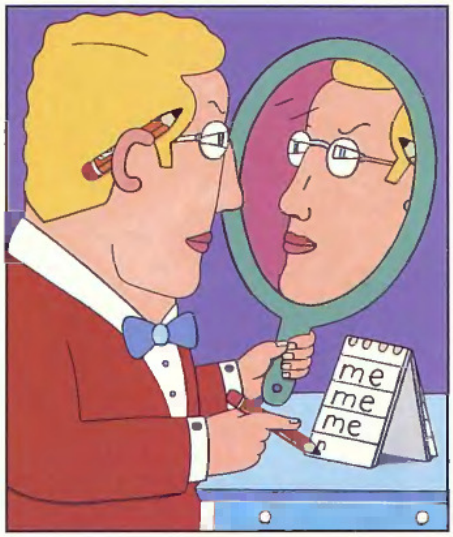
Is he Barkin's lover? No, though he feels "a rivalry with Gabriel Byrne, her husband." Phil is "the reporter." Try as he may to focus on Barkin, he keeps seeing bystanders, bored with mere sexpottery, look past her to "check him out, too, wondering who he is." He wrote the *Esquire* piece, and while I can't tell you much about Barkin, I do know this: Rather than, say, memorizing their interview, Phil taped it.

"It is Friday night when the phone rings in my apartment in New York," begins a *Vanity Fair* article by Nancy Collins. The caller is Debra Winger, the nominal subject of the story, who "had to rest up, train, spend a week in Hawaii" before meeting Collins "in a Denning & Fourcade–decorated apartment I have borrowed because mine is being painted."

Nancy! *What color?*

"I have never been to Albert Brooks's house," writes Bill Zehme in an otherwise splendid *Rolling Stone* profile of Brooks, "and he has never been to mine." Stars aren't always so cruel. Johnny Depp, for instance, didn't flee when Zehme showed up for an interview; this became "Depp came into my life" in *Rolling Stone*. "Nobody recognized Depp in public places, not when I was with him." Indeed, the tritely handsome actor could have played *Darkman* without camera tricks, so clandestine was he as celeb scribe Zehme shadowed him during "our adventures together."

Is it me, or is who-what-when-where-why giving way to me-myself-and-I? Judith Viorst's *Redbook* valentine to Barbara Bush finds Viorst "flat on my back with a ruptured disk." Soon "I (and my back brace) managed to get to the White House." While presenting the First Lady's entire life and family history in 40 paragraphs, Viorst mentions Viorst 59 times.



A writer discovers his favorite star.

Me journalist,
you celebrity;
who gets top billing?

In *Esquire*, Doorstop Eve Babitz remembers humping Jim Morrison and meeting many cool people in the Sixties. She does not recall losing her notes in the Lizard King's pants, but it wouldn't matter if she had; Babitz hates homework. "I knew a guy who went to Yale and then officer school at Annapolis and then Guam and then a ship in the harbor at Saigon (if it has a harbor, I don't know; it was someplace with a harbor)." Perth? Milwaukee? Who cares? Morrison died, apparently. "Someone said the Sixties was drugs and the Seventies was sex, but for me, the Seventies was staying home," writes Babitz, putting history in perspective. "It was a time when I began to write for a living."

Doesn't it burn you to open a magazine with your favorite celebrity on the cover, to turn to the story about your hero or heroine and then read about a lowly magazine writer? Let me rephrase that. Doesn't it burn *me*?

Sitting at my computer, rubbing cigarette smoke from my penetrating deep-blue eyes, I say, "Hell, yes."

Don't get me wrong. As a big-time journalist myself, I know that celebrities are boring. They are nothing but richer, more famous and even cooler versions of the stuck-up cheerleaders and quarterbacks we all knew in high school, where they ignored us just because we had acne and collected stamps. But Ego Journalism—a fine idea in that it treats celebs as props—is making a big mistake. Join me as I show you why.

Here's Dan Greenburg in *Playboy*, profiling some movie guy: "We were both droll, prematurely gray-haired Jewish writers. We had both . . . married writers and gotten divorced, had both remarried, had both become first-time fathers in our 40s and both had four-year-old sons."

See? The trouble is too much Greenburg. Where am I? I happen to be a droll, prematurely bald writer who hates pork. I married a writer, we argued and made up. I have two eight-year-old cats. What might have been a fascinating look at writers' lives became—without me—catless.

Alan Richman was "nervous" and "afraid" when assigned a *GQ* piece on Robert De Niro, who won an Oscar for playing Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*. (You've probably heard that La Motta said "Bobby" coulda been a pro boxer; Jake told *me* that in a story I did on him.) After 86 mentions of Richman and not many more of De Niro, the actor refused to talk. "He does not say what a pleasure it was to meet me," wrote Richman.

Again, no me. Would Bobby like to meet me? Richman doesn't say.

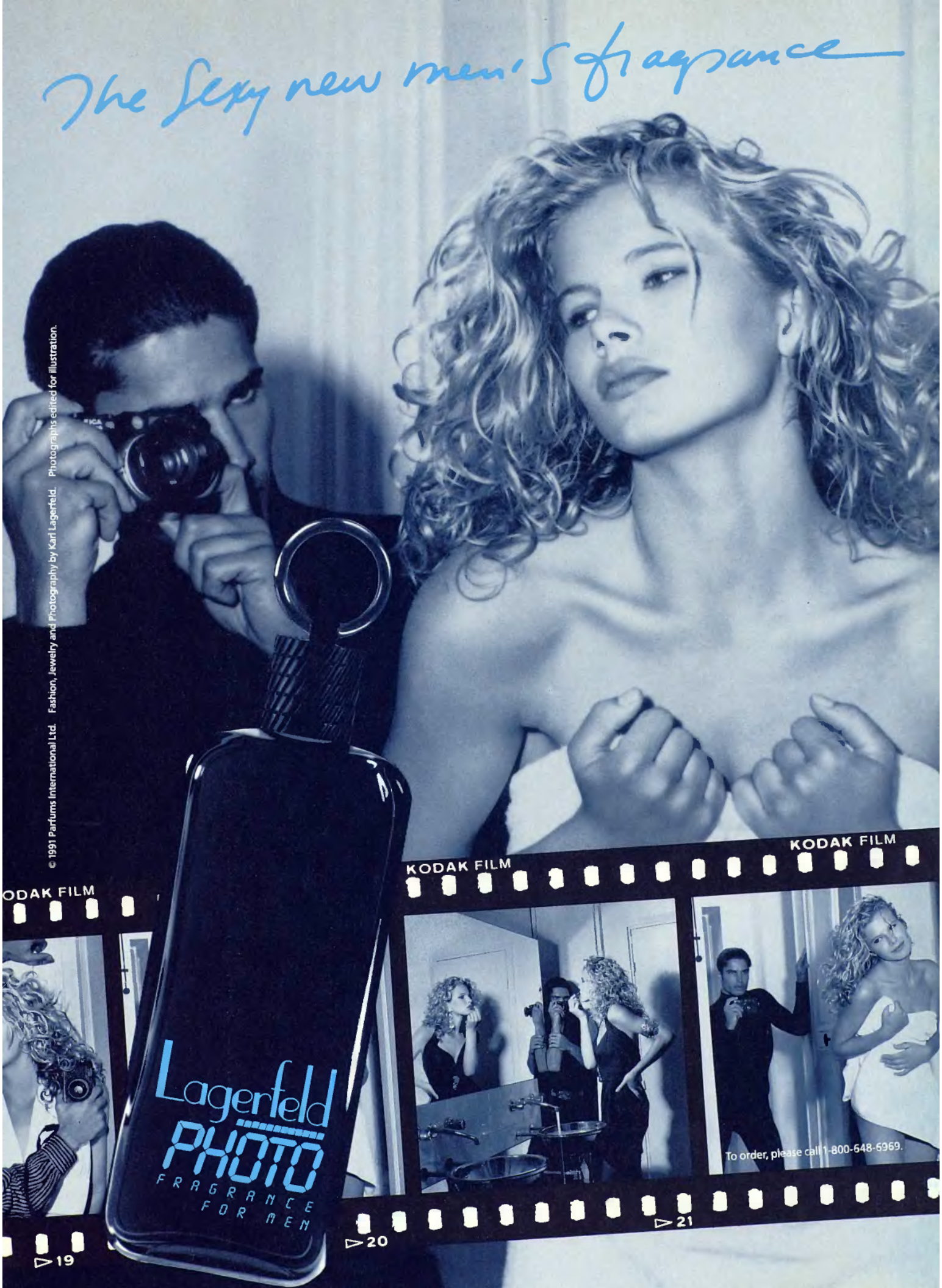
The trouble with Ego Journalism thus far is that it hasn't gone far enough. It is a detour on the path from gonzo to truly important writing—writing that is by, for and about the keystone of modern experience: me.

Still, even I will admit that this column isn't the last word on first-person prose. I was reading *Vegetarian Times* the other day (yes, I'm a hero to the animal kingdom) when I saw a column by Drew DeSilver on Beano, a product that prevents flatulence. "I'm a good subject on which to test this stuff," wrote DeSilver of his intestinal DeSilver bullets. "Since I started eating more whole foods a few years ago, it's been hard to persuade friends to go out to dinner with me. When I talk with my girlfriend and mention that I've had supper, invariably her question is, 'Is it safe to come over?'"

Is it safe? Not until we develop an antidote to me-first writing, a Beano for Ego Journalism, or at least until other writers learn that what the public wants is not the details of obscure writers' emissions. What the public wants is me.

A wise man once wrote, "If you can fill the unforgiving page, never rushing, with mentions of yourself, never blushing, one of these days, the world will catch on and you'll be a star, Cook."

That was me. I wrote that.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MEN

By ASA BABER

GUERRILLA FEMINISM

Most of the women in your life are still celebrating *Thelma & Louise*, a film released by MGM/Pathe last May. Directed by Ridley Scott, starring Geena Davis and Susan Sarandon, it made the cover of *Time* ("Why *Thelma & Louise* Strikes a Nerve") and *The New York Times* practically enshrined it ("*Thelma & Louise* is transcendent in every way").

Just a minute, now. Transcendent in every way? For whom, exactly? For most women, perhaps. But for most men, *Thelma & Louise* is a mixed bag of mixed signals. It mocks us and dismisses us, and it does so with subterfuge and shrewdness.

The fact that *Thelma & Louise* is a good movie makes its politics even more sly and seductive. The acting, directing and editing are excellent. But *Thelma & Louise* is also a film that trashes men. A strong element of antimale sexism runs through it, even though the folks connected with the film deny it.

"This is an adventure film," says Callie Khouri, the scriptwriter. "It's a film about women outlaws. People should just relax."

"It's outrageous for people to say, 'Poor men, they're being bashed in this movie! Ooh! Poor us!'" Davis says. "I think there's something like seven or eight men in the movie, and in my opinion, they sort of cover a very broad spectrum. It's pretty darn fair."

"It could easily become a feminist lecture," Scott says. "The script is so beautifully disguised in its comedic aspects without smothering its message."

These kinds of disingenuous statements are examples of what I call guerrilla feminism. There's a lot of it in the world of this film—and in our lives today.

The story line of *Thelma & Louise* is relatively simple. Louise (Sarandon) is a wisecracking waitress who talks her good friend Thelma (Davis) into leaving her husband for a few days. Thelma and Louise drive off in a Thunderbird convertible, and a female buddy film is born.

As in all buddy films, something happens. Thelma and Louise stop at a bar for a few drinks. Thelma gets loaded. Liberated from her oafish husband (a man who never cooks a meal for himself—get it?), she ends up drunk as a skunk in a parking lot with a guy named Harlan (Timothy Carhart).

Now, you might ask what signals Thelma is sending Harlan with her behavior, since she has been dancing and drinking and flirting openly with him for some time, but let that pass. (*Time* glosses over this question by writing, "They stop at a roadhouse for a drink. One of its resident lounge lizards mistakes Thelma's naïve flirtatiousness for a come-on.")

When Thelma resists Harlan's advances, he slaps her around. Even worse, he then tries to rape her. Louise happens upon the scene, pulls out a handgun, tells Harlan to stop what he is doing. Harlan stops but becomes verbally abusive in his own drunken fashion. Louise shoots him point-blank in the chest. Harlan dies. Pronto. Thelma and Louise take off from the scene of the crime and become fugitives from the law. On the run, the two women accelerate their liberation through increasingly bold escapades.

Thelma gets the hots for a young hitchhiker named J.D. (Brad Pitt), a cowpoke who makes love to her, then steals her money and leaves her. She and Louise get the drop on a state trooper who is suspicious of them, and they lock him in the trunk of his car—but not before they steal his pistol and he cracks up and weeps and moans and groans (you know how those male state troopers are under pressure). Thelma robs a convenience store successfully and, later, the two women destroy a fuel tanker driven by an obnoxious trucker.

At last, Thelma and Louise reach their finale. They are at the end of their road, trapped by insensitive lawmen and a police investigator named Hal (Harvey Keitel) who suddenly becomes meek and ineffective as the showdown develops (you know how those male police investigators are under pressure).

Thelma and Louise choose suicide instead of surrendering to the authorities. Sisters forever, hands raised and clasped in solidarity, they drive straight off a cliff. They fly courageously into the abyss of certain death and eternal companionship. Freeze-frame, fade-out, credits.

Thelma & Louise presents men as basically clumsy and cruel and powerless, but it also tells a good story with some good humor. In that sense, it often succeeds as a movie. Davis and Sarandon play tough, gritty, beautiful women. As a man watching them, I was attracted to them at first, and I did like them—until I realized that if I met them on the street, they would probably blow me away if I violated their standards of protocol and etiquette. And therein lies the meanest and deepest message of this slick cinematic exercise.

I remember a *Donahue* show of last May in which a woman who had been one of the many wives of an oft-married man was asked, "Why did you pull a thirty-eight on him?"

She did not hesitate. "Because he needed killing," she answered with a smile. The audience cheered.

The most primitive message behind *Thelma & Louise* is that a lot of men need killing these days. This is an acceptable, even amusing, proposition in our contemporary society. And I suggest that, as men, we had better be alert to it.

As men, we are accustomed to being considered expendable in both war and peace. But the standard feminist celebration of male expendability is relatively new to us, and very difficult to handle, especially when, like all good guerrillas, its perpetrators deny their motivations.

Thelma & Louise is appealing at times. It is also prejudiced and sexist at its core. It faithfully represents our era, a time when feminists can bask in the glory of their increasingly harsh sexism toward men—and even win Oscar nominations for it.

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And then I pulled out and backed it in. Great. I was starting to freak. I checked my hair. 'Fine.' My teeth. 'Okay.' My tie. 'Too late now.' As I looked down I suddenly spotted it.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Afterglow gets no respect in any sex manual my wife and I have ever read. They all pretty much say the same thing: that after orgasm, sex is over. My wife and I disagree: We think afterglow is a very special time. After we both come, we like to hold each other and feel close and kiss and talk and fool around. We'd like to linger in afterglow even longer. Any suggestions?—B. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

We couldn't agree more. Most lovers focus on the "after" when they could have a lot more fun if they tuned in to the "glow." Fortunately, you and your wife are not the only ones to explore the unique possibilities of postorgasmic sensuality. In their wonderful book "Romantic Interludes: A Sensuous Lovers' Guide," Kenneth Ray Stubbs, Ph.D., and Louise-Andrée Saulnier recommend extending afterglow by taking turns giving each other facial massages. The massager sits up, legs apart. The massagee lies between them on his or her back. Using light to moderate strokes, the massager starts at the top of the head and works down across the forehead, along the bridge of the nose, across the lips and down to the hollow under the chin. Then the massager caresses the jaw and works up across the cheeks and temples, finishing with the ears. "For a final touch," Stubbs and Saulnier write, "cup your palms around [your lover's] ears. Closing off external sounds brings your lover to a womblike world of breathing and heartbeat. For some, this can be a mystical experience." After a few sessions, we became convinced that afterglow was a misnomer. Now we call it etc.

Lately, I've noticed a lot of the better men's toiletries label themselves as "cruelty-free." What exactly does that mean?—L. J., Dallas, Texas.

The "cruelty-free" disclaimer means that the products are not lab-tested on animals. In most cases, the products are first chemically tested to ensure that there are no volatile elements (meaning, they are not going to turn your hair green). The final testing is done on genuine humans or by professional stylists on mannequins with human hair.

My grandfather is 95 and the old bird'll probably make it to 100. He's in reasonably good shape physically, considering his years, and his mind is still quite sharp—or at least I thought it was until he told me this story during my last visit to the nursing home where he lives. It seems that during his teenage years, he used to visit a brothel in New Orleans, where he swears the madam gave him a sarsaparilla drink to prevent syphilis. I thought sarsaparilla was an old-time soft drink, but my grandfather insists that it protected him from V.D. Now, I'm a doctor, and I know that sarsaparilla doesn't prevent or treat any sexually transmitted infection. I've combed my medical books, and they don't mention it. I thought if anyone would know about this, you would. What's the story?—K. L., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

You're both right. Sarsaparilla doesn't prevent or treat syphilis. But according to botanical-medicine authority Varro E. Tyler, Ph.D., author of "The New Honest Herbal," the powdered root of this thorny vine native to the Americas was widely used from the 1880s until the early 20th Century to prevent and treat that disease. Sarsaparilla is a powerful diuretic, and before World War One, diuretics were prescribed for all sexually transmitted diseases. "Of course," Tyler writes, "this puts a slightly different light on the white-hatted cowboy hero who always strode into the bar in the Saturday-afternoon B movies and, shunning the alcoholic beverages being drunk by the black-hatted villains, calmly said, 'Give me a bottle of sarsaparilla.'" Chances are, he was less interested in eliminating the bad guys than in eliminating what he might have picked up at the local bordello.

What's the deal with Japanese Super TV? I was overseas this past summer and saw a museum display with high-definition television that blew my mind. It was so sharp I felt I could have put my hand right through the screen. Why has it taken so long to get here? It seems like I've been reading about it longer than I have compact discs, and they're everywhere now.—S. C., Fremont, Michigan.

High-definition television (HDTV) may have a dazzlingly sharp screen, but its chances for a quick entrance into the U.S. are slim. Unlike standard TV, the screen you saw had digital sound and was wider and about three times as sharp as your set back home. But you'll pay much more than $299 for that technology, and from what we've seen, it doesn't make much difference unless the set is wider than 30 inches. The superscreens aren't sold yet in the U.S. (there's no HDTV programing here, anyway) but were introduced in Japan last December at a cool $18,000 to $34,000 each. Although the sets are mostly handmade, with hard-to-find parts, prices are expected to drop to about $7500 within five years. As prices fall, some U.S. companies fear that a Japanese blitzkrieg will squeeze competition out of an American market that could generate ten billion dollars in sales within a decade. But most of the bickering is over a global transmission standard. HDTV transmissions take five times the space on the radio spectrum as regular TV, so the challenge is to compress the signal. The Japanese have developed one technology to do that, the Europeans another. Here in the U.S., the FCC has given broadcasters until 1993 to decide on a standard compatible with existing American televisions (a criterion that eliminates using either the European or the Japanese system). And even if everyone agreed on a standard, American stations would have to buy expensive HDTV equipment to broadcast. By one estimate, that could cost each station as much as $40,000,000. Few local broadcasters have that kind of money.

Here's a sexual pick-me-up that my wife and I have discovered puts a little *zap! boom! bang!* into our love life. We bought a fast-paced computer game, then set it up on our home computer on the kitchen table and sat together facing the screen. My wife sits between my legs. We share a joy stick and take turns jumping rocks or holes with the speeding "moon patrol" vehicle. As each of us takes control of the joy stick, the other provides distractions, such as kissing, touching, blowing. The only hard-and-fast rule is that neither of us can leave our sitting position or interfere with the partner's joy-stick hand. After each game, the low scorer discards a piece of clothing and we play again. It is an incredible turn-on to see my wife's hand wrapped around that wiggling joy stick as she struggles for control and I kiss her neck and fondle her breasts and pussy. Eventually, one of us is disrobed and we end up making love in the chair or on the floor. Ever heard of anything like this?—B. C., Bakersfield, California.

We knew it was only a matter of time before Nintendo became a sex toy. They don't call that thing a joy stick for nought.

I threw a party with an open bar and a friend asked if I had any diet gin. I've seen those new low-cal wine coolers but

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

had never heard of diet liquors. What's the scoop?—C. C., Denver, Colorado.

Several years ago, a few distilleries began offering light vodka, gin and whiskey, which have a third fewer calories and the firepower of standard spirits. Until recently, low-booze liquor had to be labeled DILUTED, *which sounds exactly like what it is: watered down. Nowadays, marketers add flavor enhancers and are allowed to pitch low-cal booze without the diluted stigma. (They've become "specialty" drinks.) Even so, it's difficult to believe that these diet liquors will take off; you only have to add ice, mixer or water to your friend's glass to reduce the alcohol content. And even if you're drinking at full strength, check the labels. Some companies have been trimming back on alcohol content to save money on excise taxes. Seagram's Chivas Regal Scotch, for instance, dropped from 43 to 40 percent alcohol during the past year. Meanwhile, light and nonalcoholic beers have been gaining fans by tasting better. Not only do the no-booze brands have fewer calories, they aren't taxed as alcohol, so they are cheaper off the shelf. And they'll enable you to drive home safely.*

One of my testicles hangs lower than the other. Is that bad? I've checked for lumps, which I know can be a sign of cancer, but there are none. Just my one ball dangling a half inch lower than the other. Should I worry? Do I need a testicle splint?—D. M., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Uneven testicles are so commonplace that Masters and Johnson counted which ball hung lower in their research subjects (85 percent were lefties). One testicle usually is larger than the other, as well, but neither condition affects performance or potency. If after a warm shower, both balls feel like peeled hard-boiled eggs, breathe easy. But painless lumps or hard spots should alert you to check with a doctor.

With fuel prices soaring, can you suggest a few ways to stretch each gallon of gas?—M. G., Austin, Texas.

Back in the Fifties, competitors in the cross-country Mobilgas Economy Run posted astounding mile-per-gallon averages by overinflating tires, staying off the brakes, coasting wherever possible and driving as though there were an egg under the accelerator. Most of those techniques aren't practical for everyday driving. Here are some that are: Keep your engine tuned and your wheels properly aligned to ensure optimal fuel consumption. Keep tires correctly inflated. Underinflated tires cause premature wear and waste gasoline. Excess weight demands more fuel. Make sure that your trunk isn't loaded with junk you don't need to carry around. Avoid lengthy warm-ups, even in winter. Drive gently at first and your car will warm up more fuel-efficiently. When driving, accelerate slowly and smoothly; avoid long engine idling—it's better to turn the engine off and restart it than to sit sipping fuel. Use your air conditioner only when you must. Make a practice of using brakes sparingly. Time traffic lights and take advantage of streets where traffic signals are sparse and there are fewer fuel-wasting traffic jams. Maintain proper intervals so you needn't stop suddenly. You'll reduce brake wear and avoid having to accelerate back up to speed. If your car has a manual transmission, avoid lugging and overrevving. Don't use the clutch pedal as a footrest. That causes unnecessary wear and overheating, and it wastes gas. Maintain reasonable average highway speeds. Speeding makes your car guzzle more gas. Don't pay for octane you don't need. Follow manufacturer's recommended octane ratings. If you can manage most of these suggestions, you'll be pleasantly surprised with the results.

My girlfriend gave me black silk sheets for my birthday, and they've turned out to be the gift that keeps on giving, because she loves to frolic on silk. Are there any precautions we need to take with black silk? How often should the sheets be washed?—H. S., Chicago, Illinois.

With a thoughtful girlfriend like yours, who has time for laundry? If the sheets don't have a label that reads DRY CLEAN ONLY *and you have the inclination to spend some time on your knees, hand-washing will preserve the fabric's texture better than repeated dry-cleaning. The next time she's out of town, fill your tub half full with lukewarm water. Strip the bed and check that the sheets are color fast by placing a corner over a paper towel, then press firmly with a wet cotton swab. (If they aren't, add some salt to the tub water.) Use a mild detergent such as Woolite and massage the fabric gently without rubbing or wringing, which can break the fibers. Swish water through the material several times and rinse two or three times with fresh warm water. To dry, hang the sheets from a line away from the radiator and direct sunlight. An electric fan can speed things up and prevent water spotting. Every washing robs the material of some luster, so don't go overboard. We usually regard sheets (and underwear) that can't be dumped into a washer as more hassle than they're worth, but we wouldn't return this gift.*

This letter may end up in one of those journals about sexual abnormalities, but I'm curious. Can a person be aroused by smells? My adrenaline jumps each month when *Playboy* arrives and I smell the scent samples wafting from my mailbox.—G. S., Princeton, New Jersey.

One study funded by the perfume industry found that alpha androstenol, a pheromone in human sweat, may alter the mood of a potential partner. (Jovan promptly introduced a cologne called Andron.) Other research showed that one in four people who have lost their sense of smell also lose some sex drive. But many scientists point out that aromas probably can't turn you on by themselves; instead, they provoke images that elicit your sexual response. For example, your mailbox boner is more likely a Pavlovian response—you associate the smells wafting from Playboy *with the beautiful women within and confer sexual meanings to the scents. The same would be true if your girlfriend always wore the same perfume and you caught a whiff of it on your pillow. You associate the scent with her and get turned on. With luck, she's on the pillow, too.*

My buddy maintains that the title *Twin Peaks* was not conceived of by David Lynch but was first used in the *Kama Sutra* to describe a woman's breasts. I haven't been able to find the term anywhere and I say he's full of shit. Who's right?—B. K., New York, New York.

Your friend is closer to the mark than you think. We're not sure about the "Kama Sutra" (a clever translator might have used the peaks appellation in an edition we don't have), but according to "The Encyclopedia of Erotic Wisdom," by Rufus Camphausen, twin peaks is defined as a "Chinese/Taoist term for a woman's breasts, the source of White Snow and the Peach Juice of Immortality."

I went off the pill recently, and my husband and I decided to use condoms. After a brief adjustment period, our sex was great. But a few months later, my vagina started itching. I had a checkup, but my doctor said I was fine. When I mentioned our switch to rubbers, he suggested that I might be allergic to latex. That sounded laughable. Is it possible?—Mrs. L. F., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Not only is it possible, it's increasingly common. In fact, the Food and Drug Administration issued a medical alert on latex sensitivity last spring. The FDA was not specifically concerned with condoms but, rather, with latex surgical gloves and other medical items. The agency has received quite a few reports of latex allergy in health-care personnel, particularly among surgical teams who wear latex gloves. Symptoms include itching, swelling, hives and occasionally more serious reactions. Of course, surgical teams probably spend a little more time in latex than your condom-covered husband spends inside your vagina, but you may well be allergic. We suggest you take a break from condoms or switch to the sheepskin variety. If your itching subsides, you're probably allergic. Don't use a diaphragm or a cervical cap; they, too, are made of latex. If you'd rather not return to the pill, try the contraceptive sponge, available over the counter wherever family-planning items are sold.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Hotline today; get closer to the Playmates as they reveal secrets about dating and women! Call ***1-900-740-3311;*** *only three dollars per minute.*

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS® BRANDY ADVISOR

Dear Brandi:
Not so long ago I decided to spice things up a bit at one of my parties by ordering a singing telegram to entertain my parents. Well, the company sent over the wrong act and before I knew it, someone dressed as a mailman (not our usual mailman) was performing a provocative routine (not usually associated with the Postal Service) in front of my mother. It took her weeks to recover. Got any tips on how I can improve next year's party?
Phil Joffray, Alameda, California

Dear P. Joffray:
Try making some Christian Brothers Brandy Coladas. You'll get a great party drink that even mom and dad will enjoy. For the exact recipe, or for more ways to make delicious drinks with Christian Brothers Brandy, call me at ***1-900-370-CBB-1**** *($4.90 per call).*

Speaking of parties, wouldn't you like to go to the 1992 Playboy Playmate of the Year Party? Then enter our Christian Brothers Brandy Sweepstakes. Not only will the winner and a friend go by limo to the party at the Playboy Mansion, they'll get to mingle with the famous Playmates at one of the hottest events of the year. They may even meet the winner and runners-up of the Playmate of the Year Contest. It's what you've been dreaming about ever since you first read Playboy, so call ***1-900-370-CBB-1**** *($4.90 per call) now, or enter free by mail.*

Dear Brandi:
As I was moving into my new bachelorette pad this month, a really attractive guy helped me move in. But the only thing I could offer him was a glass of cold water. I'd like to make it up to him with a gift of some sort. What's the best way to get his attention?
Tracy Paul, Orange, California

Brandi Brandt
"Win a trip to the 1992 Playboy Playmate of the Year Party"

Dear Miss Paul:
Try sending him a bottle of Christian Brothers Brandy and only one snifter. In the accompanying note mention that you have the matching snifter and invite him to join you at your place for a very romantic evening. That will get his attention.

Dear Brandi:
Last Saturday I was showing my date how to warm your terrific brandy over a candle's flame. To our surprise the styrofoam cups melted and spoiled the mood. Any suggestions?
Kurt Laug, Atlanta, Georgia

Dear K. Laug:
Great idea, bad execution. There are lots of delicious ways to enjoy Christian Brothers Brandy. For some advice on how to serve Christian Brothers Brandy, give me a ring at ***1-900-370-CBB-1**** *($4.90 per call), and I'll tell you several special tips over the phone. And the 450 runners-up in our sweepstakes will get a pair of our special Christian Brothers snifters.*

Dear Brandi:
I've got a big problem. I have nothing going for me (i.e. no personality, no good looks, no money, no job, etc.). Do you think if I'm seen drinking Christian Brothers Brandy it will improve my chances with women?
Brent Albertson, New York City

Dear B. Albertson:
No. But it will show that you have good taste, and to prove it, I'll send you (or anyone out there who wants one) a full-color poster of me. To get yours call ***1-900-370-CBB-1**** *($4.90 per call). They won't last forever, so call soon.*

Dear Brandi:
On a recent ski weekend in Aspen, I noticed a guy with a fake cast on. He was scamming two gorgeous ski bunnies, sipping Christian Brothers Brandy. Well, my envy was too much for me to handle. As I passed them, I accidentally kicked the bogus cast. To my astonishment he fell over writhing in pain. While he was being rushed to the hospital for the second time that day, I did the only thing I could think of: I picked up one of his babes. Now I feel guilty. My question to you is which was worse, drinking his Christian Brothers or stealing his date?
John Klein, Edison, New Jersey

Dear J. Klein:
Well, you can never do wrong by drinking Christian Brothers Brandy. Its mellow blend and smooth taste make it the perfect après ski drink. And you only stole one of his two dates, so don't feel too badly. By the way, how's the poor guy's leg?

1.TO ENTER sweepstakes by phone call 1-900-370-CBB-1 (Cost of call $4.90; Touch-Tone phone only) and record your name, address, phone #. Call-in entrants will receive a poster (while supplies last). NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Enter sweepstakes for free by mail: print on a 3"x5" card your name, address, phone # and mail to: Christian Bros. PMOY Party Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8190, Grand Rapids, MN 55745-8190. Limit 1 entry per envelope. Enter as often as you wish. All entries must be received between 8/15 and 12/31/91. No responsibility assumed for lost, late, illegible entries. 2. PRIZE SELECTION/VALIDATION: Winners selected by random drawing of all valid entries on or about 1/20/92 by independent judging organization. Decisions are final. Winners notified by phone or mail. Grand prize winner must promptly sign and return affidavit of compliance with these rules. Winner & guest must sign a release for travel and for use of their names and likenesses for publicity purposes without further consideration. If sponsor is unable to reach winners within 2 weeks of drawing, alternate winners will be selected. Only one prize per person, family or household. 3. PRIZES: 1 GRAND PRIZE: A trip for 2 to Los Angeles, CA to attend Playboy's 1992 Playmate of the Year Party in May 1992 (exact date undetermined) at the Playboy Mansion. Included are round-trip coach air transportation from the major airport nearest winner's home in U.S.; 3days/2 nights hotel accommodation (double occupancy); 2 tickets to party; limousine transportation to and from the party; and $1,000 spending money (approx. retail value $4,800). All other transportation and costs are the responsibility of winner. $2,500 cash may be selected in lieu of Grand Prize. No other substitutions or transfer of prizes allowed. 450 RUNNERS-UP PRIZES: A pair of Christian Bros. Brandy snifters (approx. retail value: $20 pair). Taxes on prizes are responsibility of winners. 4.ELIGIBILITY: Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents, 21 years or older as of 8/15/91, except employees and families of Christian Bros., Playboy Enterprises Inc., their subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising, promotion agencies. 5. GENERAL INFORMATION AND CONDITIONS: Sweepstakes void in LA, IA, MN, and where prohibited by law. Odds of winning equal for phone/mail entrants and depend upon total number of valid entries received. Christian Bros. and Playboy assume no responsibility for prize merchandise of independent suppliers or liability for damages, losses, injury resulting from acceptance or use of prize. Questions regarding promotion or winner's list (available after 3/1/92) send stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Christian Bros. PMOY Winners List Request, P.O. Box 8206, Grand Rapids, MN 55745-8206.

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IF DEATH WERE TELEVISED

how the networks would turn 2437 inmates on death row into overnight celebrities

• *Killing the Cop Killers*—7 P.M. on NBC. Host William Shatner presents Kenneth Allen, who shot and killed Chicago police officers William Bosak and Roger Van Shaick on March 3, 1979, in retaliation for police having confiscated weapons from his home three months earlier. Death by lethal injection. Roy Bruce Smith, a Virginia man who armed himself, then vowed to kill the first policeman he saw, lured Sergeant John Conner III to his house, wounded him, then killed him with a shot to the head. Death by electrocution.

• *Sex and Death—Revenge on Rapists*—7:30 P.M. on CBS. Host Charles Bronson features murder/rapists Hernando Williams, 35, who raped and murdered Linda Goldstone, a natural-childbirth instructor at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago. He drove around for 36 hours with her in his trunk before shooting her to death. Freddie Taylor, who raped and bludgeoned to death an 84-year-old Richmond, California, woman. Death by gas.

• *The Monsters Meet Their Maker*—9 P.M. on ABC. Host Anthony Hopkins presents John Wayne Gacy, an Illinois man convicted of 33 counts of murder in 1978 after authorities discovered 29 bodies of young men and boys buried in the crawl space of his Norwood Park Township home and four more bodies in the Des Plaines River. Death by lethal injection. Richard Benson, a drug-addicted pedophile, killed Laura Camargo and her 23-month-old son with a claw hammer, then abducted her three- and four-year-old daughters. He raped the two girls over a two-day period before killing them with the claw hammer. Death by gas.

• *Crime of Passion*—9:30 P.M. on WGN. Hosted by Dr. Ruth, featuring Charles Silagy, who choked, stabbed and stomped to death his girlfriend, Cheryl Block, and her sister Anne Waters after discovering that they had attended a male strip show. Death by lethal injection.

• *Soul Brothers—the Show That Integrated Prime-Time Television*—10 P.M. on ESPN. Of the 2437 inmates on death row, 966 (39.32 percent) are black, 170 (6.91 percent) are Hispanic, 45 (1.83 percent) are Native American. Tonight's show features Raymond Stewart, who murdered Rockford, Illinois, grocer William Fredd, 54, and stockboy Albert Pearson, 20, on January 27, 1981, at the start of a shooting spree that took four more lives by week's end. Death by lethal injection.

• *Door Number Two*—10:30 P.M. on NBC. Hosted by Monty Hall. What will it be—lethal injection or hanging (Delaware), lethal injection or firing squad (Idaho), lethal injection or electrocution (Arkansas)? Watch inmates make the choice of their lives.

• *Bloopers (The Justice System Isn't Perfect)*—11 P.M. on NBC. On tonight's show, see a clip of a prisoner electrocuted three times because the straps weren't tightened. Appreciate the irony of a stay of execution delivered to the state supreme court three days after a condemned man is hanged.

• *The Death of an Innocent Man*—12 midnight on PBS. Since 1905, 23 innocent citizens have been executed by the state. Hosted by Adam Bedau and Michael Radelet, authors of a *Stanford Law Review* article that uncovered 350 cases in which innocent citizens had been convicted of capital crimes. Tonight's show presents the 1945 execution of William Anderson, a black man convicted of the rape of a white woman. He was executed without appellate review five months after his arrest. The governor's file on the case includes a letter from the local sheriff, pleading for a prompt execution and saying in part, "I would appreciate special attention in this case before some sympathizing organization gets hold of it." In all likelihood, no felony had been committed in the first place: According to co-workers, Anderson and the supposed victim had been consensually intimate for several months before rape charges were filed.

•

On June 10, 1991, a Federal judge ruled that a public-television station in San Francisco did not have the right to televise executions. The prison warden worried that agitated inmates might throw the camera through the glass window of the gas chamber. The Federal judge worried that agitated Americans might throw their television sets through the justice system. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

READER

POWDER PUFFS

When Utah passed a law that theoretically threatened the death penalty for women who had abortions (*The Playboy Forum*, August), I was outraged. When I read a news story about a boycott of Utah ski resorts that had generated a T-shirt with the slogan I'M PRO-CHOICE. I SKI COLORADO, I thought I'd found an outlet for my anger. Tracking down the shirt proved to be frustrating: The national office of Planned Parenthood didn't know anything about the shirt but thought it was a great idea. Neither the Utah branch of NOW nor the Utah branch of Planned Parenthood knew anything about it and suggested that maybe their Colorado colleagues were the brains behind the concept. Colorado thought the shirt was a great idea but didn't know anything about it, either. I then contacted NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League) in Utah, certain my quest would come to a satisfying end. No dice—and no shirt. Finally, I contacted the writer who had reported the item in *The Village Voice*. It turns out the writer had never seen the shirt but thought it was an idea worthy of some press. It makes me wonder if boycotts are real or just more wishful thinking.

Terry White
New York, New York

Boycotts are a difficult and unreliable measure of support. At best they generate headlines, anecdotes, bumper stickers and fashion statements. Theoretically, every sports enthusiast who did not ski during the summer months could be counted as a boycott participant. Such skewed and arbitrary roll calls provide some insight into the questionable success of any boycott declared by the far right. If you have the courage of conviction, don't avoid Utah. Go there, find a local and use the chair lift as a forum for debate.

LIKE FATHER

For years, I've wondered what drove the Reverend Donald Wildmon to find porn in everything from *The Golden Girls* to *Saturday Night Live*. When *Inside Media* recently ran a profile on the censor/bluenose, I found my answer: It appears that Reverend Wildmon's dad was a venereal-disease investigator with the health department. Can you imagine what Donnie-boy's first encounter with the facts of life must have looked like? Charts of chancre sores? Slide samples of discharge? Wildmon's father got to indulge in impromptu V.D. education ("You slept with a slut, son, it's going to fall off"). When Wildmon rides herd on advertisers ("You promote promiscuity, Chairman Iacocca, your sales are going to fall off"), he is just carrying on the family business, but instead of giving short-arm inspections to poor dirt farmers in Mississippi, Don stares at the tube for signs of disease. I guess he couldn't bring himself to handle the real thing.

Nathaniel Bynner
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

FOR THE RECORD

IMMACULATE CONTRACEPTION

The Wall Street Journal *reports that abortion-rights activists, in an effort to reduce unwanted pregnancies, plan to campaign for better sex education and easier access to contraception. Here are the two voices of the story, one pro-choice, the other pro-life:*

"We have to make abortion not more dangerous and more difficult but less necessary. Our opponents have difficulty with this, because it means that we have to talk about some things they don't want to talk about, like contraception and sex and sexuality."

—KATE MICHELMAN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL ABORTION RIGHTS ACTION LEAGUE

"Contraception is not going to increase respect for life. It's only a way to stop the natural outcome of sex. In individual cases, contraception might stop a 17-year-old girl from getting pregnant. But in the big picture, contraception does not help engender respect for ourselves or for human life."

—HELEN ALVARE, DIRECTOR OF PLANNING AND INFORMATION FOR THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC BISHOPS SECRETARIAT FOR PRO-LIFE ACTIVITIES

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Ontario, one of Canada's highest-profile provinces, can still exhibit infantile tendencies when dealing with obscenity. Project P, the province's antiporn task force, sent some of its officers in with municipal forces to raid 22 Adults Only Video outlets in 13 Ontario cities. The irony of the seizure of some ten titles is that all the films had been passed by the Film Review Board, Ontario's arbiter of public morality. However, rather than admit their mistake, police charged that some of the other films do contain scenes of bestiality. These scenes included one in which the so-called gratuitous degradation involved a woman inserting a *rubber snake* into her vagina. In spite of such obviously trumped-up charges, the owner of the video-store chain is awaiting a court appearance. There has been no official comment, as yet, from the Ontario Society Monitoring Rubber-Snake Activities.

J. Paul Sutter
London, Ontario

PINUPS

In "The War on Nudity, Part One: The Great Pinup Controversy" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), you write, "A repressed attitude toward sex is not one of those handicaps deserving special

RESPONSE

intervention." Even the most sexually liberated, wild and free woman doesn't necessarily want photographs of nude women and female genitals prominently displayed. Pinups may serve to "express the robust community values of the shipyard." They can also serve to remind women that they are different from their male colleagues and that they are vulnerable to unwanted sexual attention. Women deserve safe, comfortable havens where they are not constantly surrounded by sexual images, and the workplace should certainly be one of them. Imagine that you accept a well-paying, badly needed job. When you get to work, you discover that all the men there are three inches taller, 40 pounds heavier, more muscular than you, and gay. Your boss gives you a choice of offices. One is peppered with photos of nude men sticking their butts up at the camera, looking over their shoulders salaciously. The other office is not. Which would you choose?

R. Thomas
Newton, Massachusetts

Could we go over the salary bit again?

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

While I enjoyed the humor of "The Blameless Society" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), there is one noteworthy obfuscation. The treatment of Operation Rescue members and Randall Terry by the Los Angeles police was inexcusable. They maliciously beat activists, broke their bones and dragged some through horse manure. To mock what happened to these people as well as insinuate that they deserved it is a pompously biased display of intolerance. It is no better than the unintelligent notion that a rape victim deserved and was looking to be raped because she was dressed in a sexy manner.

Robert J. Correia
Braintree, Massachusetts

Fanaticism begets extremity. You decide who belongs to which fraternity.

VOICE OF SUPPORT

As a subscriber to *Popular Photography*, I enjoyed your comments on the nudity issue ("They Still Shoot Nudes, Don't They?" *The Playboy Forum*, June). I am broad-minded enough and, I hope, intelligent enough to realize that, were I against the publication of nudes in a magazine about general photography, it would not be enough to cause me to cancel my subscription to the offender. It is to my eternal shame that I did not write in to express my support when I knew there would be a deluge of negative responses such as those you described.

Bruce W. Roberts
Austin, Texas

FEMINIST SLANT

In the outcry of increasing skepticism against date rape, a new voice has been heard. Neil Gilbert, a professor of social welfare at the University of California, Berkeley, took a good hard look at the stats being thrown around and came up with some interesting conclusions.

"Sociologist Mary Koss's survey of 6159 college students, sponsored by *Ms.* magazine, is the most widely cited study of sexual assault on campus. . . . [Koss's study indicates] that in just one year on college campuses, the 3187 female respondents in this survey reported 862 incidents of rape or attempted rape." This count, Gilbert notes, would mean that the vast majority of women, at some point in college, experience an assault of this kind. Further, Gilbert notes that Koss's broad interpretation of circumstances surrounding an unwanted sexual experience makes no allowances for the vacillation and ambiguity often surrounding young people during their first experiences with sexual intimacy.

The most telling aspect of Gilbert's findings came from the respondents themselves. The majority of the women surveyed by Koss disagreed with the operational definition of rape used in the study. Seventy-three percent of those she defined as having been raped did not perceive of themselves as victims. Forty-two percent of these women even had sex again with the men who had "raped" them!

Feminists couch these distorted interpretations in such euphemistic terms as advocacy numbers, claiming that the purpose of using such statistics is to increase awareness of the problem. Gilbert contends that the distorted findings are part of a radical feminist effort to impose new norms on intimacy between the sexes.

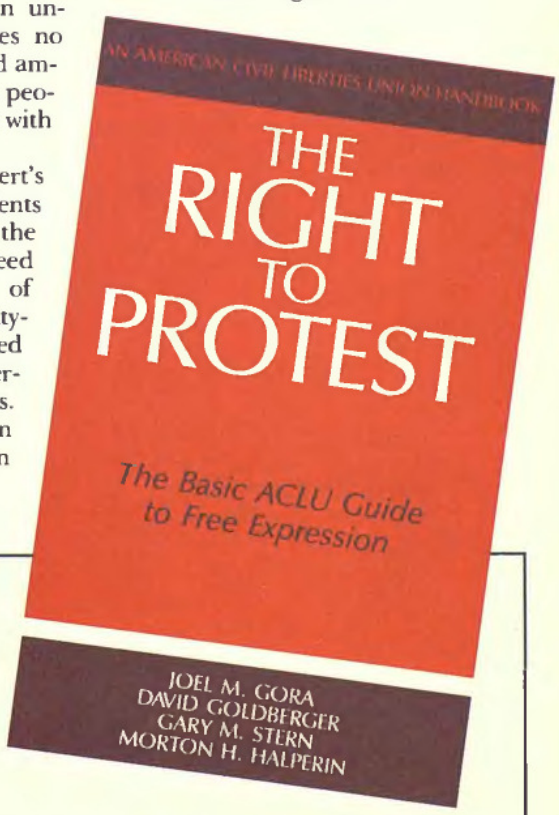
Kathy Pearson
San Francisco, California

SELF-CONTROL

A wise teacher and friend once told me that "anyone could take over a country by simply taking control of three things: freedom of movement, freedom of speech and freedom of expression." In "Guns and Fetuses" (*The Playboy Forum*, August), you state that "a powerful effort is under way to define and control expressions of sex and sexuality." The body has, indeed, become the battleground between conceptions of morality and individual choice. There is an effort under way to attempt to disrupt our constitutional right to separation of church and state. We must support, with our votes and wallets, all efforts to keep our country free.

William H. Wyttenbach, M.D.
Leesburg, Florida

A gift-giving suggestion for the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights—it was this one or a book on making bombs. Available from A.C.L.U., 132 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036, $8.45.


AN AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION HANDBOOK
THE RIGHT TO PROTEST
The Basic ACLU Guide to Free Expression
JOEL M. GORA
DAVID GOLDBERGER
GARY M. STERN
MORTON H. HALPERIN

POLITICALLY CORRECT SPEECH

a guide to who can say what to whom on campus

By Matthew Childs

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

Many universities have codes that discipline students for "offensive" speech. A 1989 American Council on Education and the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators study found that 60 percent of the colleges and universities surveyed had written policies on bigotry, racial harassment or intimidation. Another 11 percent reported that they were developing policies. For example, the University of Michigan's interim speech code prohibits "verbal slurs, invectives or epithets referring to an individual's race, ethnicity, religion, sex, sexual orientation, creed, national origin, ancestry, age or handicap, made with the purpose of injuring the person to whom the words or actions are directed."

THATCH By JEFF SHESOL
HOWDY, WOMYN, MEN AND OTHERS... P.C. PERSON HERE, WITH A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU TODAY!
PC
IT'S MY NEWEST BOOK-O'-DOGMA: "HOW TO ARGUE THE P.C. WAY." IT'S REALLY QUITE SIMPLE, AS --
NO, IT'S NOT.
INSENSITIVE MAN!
SMACK!
CHAPTER ONE: IF YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT SOMEONE HAS TO SAY, DON'T LET THEM SAY IT!
PC
CURSE FOILED AGAIN

WE SHALL OVERTHROW

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—Harvard professors Stephan Thernstrom and Bernard Bailyn were heckled as racists for teaching a class called Peopling of America. The reason: Bailyn used the diary of a Southern plantation owner and did not give equal time to the writings of slaves. He defended himself by saying that no texts written by slaves exist. The accusers also pointed out that Thernstrom used the appellation Indian rather than the politically correct term Native American. Thernstrom and Bailyn have dropped the class from their teaching assignments.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—A University of Michigan student asserted in a class that he felt that homosexuality was treatable through therapy. The administration sought to discipline him, charging that he had violated the university's speech code that seeks to protect an individual's sexual orientation from ridicule. A district judge has since ruled the code a violation of First Amendment rights.

LOS ANGELES—Tom Flannery, author of *1939: The Year in Movies*, was accosted over the phone by an NYU student about "misstatements" in the book that the student and his classmates felt were inexcusable. The student was angered that Flannery, in his chapter on *Gone with the Wind*, had referred to director George Cukor as a "notorious homosexual." The student called back later to say that they were burning the book on NYU's campus.

GREELEY, COLORADO—Linda Chavez, a Reagan Administration official, was asked to speak at the University of Northern Colorado's 1990 commencement. School officials felt that having a successful Hispanic woman would show support of the "cultural diversity" movement. However, upon learning that she opposed affirmative action and thought that Hispanic immigrants should learn English as soon as possible to help them assimilate, students protested and the president withdrew his invitation, apologizing for appearing "grossly insensitive" to the situation. He said that he'd been wrong in thinking Chavez a proper role model.

CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS

Are you now or have you ever been guilty of the following?

Ableism: prejudice based on someone's physical ability.

Ageism: prejudice based on the age of a person.

Classism: prejudice based on social and/or economic class.

Eurocentrism: prejudice toward anything having to do with Western culture (the most oppressive and inherently evil force in America today).

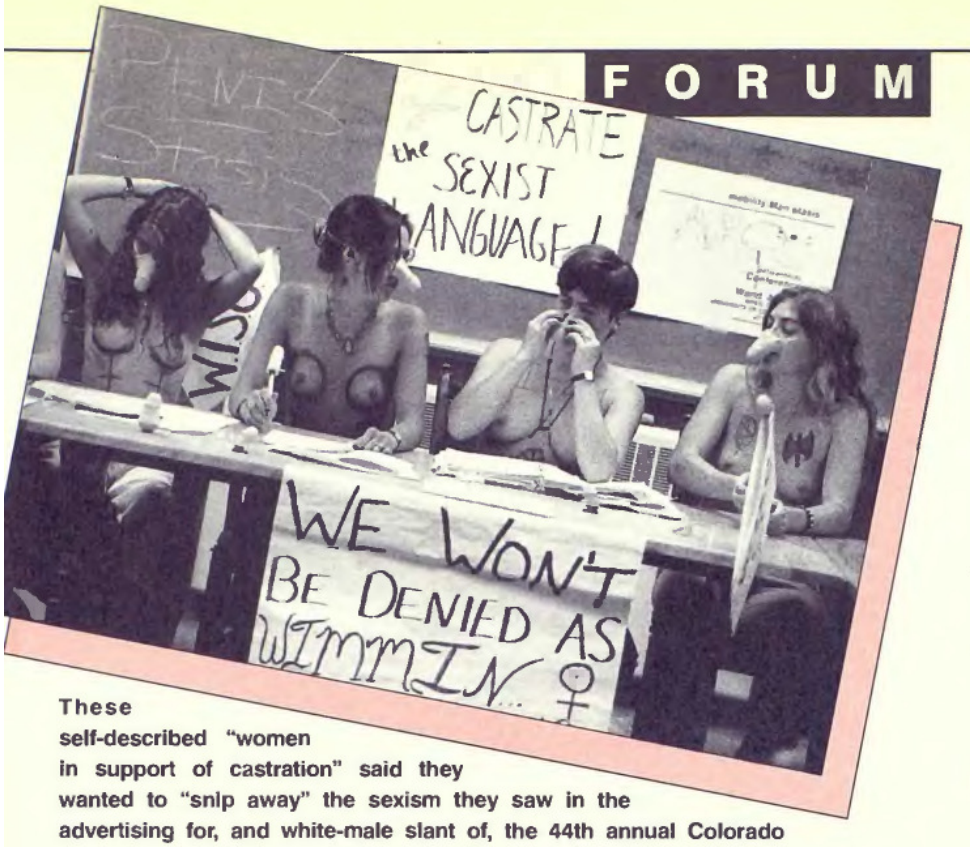
Lookism: prejudice based on the way people look.

(Based upon a Smith College orientation handout.)

POINT/ COUNTER-POINT

Vartan Gregorian, president of Brown University, defending his expulsion of a student on charges of drunkenness, disruptive behavior and harassment:

"The incident was one of loud drunkenness, of shouting anti-Semitic, antiblack, antihomosexual obscenities . . . at two A.M. . . . This is not a 'free speech' issue. . . . There is a difference between unpopular ideas expressed in a public context and epithets delivered in the context of harassing, intimidating or demeaning behavior. For ten years, Brown freshmen have received the university's 'Tenets of Community Behavior.' . . . The underlying principle of the tenets is that 'a socially responsible



These self-described "women in support of castration" said they wanted to "snip away" the sexism they saw in the advertising for, and white-male slant of, the 44th annual Colorado University's World Affairs Conference. To draw attention to their protest, the CU women doffed their hair shirts and donned penis-shaped nose guards.

community provides a structure within which individual freedoms may flourish but not so self-indulgently that they threaten the rights or freedoms of other individuals or groups.' Intellectual independence and social responsibility are not mutually exclusive."

Benno Schmidt, president of Yale University and First Amendment scholar, on Brown University's expulsion of a student for unacceptable speech:

"Universities cannot censor or suppress speech, no matter how obnoxious in content, without violating their justification for existence. . . . It is to elevate fear over the capacity for a liberated and humane mind . . . [and will loose] an utterly open-ended engine of censorship."

MISS MANNERS, DORM MOTHER

Judith Martin, the syndicated columnist Miss Manners, and Gunther Stent, a professor at University of California,

THE HYDE SOLUTION

By Ted C. Fishman

Republican Congressman Henry Hyde of Illinois is sick of "politically correct" universities' telling students what they can and cannot say. His solution lies in his bill, the Collegiate Speech Protection Act of 1991, HR 1380, which reads, "A post-secondary institution . . . shall not make or enforce any rule subjecting any student to disciplinary sanctions solely on the basis of conduct that is . . . protected . . . by the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." Currently, only students at public, but not private, schools are guaranteed First Amendment rights.

Hyde introduced the bill in a joint press conference with Nadine Strossen, the president of the American Civil Liberties Union, an odd bedfellow for a conservative "family values" politician. For nearly 15 years, the A.C.L.U. has battled Hyde's namesake legislation that stopped the Federal Government from helping poor women get abortions. Hyde's campus bill puts the unborn aside and concentrates on the merely impressionable.

Hyde has not always been so enthusiastic about free expression:

- In 1988, Hyde hailed Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography, saying it would "produce a lasting legacy of hope."
- In 1989, Hyde cosponsored a constitutional amendment to void the Supreme Court's protection of flag burners. "[The flag] is . . . like the Sacrament in the Catholic Church," he said.
- In 1990, Hyde voted against funding the NEA. The Government, he thought, should not support "gratuitous insults to . . . fellow citizens by artists."

Hyde supports free speech for students because he feels that the "politically correct" mood of academia cows conservatives. "A new sensitivity to insult and criticism has arisen from various racial, ethnic and gender groups," he says. "A sensitivity expressed stridently with sanctions which can include expulsion from universities."

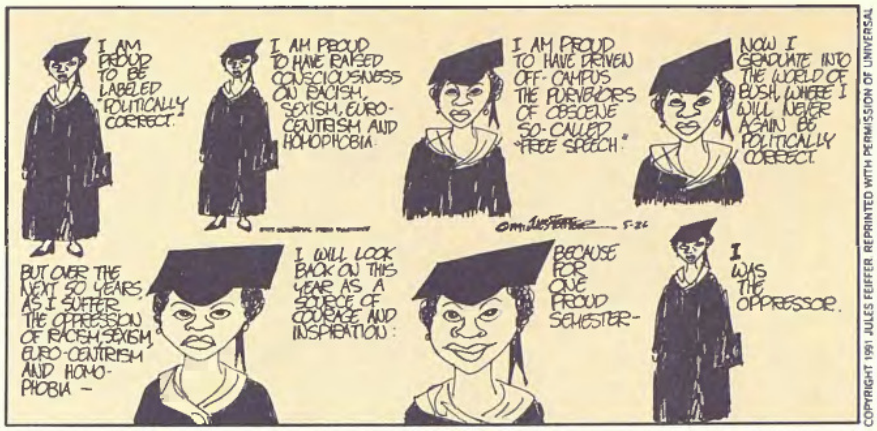
Jay Miller of the Illinois A.C.L.U. has known Hyde for nearly 20 years. "I don't want to say Hyde's insincere," says Miller, "but I doubt he's ever come out in favor of free speech for the left. He wants to protect the kinds of speech you hate: racist, homophobic and sexist kinds of things. He represents a right-wing group and they're coming out for free expression for themselves."

In Hyde's brief advocating his bill, he offers few examples of actual censorship. Hyde dwells instead on the campus political climate by discussing politically correct course guidelines and the political views of faculty members. But academics point out that these, too, are products of free speech. Professors have fought a century-long battle for just such academic freedoms. (Hyde's bill, incidentally, does not offer any protection to professors or to other staff.)

Of course, the best lesson from this bill may be in how to get First Amendment wafflers such as Hyde to champion free speech: Make them feel unpopular at school.

Berkeley, say:

"What kind of frill is etiquette, anyway? . . . You may have the legal right to call your mother an idiot, or somebody else's mother a slut, but you won't if you know what's good for you. . . . Nor could you convince many people that . . . such remarks are likely to . . . lead to advances in knowledge. . . . The rougher the conflict, the more manners are needed. Only when insults, harassment, disrespect and obscenity are banned can people engage in truly substantive argument. Of course, it is a personal insult to call someone a racist or a sexist. [But] incivility is no more defensible in defense than in attack."


I AM PROUD TO BE LABELED "POLITICALLY CORRECT."
I AM PROUD TO HAVE RAISED CONSCIOUSNESS ON RACISM, SEXISM, EURO-CENTRISM AND HOMOPHOBIA.
I AM PROUD TO HAVE DRIVEN OFF-CAMPUS THE PURVEYORS OF OBSCENE SO-CALLED "FREE SPEECH."
NOW I GRADUATE INTO THE WORLD OF BUSH, WHERE I WILL NEVER AGAIN BE POLITICALLY CORRECT.
BUT OVER THE NEXT 50 YEARS, AS I SUFFER THE OPPRESSION OF RACISM, SEXISM, EURO-CENTRISM AND HOMOPHOBIA —
I WILL LOOK BACK ON THIS YEAR AS A SOURCE OF COURAGE AND INSPIRATION:
BECAUSE FOR ONE PROUD SEMESTER—
I WAS THE OPPRESSOR.
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TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Claudia Blaine, political commentator, writing for *Screw* on the P.C. phenomenon and schools: "One thing that really bothers me about this P.C. crap is that it's so basically phony. Hey, inequality exists and I'm just as anxious as the next guy to see something done about it. Injustice, ditto. However, Harvard, Brown, Berkeley, Duke, Dartmouth, etc., are hardly the hotbeds of the oppressed masses. I don't care what color you are, who you like to lick, how handicapped—whoa! Sorry, 'specially abled'—you are, whether you have a dick or not. If you're enrolled at a prestigious university, you're not a fucking sharecropper."

ARE YOU P.C.?

Here are six questions to help you decide:

1. A writer whose views on race and women's issues with which you disagree is coming to campus to give a reading. You:

A. Skip the reading.

B. Read his book and go to the reading to ask him challenging questions.

C. Without reading a thing he has written, call for a ban of his book in the college bookstore and petition and protest until the reading is canceled.

2. You are mugged by a group of black youths. You:

A. Hand over the cash and report the crime with the full intention of pressing charges.

B. Hand over the cash and decide to forget about it.

C. Hand over the cash and apologize for not having more. You later feel guilty for not taking the underprivileged people of color to the nearest bank machine and withdrawing your full savings.

3. An English professor suggests adding *Moby Dick* to a class reading list. You:

A. Protest because the book is too long.

B. Protest because you came to college to be exposed to the non-Western literature you hadn't read in high school.

C. Protest and call for the professor's dismissal because the book has no women and ignores issues of race, class, ethnicity and sexual orientation.

4. A fraternity has a "South of the Border" party. You:

A. Dismiss it as a harmless excuse to drink tequila and attend.

B. Write a letter to the campus newspaper decrying the silly racial stereotypes presented by the party and don't attend.

C. Cry "cultural commodification" and call for a ban on ethnic theme parties as well as the dissolution of the offending fraternity.

5. You ask a woman out for dinner and a movie. You:

A. Eat at the upscale burger joint, see *The Hunt for Red October* and then walk her to the door for a goodnight kiss.

B. Eat a tuna salad at the local fern bar, catch *Born on the Fourth of July* and then drop her off with a peck on the cheek.

C. Walk to the macrobiotic restaurant, miss *Dances with Wolves* because the service is so slow but talk about Costner's objectification of Native Americans and then go your separate ways.

6. Skip, Biff and José take a qualifying exam for two civil-service job openings. Skip scores 98 percent, Biff scores 96 percent and José scores 95 percent. You

A. Hire Skip and Biff.

B. Hire Skip and José.

C. Hire only José and wait for another person of color to apply.

If you answered A to the majority of the questions, you're not P.C.; if B, you're not yet but could become P.C.; if C, you've achieved *satori*. (Adapted from *The Politically Correct Handbook*, by Vernon Silver.)

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX THERAPY FOR ELEPHANTS

LONDON—*A psychologist has been called in to help 28-year-old Sahib overcome his aversion to sex and get it on with Milli, Toto and Chikki. The four-ton elephant came to a British wildlife park from a circus, where he was reprimanded whenever he showed interest in the ladies. "There are years of repression to unwind," said the park's director. "He probably was threatened with a stick when he got amorous in the circus. Now we have to tickle him with a stick so he sees it as something pleasurable."*

IF GOD OIDN'T INTEND. . . .

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND—*Researchers at the National Institute for Mental Health recently located the brain's receptor for marijuana. Since marijuana is not normally found in the system, the scientists are wondering what the receptor is doing there. They theorize that this discovery could lead to chemical refinements in cannabinoids that would enhance the drug's therapeutic properties while taking all the fun out of it. Or vice versa. Our guess: The next thing they find will be the brain receptor for Grateful Dead concerts.*

ALOHA!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The National Park Service has admitted that it is "seriously considering" a proposal that would sanction nude sun-bathing on a beach in Hawaii. A spokesman noted that Federal law does not address the issue of undress one way or the other, and that there has been a certain amount of nude sunbathing at other Park Service facilities without causing any great commotion. Uncle Sam is waiting to see how much flak comes up from the general public or how much lightning comes down from on high.*

WANTED—DAD OR ALIVE

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*The National Council of State Child Support Enforcement Administrators is making a concerted effort to nail dead-beat parents by means of a country-wide "most wanted" list. To qualify for national recognition on an impressive police-style* WANTED *poster (complete with photo, name, physical description and record of neglect), the nonsupporters must have changed their names and Social Security numbers or otherwise gone to great lengths to disappear.*

DOWN, BOY!

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*It seems that there's a new occupational hazard in the war on drugs.* The Forensic Drug Abuse Advisor *addressed the problem in an article titled "What to Do if Your Police Dog Eats All of the Evidence." It seems that the K-9 corps gets so excited by the hunt it sometimes consumes toxic amounts of controlled substances. Noting that pot, coke, speed and narcotics have similar effects on man and dog, the article suggests the standard human treatment (apomorphine with an activated-charcoal chaser) for the dogs that O.D.*

FUR FLIES DOWN UNDER

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA—*An appeals tribunal has refused health benefits to an Australian woman who claimed that she was made physically and mentally ill by a phony fur-covered penis that a fellow employee kept in a plastic cage on his filing cabinet.*

PRIVILEGED RELATIONS

LOS ANGELES—*California attorneys may screw their clients financially but not sexually. Following the lead of medical associations that have banned "let's play doctor," the California bar has become the first lawyers' group in the U.S. to rule that sex is not an attorney–client option. The code of conduct excuses a sexual relationship that predated the professional one. But punishment awaits the attorney who beds his client—unless he can prove it didn't cause him to perform "incompetently."*

AGAINST THE WIND

WACO, TEXAS—*A Baylor University officer ticketed a student for farting. The campus cop was unsure how to deal with some rowdy students, so he charged the wind breaker under Title 9, Chapter 42 of the Texas criminal code. This law, which forbids creating a "noxious and unreasonable odor in a public place," usually applies to factories. The top cop explained, "It was a reach—a reach my officer felt he had to take at the time. I'd be surprised if he'd do it again."*

SIDEWALK CENSORSHIP

NEW YORK—*A building's cleaning crew obliterated an offensive Michelangelo penis from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—or, rather, from a re-creation of the scene. Hani Shihada, a 32-year-old artist, had nearly finished chalking the reproduction*

on the sidewalk at 250 West 57th Street when building residents, offended by the explicit nature of the art, demanded that their maintenance men delete the offending penis. Meet Mr. Clean, the censor.

WHOSE MONEY IS IT?

nowadays, freedom goes to the highest bidder

By Terry White

Columnist Stephen Chapman writes, "In the debate over abortion, there are three basic positions: (1) 'Yes,' (2) 'No' and (3) 'OK, but not with my money.'"

•

The current debates about abortion rights and NEA funding aren't about free expression; they're about money, about government. Money *is* government, at every level, and in these controversies, we clearly see who holds the purse strings.

A full two-page ad in the *Chicago Tribune* declares, "No abortions at Cook County Hospital. We taxpayers believe that abortion is the cruel destruction of innocent lives. We should not be forced to pay for it."

The conservatives have staged a leveraged buy-out of the American Government.

The Bill of Rights states that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech. This right shields the individual from the police powers of the state. But the founding fathers overlooked how the spending power of the state might corrupt and control speech. There is an adage that "he who takes the king's money must sing the king's song." In conservative America, there is no shortage of men who would be king.

In 1976, conservatives mustered forces to pass the Hyde Amendment, which banned the use of Medicaid funds for abortion. The regulation was introduced as a way to limit the number of abortions being performed in the wake of *Roe vs. Wade*. Clinics responded by providing other family-planning services, referring termination cases to clinics that could accommodate them. In 1988, Otis R. Bowen, then the Secretary of Health and Human Services, came up with a new twist: He issued a new regulation declaring that under the abortion clause of Title X, no abortions meant "no talk about abortions [will be] paid for by taxpayers' money." If a patient at a Government-sponsored clinic seeks any kind of abortion information, the doctor must parrot the party line: "The project does not consider abortion an appropriate method of family planning."

A nice regulation, one that regulation-loving Supreme Court Chief Justice William Rehnquist took great delight in defending: "Freedom of expression is limited [only] during the time that [doctors] actually work for the [Government-funded] project." So if you want to hear the full story, do you have to meet your doctor on the golf course or maybe in the parking lot after hours?

Chief Justice Rehnquist said that nothing in the Constitution requires that the Government pay for the full story or even allow equal time to different viewpoints. The Government has "merely chosen to fund one activity to the exclusion of another."

Rehnquist erred. This is bad government: Once we agree that the Government should fund health care, we should buy the best, most informed available. Instead, the Government has set limits on the quality of Federally funded care. This is no restraint if you have money—you can buy complete care at a private clinic. But it penalizes the 4,000,000 women forced by poverty to use Government-sponsored clinics. Rehnquist said it was not his fault that people are poor. "The financial constraints that restrict an indigent woman's ability to enjoy the full range of constitutionally protected freedom of choice are the product not of Governmental restrictions on access to abortion but rather of her indigency." Conservatives who despise the poor have traditionally found a way to insulate themselves from the obligation to create a decent society.

Conservatives who despise abortion have now been given a convenient tool to keep their money out of the hands of even the neediest poor.

But whose money is it? The tax dollars contributed to the Federal coffers come from a diverse constituency. The poor pay taxes. Women pay taxes. People in favor of choice pay taxes. For the Government to declare such a finite use of funds is to dismiss the preferences and politics of at least one third of the country. Let the Government spend money in a way that reflects the diverse needs of its populace, not the narrow moral interests of a specific group. The ruling sacrifices general welfare for pompous moral purity.

Conservative columnist Chapman went further, "Scrupulously denying public money to promote or provide abortion is something Americans have the freedom to do, even if they think legal abortion is better than the alternative. The people who disagree with the Court and the regulation go beyond the mistaken position that abortion is a right to the absurd position that it is an entitlement."

Health care is not a right; no one is entitled to health care from the Government. But the services that are subsidized should be provided in a way that maximizes the relationship between doctor and patient, that provides the range of information necessary for informed consent. Outlawing a complete and open exchange amounts to gambling with the health and well-being of those dependent on such services and displays an arrogant abuse of Executive privilege.

Let no man think himself king.

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NO G STRINGS ATTACHED

nazis can freely preach hatred, but nude dancers get busted in the kitty kat lounge. that crime could unravel the first amendment

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Andrew Dice Clay can hurl homophobic, misogynist and even racist sentiments from the stage and be assured it's constitutionally protected speech. He can even engage in "expressive" or "symbolic" speech such as waving a swastika or burning the American flag; the Supreme Court has ruled that that, too, is covered by the First Amendment. But were he to take off his clothes to make a point, even a small one, he could be arrested. However, if he covered his genitalia with the swastika, that would once again be legal.

Sounds crazy, I know, but that's the result of a ground-breaking judgment from a Reagan-packed Supreme Court with nothing better to do with the Bill of Rights than order pasties and G strings for nude dancers at the Kitty Kat Lounge in South Bend, Indiana. "[We] now hold," intoned Chief Justice William Rehnquist for the five-to-four majority, "that the Indiana statutory requirement that the dancers in the establishments involved in this case must wear pasties and a G string does not violate the First Amendment."

Seemed like a joke when I first heard it on the radio. Indeed, most of the media chuckled at the news, relieved that the Court had been "narrow" in its latest assault on the Constitution—meaning that the target was sex rather than something serious. The idea that sex is not serious is a bizarre intellectual commonplace in this society, which, more than any other in history, is driven in all aspects of life, from the commercial to the cultural, by sexual imagery. We are a voyeuristic people who just love peeping in when no one's looking but are filled with guilt all the same. Which is why the "politically correct" thought police chose to undermine the First Amendment by using cases of sexual freedom.

So what's the big deal? you might ask. Just affix the damn pasties and get on with the dancing. That, crudely put, was the separate but concurring position of Justice David Souter, the Court's newest member, whose replacement of the fiery civil libertarian Justice William Brennan made this travesty possible. Souter was at pains to assure respected citizens that he was not going after their high art: "It is difficult to see, for example, how the enforcement of Indiana's statute against nudity in a production of *Hair* or *Equus* somewhere other than at an 'adult' theater would further the state's interest in avoiding harmful secondary effects." The secondary effects of nudity in adult theaters as opposed to proper high-priced theaters are "prostitution, sexual assaults, criminal activity, degradation of women and other activities which break down family structure."

Can you imagine? If the stripper goes all the way, the men will rush out of the bar and get divorced, but if she leaves on a G string, their families will stay intact. And what about those of us who think a G string degrades the dignity of the human body?

Is this the old class thing, where only people who can afford the price of a Broadway hit can be trusted not to get violent after witnessing nudity? What Souter is doing is winking at respectable people and saying, You'll get any art you want, even if it's not protected by the Constitution. We're just after the masses, who can't handle this stuff.

He's conning them, of course, because the effect of the decision is to remove constitutional protection of liberty and leave it up to prosecutors to decide what is permissible. These same people have gone after the novels of Kurt Vonnegut and John Steinbeck and the art of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

Why these prosecutors get to decide, with prior censorship, that we can't handle the sight of a nipple is beyond me. But that is exactly what the majority of the Court accepted. "Public nudity is the evil the state seeks to prevent, whether or not it is combined with expressive activity," Justice Rehnquist wrote in certifying the constitutionality of the state's goal.

Admission of the expressive nature of the dancing, in the majority's opinion, is what renders this one of the most serious assaults on the First Amendment in its two centuries of existence. If the Justices had just said the dancing was obscene, then no new constitutional ground would have been lost. In the past, the Court has, under the "Miller decision," condoned Government censorship of erotic material thought to be obscene because it was sexual but lacked "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." But this case broke new ground, because the art being banned was not judged obscene but was, rather, deemed "symbolic speech," qualifying it for First Amendment protection.

The Court here agreed that the dancers were expressing an idea qualifying for First Amendment protection. But then it cavalierly ruled that that protection can be waived if the state argues that expression of the idea can lead to crime.

To understand just how pernicious a notion this is, apply it to an Andrew Dice Clay performance. Forget nudity. If Clay is a misogynist, might this not lead to attitudes and, indeed, actions hostile to women? Yes. Should his remarks be censored? Yes, if we apply the current Court's ruling consistently. But obviously, that challenges the basic idea of democracy that we in that vast audience are to be trusted to make our own choices about how we use the information we receive. That's why Nazis can speak in a free society even though they seek to destroy that society. You don't short-circuit evil ideas by banning them.

Consider the anomaly here. The bedrock of freedom is the notion that bad ideas will be defeated not by censorship but by exposure. That's why we let characters such as Clay rant. Maybe they shouldn't be allowed to get in some stranger's face and shout racial epithets, thereby interfering with that person's freedom, but in a theater, absolutely, yes.

Justice Byron White, writing for the dissenters, wrote the following, which should be chiseled into the marble at the base of the Supreme Court building: "That the performances in the Kitty Kat Lounge may not be high art, to say the least, and may not appeal to the Court, is hardly an excuse for distorting and ignoring settled doctrine. The Court's assessment of the artistic merits of nude-dancing performances should not be the determining factor in deciding this case."

Why is it so difficult for the Court's majority, appointed by Republican Presidents pledged to keep Government out of our lives, to understand that the requirement of G strings and pasties is a kinky distortion of the body politic?

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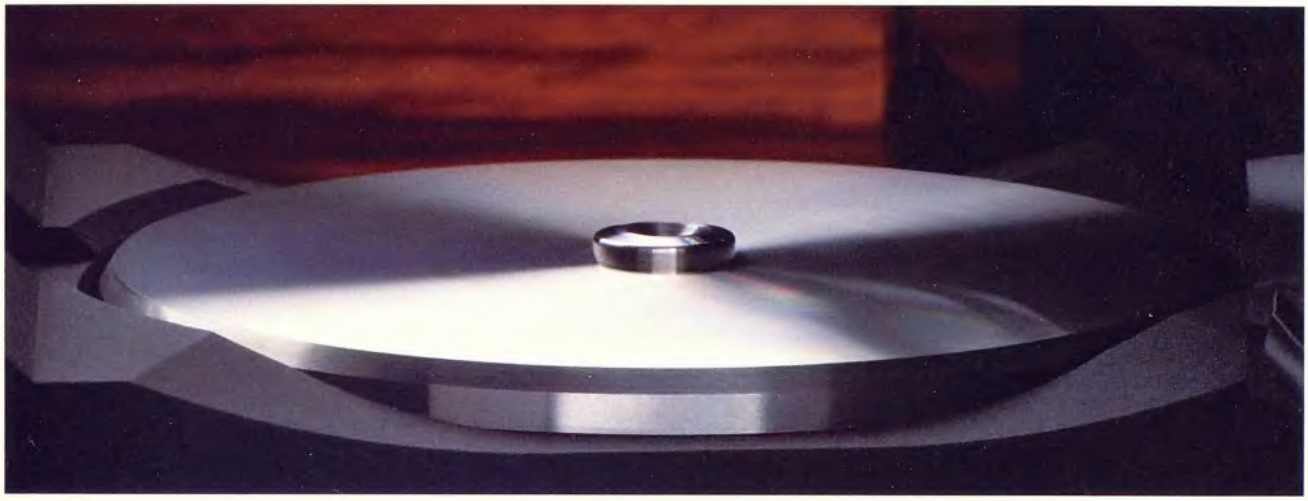

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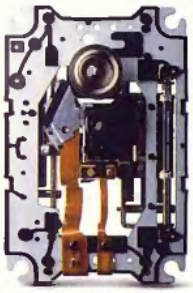

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT MAXWELL

a candid conversation with the publishing magnate about friends in high places, archrival Rupert Murdoch and his new toy—new york's "daily news"

Last spring, a sleek 190-foot white yacht made its way up the East River to Manhattan, tying up at the ritzy Water Club. The Lady Ghislaine was loaded with an abundance of mahogany and marble, a well-stocked bar, a recording studio's worth of electronic equipment, perky maids in navy-blue uniforms, a butler dressed in white and a changing guard of secretaries—including one who could be a stand-in for Sherilyn Fenn on "Twin Peaks." There was one passenger on board. As cocky as Columbus, he set foot on the continent, calling out in his booming voice, "I love New York!"

The corpulent figure belonged to Captain Bob, otherwise known as Robert Maxwell, the powerful British media baron. Although few Americans had heard of him when he landed, within days most New Yorkers not only knew who he was but had an opinion of him—invariably extreme. He was either a saint come to save the city or a demon on a mission to pillage and plunder.

Maxwell had been invited by the owner of the beleaguered New York Daily News, *the Tribune Company of Chicago. Once the largest newspaper in the country with a circulation of more than 1,000,000, the 71-year-old* Daily News *had been crippled by a violent five-month strike. The paper's circulation had dropped below 500,000. Most advertisers had jumped ship. The* News*—as New York as the Empire State Building—seemed to be dying a slow and painful death.*

Few held out any hope that Maxwell could save the paper. Of course, few Americans knew him as the rest of the world did. Over the past four decades, Maxwell had been gobbling up (and founding) media and communications-related companies, a list that includes The European, *an international weekly, and papers in Israel, Bulgaria, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Canada, Brazil, Spain, Hungary, Mongolia, Kenya, Argentina and the U.S.S.R. In Britain, he owns the country's second largest newspaper, the* Daily Mirror, *and other papers with a total circulation of 10,000,000.*

According to media critic Ben Bagdikian, Maxwell had become one of the biggest "Lords of the Global Village"—that elite handful of individuals who control almost all of the world's media. As Bagdikian put it, "Neither Caesar nor Hitler, Franklin Roosevelt or any Pope has commanded as much power to shape the information on which so many people depend."

Until recently, though, Maxwell had been thwarted Stateside. He was stopped when he tried to take over Scientific American *magazine, Bell & Howell and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Finally, in 1988, after a bitter feud with the company's board, he paid 2.5 billion dollars and acquired Macmillan, the country's second largest publishing house. It was the beginning of his invasion of America.*

Just three days before the Daily News *would have folded forever, Maxwell's yacht arrived in town, and one day before the March 14th deadline, he announced a deal. The Tribune Company was paying him $60,000,000 to take the paper. He first had to work things out with the unions, but as* The New York Times *reported, "Maxwell treated them [union leaders] like business peers. He charmed and flattered and made quick decisions." To oblige, the union agreed to concessions equaling more than $80,000,000—including forfeiting 800 jobs.*

It didn't take long, however, for the media to discover that Maxwell might not be a knight on a white horse. He'd taken over newspapers in Britain by winning concessions from unions, but he was also notorious for squeezing papers dry. Indeed, in New York, the new owner wasted no time in announcing cuts and belt tightening throughout the company. "We will make a profit," he pledged, "barring unforeseen circumstances, in the first year of operation." Elsewhere, he was still being picketed by unions that thought he had betrayed them, and he had folded newspapers that took too long to show a profit. Maxwell seemed to care about one thing only: building his empire.

That empire began humbly enough. Both Maxwell's parents, orthodox Jews from Czechoslovakia, and three of his siblings were

"I won't budge and I won't compromise. I'm known for that. And as a consequence, many people won't challenge me. They say you get about as much pleasure out of chewing frozen gum as you do fighting Captain Bob."

"Long before shots were fired, I predicted that [the Gulf war] would be won by Bush and he would be impossible to deal with for the next six years. He will be even more insufferable than Margaret Thatcher."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"My son and I had an appointment to meet and when I arrived, he wasn't there. I asked if he had been visiting his girlfriend. He had. I fired him. Whenever you have to choose between duty and love, one must opt for duty."

killed by the Nazis. He fled to Hungary in 1939 but was captured and sentenced to death. He escaped and, in France, joined the Resistance and then the British forces. In 1945, Captain Maxwell had become a British citizen, with a Military Cross awarded to him for having taken part in liberating a Dutch village from the Nazis.

He ended his military stint in Berlin and then went to London to found Pergamon Press, which published scientific textbooks and journals. At the time, when he proposed to his wife-to-be Elisabeth (they've been married 46 years and have seven children), he told her he would one day be prime minister. Indeed, in 1964, he entered politics, winning a seat in the House of Commons, where he spent six years as a socialist member of the Labour Party.

Pergamon's business boomed, though in 1969, Maxwell was accused of inflating the company's profit projections. He was forced to leave the board and a government commission's investigation declared him "unfit to run a public company." The commission's report was later found to be invalid (and in a court case, a judge called the investigation "character assassination"), but the episode remains a thorn in Maxwell's side; journalists constantly remind him of it.

There has been controversy on other fronts. Maxwell published a series of books based on his interviews with world leaders, and critics attacked him for his uncritical treatment of Romania's murderous ruler Nicolae Ceausescu and East Germany's Erich Honecker. Maxwell's justification was that the books gave him access to politicians, which in turn allowed him to have remarkable influence on world politics. He uses that clout for his favorite causes, to aid Soviet Jews and Israel. He has become a trusted advisor to Mikhail Gorbachev and Yitzhak Shamir and a powerful force in opposition to Great Britain's Conservative government.

As Maxwell continued to buy and build—He also owns the Official Airlines Guide, *Thomas Cook Travel, Berlitz language schools, MTV Europe and Marquis, the publisher of "Who's Who"—there were stumbling blocks. Most prominently, there was Rupert Murdoch, who was scooping up all the London newspapers Maxwell was trying to buy. When Maxwell finally succeeded in acquiring the* Daily Mirror, *he became Murdoch's biggest competitor in Britain. The rivalry between the two media lords continues to be intense; Maxwell launched his* Racing Times *in the U.S. with a headline aimed at his only competitor, Murdoch's* Racing Form: "THE MONOPOLY IS OVER."

When Maxwell began to make his presence felt on this continent with his acquisition of the Daily News, *we decided it was time for an interview. It was easier said than done. As Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *found out, Maxwell is a moving target.*

"I arrived at the Lady Ghislaine and was asked to remove my shoes before I was escorted on board. Soon Maxwell boomed into the salon. He looked like a heavier Robert Mitchum with combed-back jet-black hair and wondrously thick eyebrows. He asked the butler for tea and asked Carolyn Barwell—the Sherilyn look-alike—for the morning schedule.

"Throughout our time together, calls from a number of world leaders came in. (He spoke to them and other callers in half a dozen languages; we've translated excerpts from some of those conversations in the interview.)

"Our next stop was Washington, D.C., for the Gridiron Dinner he attended along with President George Bush, Vice-President Dan Quayle and most of both Houses of Congress. Maxwell also had a number of meetings (with Turkey's president Turgut Ozal and Senator Patrick Moynihan, to name two) and the next day, he jetted off to London, where I met up with him. A day later, Maxwell called. 'I'm going to Israel,' he said. 'If you're coming, meet me at the jet.'

"We arrived in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem at 3:30 A.M., *and I imagined it might be time to get some rest; but Maxwell had converted his penthouse suite into a bustling office: faxes spitting out news clips, phone lines lighting up, another secretary and butler running about.*

"The following day, between our interview sessions, Maxwell met with Prime Minister Shamir, Ariel Sharon, Moshe Arens and other Israeli government members. In the evening, there was a reception for them and some Russian friends. The occasion was the launch of another Maxwell newspaper, Vremia, *a Russian-language newspaper for Israeli Jews. The event was flooded by local media and Israeli businessmen and politicians, but Maxwell soon headed back to his jet. There was no time to dawdle—there was business to be done in Paris, London, Quebec and Bonn and the* Daily News *needed him in New York. Between the business and all the cities, we continued* Playboy's *most interrupted interview ever, which began on Maxwell's yacht."*

> *"New York still has something to say. That I have chosen New York is a vote of tremendous confidence in this city."*

PLAYBOY: The local press is asking why you are taking over the *Daily News*, but perhaps a more significant question is, Why are you buying a New York newspaper when the state of the city is so bleak?

MAXWELL: New York will get its revival, and I will be here.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've predicted that the balance of power in the world is moving back to Europe.

MAXWELL: It is, notwithstanding Desert Storm, which is as it should be. However, Europe's re-emergence will be in partnership with the United States, and as that occurs, this city will be back. The city has lost confidence in itself. People are departing. I say *enough!* New York still has something to say. That I have chosen New York is a vote of tremendous confidence in this city. It's the first good thing that New Yorkers have seen happen in a long time. But the fact is, New York is a giant, the biggest, loveliest, maddest town in the world. [*The phone rings and Maxwell grabs it. He speaks in Russian.*] I am going to Moscow to see my old friend. We have important things to talk about. Germany will play a small role, too. I want to speak with you about this in confidence. I'll call you. [*He hangs up.*] So New York will be back and the *Daily News* will be here, too. This is an opportunity to help save New York's hometown paper. It doesn't come to many people in their lifetime.

PLAYBOY: What do you plan for the paper?

MAXWELL: The *Daily News'* brew is quite unique. Anybody coming along here had better forget about changing anything drastically. But now we must go. I have a newspaper to run.

[*On his way into the* Daily News *building, Maxwell meets dozens of well-wishers. He chats with them, asks them what they want to see in the* News. *A representative of* USA Weekend *comes up to say hello.*]

MAXWELL: Tell your boss I want his magazine in my Sunday paper, but he wants too much money. I don't want to do business at that price.

USA WEEKEND EXECUTIVE: The problem is, the fee is fixed.

MAXWELL: Tell him that I'm an admirer of his paper and I'd like to give it to our readers, but we are now building the *News* back from near death and everyone must contribute. Tell him I know he's *dying* to get into New York. Well, here you are. But it must be worth while for me.

[*Inside the building, Maxwell confronts a security guard.*]

MAXWELL: Wait. How many security men are there?

GUARD: Five managers and one hundred thirty-seven security officers.

MAXWELL: You're a manager? What are you paid?

GUARD: Forty thousand dollars a year.

MAXWELL: So five of you is two hundred thousand dollars?

GUARD: The ones above me make a lot more.

[*Maxwell enters the security force's office and starts talking to the first person he sees.*]

MAXWELL: What do you do for a living?

OFFICER: We're contract security officers.

MAXWELL: Who's in charge here?

ANOTHER GUARD: I am.

MAXWELL: The workers are going to have to understand that they are part of the *Daily News* and it is for them to watch it, not for me. I am paying four million bucks for security and that is entirely too

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much. I want a list of employees in this department on my desk immediately.

[*The interview resumes in Maxwell's* Daily News *office.*]

PLAYBOY: You've said you're going to be a hands-on owner. What does that mean?

MAXWELL: It means, first of all, that I control the checkbook. You won't be able to hire a pussycat into this plant if I don't say that she can have food. I have made it very clear that there will be no overtime. All the featherbedding will go.

PLAYBOY: What will you have to say about the paper's editorial content?

MAXWELL: It used to be said here, "Tell it to Sweeney. Stuyvesant can take care of himself." Sweeney was the common man, but, of course, the Sweeneys have changed since then. We now have huge Hispanic and Afro-American minorities; people from Haiti whose first language is French; people from Korea, Jamaica, India, Puerto Rico. I want to be sure that we who are the hometown newspaper for New York represent them all. I'm going to find out what interests those people. I am *not* going to rely on statistics and clever psychologists. I listen to the people—the people who buy the *News* day in and day out and have for generations.

PLAYBOY: Will we see more of the front-page photos the tabloids are famous for: John Lennon in the morgue or the face of an electrocution victim?

MAXWELL: I would never put those photographs in the paper. I think it's barbaric. I fired an editor from one paper for showing Sammy Davis' cancerous throat and a picture of lined-up bodies from Lockerbie [Scotland, where a Pan Am jet crashed]. I think morbidity is not for a family newspaper.

PLAYBOY: But in Britain, you've warred with Rupert Murdoch's papers with the tack that anything that sells is acceptable.

MAXWELL: Not sleaze. Look what I did for the *Mirror*. Before I arrived, Rupert Murdoch had driven it down into the gutter. I drove the tits and bums out of the paper. Murdoch is the one with the [nude] Page Three girls. I have none of that.

PLAYBOY: But your tabloids thrive on *National Enquirer*–style pseudo journalism.

MAXWELL: They do not. I wouldn't own a paper like the *National Enquirer*.

PLAYBOY: Come on. You once tried to *buy* the *Globe* and several other *Enquirer*like papers, didn't you?

MAXWELL: Yes, I did try to get them, but fortunately, they escaped me. That was going to be a business decision, but, in balance, it just wouldn't fit with my way of doing business.

PLAYBOY: Yet you can't deny that the *Mirror* is knee deep in some tacky celebrity journalism.

MAXWELL: I'm afraid that if you look at my papers, if the editors feel that there's a juicy scandal or anything to do with a major TV personality, they feel obliged to report it. We just have to compete. Where I stop the competition is that I won't go into the gutter with Rupert. We are not in the league of bad taste with *The Sun* and *News of the World*. [*Again, a ringing phone interrupts his answer.*] Yes? I am the owner of the *News*. I'm now a customer of yours and you must be nice to us. You will be our number-two supplier of paper. The fact that you volunteered that rate will stand you in good stead, because it indicates that you don't think we're a soft touch or here today and gone tomorrow. That saves your bacon. Thank you. [*He hangs up and suddenly rises from his desk.*] I have a meeting to go to.

[*Maxwell enters a huge board room at the* News, *where his advertising staff has been gathered. He thanks them for coming in on a Saturday. After he speaks, he fields many questions, interrupting one to make his own observation.*]

MAXWELL: Why do we have only one colored person in the department? [*In response, a dozen black men and women stand up. There is enthusiastic, prolonged applause.*] I am apparently color blind. What is the total, if I'm not being offensive making such a remark? Are minorities well represented here? I will be looking at that.

[*Maxwell answers more questions. A salesman tells Maxwell that he was attacked and beaten up during the strike.*]

MAXWELL: Do you know who did it?

SALESMAN: I wasn't able to recognize anyone. Fortunately, it wasn't life-threatening and I healed quickly. But it bothers me that the past few days, there's still violence, people are still being assaulted at the Brooklyn plant. I hope and trust that you won't be soft on these people.

MAXWELL: You are right to remind me of this appalling period. It is right that you are concerned and I am, too. The agreement that I have signed with the unions says that there will be no victimization, either of the strikers coming back or anyone who worked during the strike. I have agreed to an amnesty for any wrongdoing other than that leading to criminal offenses. I have appealed to everybody to let bygones be bygones. If we keep at the animosity, we will never be able to right things. On the other hand, if you recognize the attacker, I will deal with him or her most severely, even at the cost of closing down the paper. [*He slams his hand on the lectern.* I will protect your rights. I will protect you at the cost of closing the paper. I won't budge and I won't compromise. I'm known for that. And as a consequence, many people won't challenge me. They say you get about as much pleasure out of chewing frozen gum as you do fighting Captain Bob.

[*On his way out, Maxwell stops and takes a delighted black woman by the hand, bows and gives her a kiss on the cheek. "I just want to give a kiss to one of my favorite white people on this staff to show I'm not color blind."*

On the way to the elevator, a News *executive cautiously tells him, "That was great, though I thought you should know: We call them black here. We don't really call them colored. Just F.Y.I."*

"Thank you for putting me right," Maxwell says, as he heads off to his office, where the interview resumes.]

PLAYBOY: People were shocked that the Tribune Company paid you to take over the paper. How much would it have cost them if the paper had gone under?

MAXWELL: It would have cost them twice as much. The sixty million dollars they're to give me is to help pay off people who are leaving and cover many other costs. The Tribune and the trade unions of New York got themselves into such a mess that there was no way out.

PLAYBOY: Why was there one with you?

MAXWELL: Their fight became ideological. Management wanted to bust the unions and the unions wanted to bust the management.

PLAYBOY: But how can you make money where the Tribune couldn't?

MAXWELL: The economies that I have achieved in consultation and by agreement with the unions equal a million and a half dollars a week. Nonunion and management reductions and other savings that I expect to make—some of it out of the hide of suppliers—will be half a million dollars. That's close to a total saving of one hundred million dollars a year. If we save one hundred million dollars of unnecessary costs, then don't be surprised that we will be making a profit in the first year.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't the Tribune get the same economies from the unions?

MAXWELL: These two were driven to the point of killing each other, almost literally. I started off by treating the trade unions with dignity. They have ideas to help reduce costs that I am delighted to listen to. They are going to show us how to get the paper reintroduced to New Yorkers in the kind of numbers we need in order to make the paper last. They're involved in their paper.

PLAYBOY: And they gave up eight hundred jobs.

MAXWELL: The paper couldn't survive without cuts, so, in effect, the unions *saved* almost two thousand jobs. This is a strong statement for collective bargaining in America, which is in trouble partly because management has *killed* collective bargaining. Your President Reagan, as far as I'm concerned, did two things: He won the Cold War, without any question, and he destroyed collective bargaining in the United States by putting air-traffic controllers into chains. Unions needed correction, but they need collective bargaining, and it is healthier for the country. The trade unions in America are viewed as anticapitalists; they are not. But if management treats them like dogs, they react irrationally. Strong trade unions are the one check on management.

PLAYBOY: But one trade-union leader in

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Britain warned that you "charm the birds out of the trees—then you shoot them."

MAXWELL: This was said by a trade-union leader with whom I fought many a battle. Well, if I have to shoot the birds, I shoot them. But I get no fun out of it. If the implication is that I charm you into making concessions and then shoot you just for the fun of it, *that*'s not true.

PLAYBOY: The eight hundred employees who are losing their jobs may not agree.

MAXWELL: It is very unfortunate. But the revival and prosperity of the newspaper and the city depends on a real tough look at what we really need to do with our resources. This is a reflection of bad management of the past.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you learn from Japan: Build a group work ethic, stick by your employees?

MAXWELL: I am in this business to make money, don't get me wrong.

PLAYBOY: Yet you claim to be a socialist.

MAXWELL: Socialism is capitalism with a human face. Socialism stands for maximizing the freedom of the individual, protection from monopoly, protection from employers, encouraging freedom of the press and providing basic services for all people.

I do not discharge workers lightly. Before I let them go, I will try every method of keeping them. In the case of the *News*, past management and unions conspired to create an entity that was sinking itself. Before we can go forward, we have to reach a reasonable level. But I certainly remember what it felt like when my father was out of work. To me, human beings are worth more than things; I'm *not* attached to property.

PLAYBOY: With the *News* as your latest acquisition, how big will your media empire be? How big is big enough?

MAXWELL: I don't want to go too far. I may be ninth or tenth in the world at the moment. I want to stop at about five or six.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a grand design?

MAXWELL: Absolutely. Many years ago, I saw that information, like energy, is a scarce commodity. As the world becomes interrelated by television, telecommunications and other media, it needs global communication companies just as it once needed global energy, banking, insurance and mass-transportation companies. Once you know how the river is going, you just put a pipe into it and participate in the flow. Print was my background, so, of course, I started there. I got newspapers in Britain and then throughout Europe and the world. Printing, of course, is key. I bought printers. Eventually, you need a major publishing company in the world—that was central—so I decided to buy one.

PLAYBOY: So you went after Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

MAXWELL: Yes, and if they had accepted my friendly overture, Harcourt wouldn't be near death today. Its chairman, William Jovanovich, offensively said, "Mr. Maxwell has money but not enough" when I tried to acquire them. So he swallowed a poison pill of a three-billion-dollar debt, which killed his company, and they are teetering on the verge of bankruptcy. But Macmillan is mine now and it is a great success.

PLAYBOY: After a bitter battle, it is yours. Why was there such resistance to you?

MAXWELL: The management wanted to protect its golden parachutes. They were far worse than the Damon Runyon characters of old. They were in cooperation with their banks and advisors. It could happen only in America.

PLAYBOY: You said at one point that you would vertically integrate your global network so that you would own everything from the pulp your newspapers were printed on to satellites. Are you heading there?

MAXWELL: That goal had to be abandoned. Too much capital was required to maintain it. I decided to sell most of my television interests and most of my printing interests except those that we retain for the printing of our own newspapers.

"Margaret Thatcher gave Murdoch everything he wanted and deprived me of what I wanted as long as she could."

You have to make choices. The businesses I've concentrated on are newspapers and communication information. The big change came last year, when I announced the abandonment of the goal of trying to reach five to ten billion dollars in sales. I decided to scale down, to be happy with the fifth or sixth place in the rank. [*He answers the phone and speaks in German.*] Yes? I still need to know who else is in the loop. I cannot make a decision until I get that information. Otherwise, heads will roll. [*He hangs up.*]

PLAYBOY: Where does Rupert Murdoch fall in the top ten?

MAXWELL: My guess would be about fifth at the present time.

PLAYBOY: With his debt problems, is he in danger of getting knocked out of that position?

MAXWELL: He will certainly get knocked out of his current position, because he has to dispose of properties and assets in order to pay off his debt. He's sold some assets already, but it is just the beginning.

PLAYBOY: There have been reports that *you* are leveraged dangerously high.

MAXWELL: For forty years in business, I never borrowed. But when I decided to buy a publishing house, a great deal of cash was required. I fought and won the battle for Macmillan and was offered *Official Airline Guides* at the same time. I spent more than three billion dollars. I borrowed a great deal of the money, though not junk bonds like Mr. Murdoch's; the finest banking rates.

PLAYBOY: But your companies *are* rated at junk-bond levels.

MAXWELL: The rating has been lowered at present, but when I borrowed the three billion, I borrowed it at fine rates, not junk. I'll explain it once and for all: Of the loan, one billion was short-term, seven hundred fifty million dollars medium-term and the rest long-term. The one-billion-dollar short-term has been repaid ahead of time. My next due payment to the banks is seven hundred fifty million dollars in October 1992 and 1993. I have two years before my next meeting with the banks and I will have repaid what I need to long before your magazine publishes [this interview]. The rest will be easy. Mr. Murdoch had six to seven billion of short-term debt from one hundred fifty banks.

PLAYBOY: Are you enjoying watching his empire falter?

MAXWELL: No. I'm sorry about it and I'm glad that his bankers have extended him their facilities, because it wouldn't be good for our industry for him to fail.

PLAYBOY: How did your rivalry begin?

MAXWELL: When he got *News of the World*, he didn't outbid me. He got it for nothing. Same with *The Times*. For the *News of the World*, I put up forty-seven million pounds and he put up nothing and got it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MAXWELL: Because the Conservatives in Britain didn't want a socialist like Maxwell to own the *News of the World*.

PLAYBOY: How were you stopped?

MAXWELL: Simply, Margaret Thatcher gave Murdoch everything he ever wanted and deprived me of what I wanted as long as she could. Rupert Murdoch would be nothing if he weren't allowed to break rules in Britain. Mrs. Thatcher and her government supported Murdoch and did whatever was required for him to acquire the paper. Similar things happened with *The Times*, the *Sun* and then the *Sunday Times*.

PLAYBOY: Did Murdoch use his papers to benefit Thatcher and her party?

MAXWELL: He did.

PLAYBOY: Do your newspapers support political issues that affect your business?

MAXWELL: I have many detractors, but none of them says that I use my papers the way Murdoch has used his, for his business interests.

PLAYBOY: Has the rivalry anything to do with the fact that you're British and he's Australian?

MAXWELL: That's right. And the other difference is that I am a socialist and

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royalist, dyed in the wool, and he's a republican, dyed in the wool, and anti-royalist.

PLAYBOY: You're a supporter of royalty?

MAXWELL: A strong supporter.

PLAYBOY: Does that affect your newspapers' editorials?

MAXWELL: Yes. My instructions to the editors in England are that we will stand for the royal family, support them, and the defense of the realm.

PLAYBOY: If you discover a scandal about them, will you quash it?

MAXWELL: Absolutely not. I broke the story of Princess whatever-her-name-is having Nazi relationships. But I won't print gossip. I would hope it is recognized that we are responsible and don't go in for harassing the royal family.

PLAYBOY: Years ago, you noted that Europe would require more than one hundred thousand hours of television programing. "At present," you said, "we're providing only five thousand." Why did you get out of television in lieu of newspapers?

MAXWELL: I've not got out of all of television. I've got out of that part of my investments where I had responsibility without power. I retained other interests such as MTV Europe, of which I have fifty-point-one percent, though if somebody offers me a good price, I'll sell it.

[*A* Daily News *PR man and secretary Barwell enter the office.*]

PR MAN: The crew is assembled.

BARWELL: [German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich] Mr. Genscher has called back.

PR MAN: Shall we head downstairs?

[*Maxwell ignores their entreaties and continues with the interview.*]

PLAYBOY: Is there a gamble in being more committed now to print than to television?

MAXWELL: Less of a gamble. Television has failed to control its costs. The people are bored with the networks. They're going in for their video cassettes. For instance, amateur home videos are sweeping the land here. People will be providing much of the programing of their television sets by themselves.

[*Barwell tries again.*]

BARWELL: Genscher's calling.

MAXWELL: You'll need to excuse me.

[*He soon emerges from his office. A half-dozen marketing and public-relations men are waiting for him.*]

MAXWELL: [*Booming*] Carolyn, I must put a suit on.

[*He ducks into an extra room and emerges in a white shirt, red knit bow tie, big-waisted navy-blue trousers; a blazer is slung over his arm.*]

MAXWELL: Where's Joseph? I have no cuff links. Someone will be circumcised. I cannot go without cuff links.

PR MAN: I'll give you mine.

NEWS ASSISTANT: I'll give you mine.

A MAN WALKING BY: You can wear mine.

[*In an office elsewhere in the building, a dozen men from the* News *and the paper's advertising agency are gathered. In the next room is a film crew ready to make a television commercial starring Maxwell.*]

MAXWELL: Let me see the script. [*He scans it.*] I have only one message. "The *News* is back; buy us."

FIRST AD MAN: That's essentially what we're saying.

MAXWELL: What you're saying is in too many words and places. What music will we be using?

PR MAN: We want a song called *New York, New York*.

MAXWELL: All right, that's exactly the music that we should be starting with. So let's have it.

FIRST AD MAN: Well, sir, we can't get the song. The rights are too complicated. Just to talk, they want three hundred thousand dollars. We might be able to get Billy Joel's *New York State of Mind*.

MAXWELL: Who owns *New York, New York*?

SECOND AD MAN: Chappel.

MAXWELL: I want that music and I don't want me in the ad. I want shots of famous *News* front pages.

[*A* News *editor walks in, hands Maxwell a galley of tomorrow's edition, the first under his ownership.*]

MAXWELL: Is this my editorial? [*To his staff*] Get Chappel on the phone.

[*He scans his editorial. There is a flurry of activity. He is handed the phone number for Chappel, which is actually Warner/Chappel.*]

MAXWELL: If it's owned by Warner Communications, I should be calling [Time Warner's chairman] Steve Ross. Carolyn? No. He is on his plane now. [*He dials Warner/Chappel and asks for the person in charge.*] Hello. To whom am I speaking? You're speaking to Robert Maxwell. Have you ever heard of me? No? Does the New York *Daily News* ring a bell? Well, I'm the new owner of the New York *Daily News* and I need to have license tomorrow to use *New York, New York* in our television commercials. What are your rules for licensing in an emergency? I don't have time to be pushed from pillar to post here. So do me a favor and push the button in the right direction. Call me back immediately. [*He hangs up and turns to Barwell.*] Carolyn, let's call Martin Davis at Paramount. [*To the editor*] What do you think of the editorial? Am I going to bore the readers?

EDITOR: I like it very much. I like the part where you write that if you had come to America instead of Britain, you would have run for mayor.

MAXWELL: And somewhere we need to say thank you to the advertisers for coming back as quickly as they have. Could you take this down? Where is she? There's no bloody secretary around. [*Several men scramble for pen and paper and he dictates the letter. He continues dealing on the phone to get the rights to "New York, New York."*] Who is it I need to talk to? I want to pay a decent price; I'm not a schnorrer, but I'm not to be ripped off, either. You've made my day. Goodbye now. [*As soon as he hangs up, the phone rings again.*] Yes? Tell the prime minister of Canada he can reach me here. [*Again, he hangs up and answers another line.*] This is Robert Maxwell. I'm all right. And I don't want to pay any *chazzer* prices. I want the song for one year, newspaper category only. Good. Thank you. [*After the call, Maxwell falls sound asleep. When Martin Davis' office calls, there is a short debate on whether or not to wake him. Before a decision can be made, Maxwell wakes himself with a start and grabs the phone.*] Hello? It's owned by Capitol-EMI? Well, that's good news. I'm a shareholder, so it is as good as ours. Good, good. So how is—— [*He asks everyone to leave the room. The interview resumes a few minutes later.*]

PLAYBOY: You fell asleep before.

MAXWELL: I can fall asleep instantly. If you want to lead a life like I do, you had better be able to do that. That's why at sixty-eight, I can lead that kind of life.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you're going to retire at seventy. Is there really any chance of that?

MAXWELL: I would like to. There are many books that I'd like to read, flowers that I haven't smelled, walks that I haven't been on. [*The phone rings again. He answers it.*] What do you think? Of the two, I mean, I really want *New York, New York*. Yeah. Don't worry; I won't sing it. [*To the PR man*] Get the editor down here. Tell him to show me the front page.

AN ASSOCIATE OF MAXWELL: The prime minister wants to speak to you.

MAXWELL: Which one?

ASSOCIATE: The Honorable Brian Mulroney [of Canada].

MAXWELL: Why does he want to speak to me? [*He picks up the phone and speaks in French.*] Of course we are. It will be very good for you and very good for me. I'm very happy about that. Yes. I'll be back at my boat this evening. Of course. Thank you. [*He hangs up, takes another call. Again, he speaks in French.*] The price of newsprint is so soft that all our suppliers are eliminating increases until after the summer. Tell him he must do the same. [*When he hangs up, a young man brings in a* Daily News *sign painted in black and white.*]

MAXWELL: Not black; it should be yellow.

YOUNG MAN: It can't be done today. The painters are gone.

MAXWELL: Not is not a word that I accept. Anyone who can't do this for me—— [*The phone rings. This time, Maxwell speaks in German.*] What are they saying? Good heavens. What is the interest you're getting? How much do you have in cash? Invest one million in that and renew it for ninety days. Yes, you have to have cash. Thank you. [*He hangs up.*] Where is this chap who looks after me? Where's Joseph? [*He answers the telephone again.*] Speaking. All right. You're as good as your word. Right. I understand. You've

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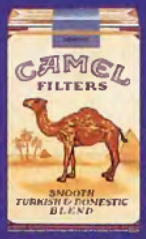

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PLAYBOY: You're heavily invested in online computer networks and other electronic media. Might the emerging technologies put your newspapers out of business?

MAXWELL: There will always be newspapers and magazines. You can take them to the lavatory and you still cannot do that with a television. You cannot wrap fish and chips in CNN.

PLAYBOY: Yet CNN gave your newspapers a run for their money when it came to covering the Gulf war.

MAXWELL: The war convinced the world that when anything serious is happening, there is a new way to show it.

PLAYBOY: As a newspaper man, that must raise some serious issues.

MAXWELL: CNN changed our mission. It did the supreme job and nobody should deny Ted Turner the great achievement. He has placed nails in the newspapers' coffin as far as getting news as it breaks. And when people were glued to their television, they were so goo-goo-eyed that they didn't rush out to get their paper.

PLAYBOY: How will you respond?

MAXWELL: We're scratching our heads. Newspapers can't leave this to some upstart. The fact, however, is that newspapers can go for depth that television cannot. They can cover different angles and analyze the news in different ways. We can do more locally. Yet there is another thing Turner has shown: that the world is, indeed, one village and it is tuned to CNN. That will mean that, in future, whenever any despot has any *tsooris*, he'll give it all to Turner.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to let him be the only one?

MAXWELL: I hope not. One way or another, we must respond. Mind you, what Turner did electronically, I did with my *Leaders of the World's News* series of books.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you gave platforms to world leaders as CNN gave a platform to Saddam Hussein.

MAXWELL: That's right. I took the view that the leaders of those countries are there, whether we like them or not, whether we agree with them or not. I provided a platform for them to speak their thoughts and opinions, at the same time disassociating myself from them.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've been highly criticized for some of those books.

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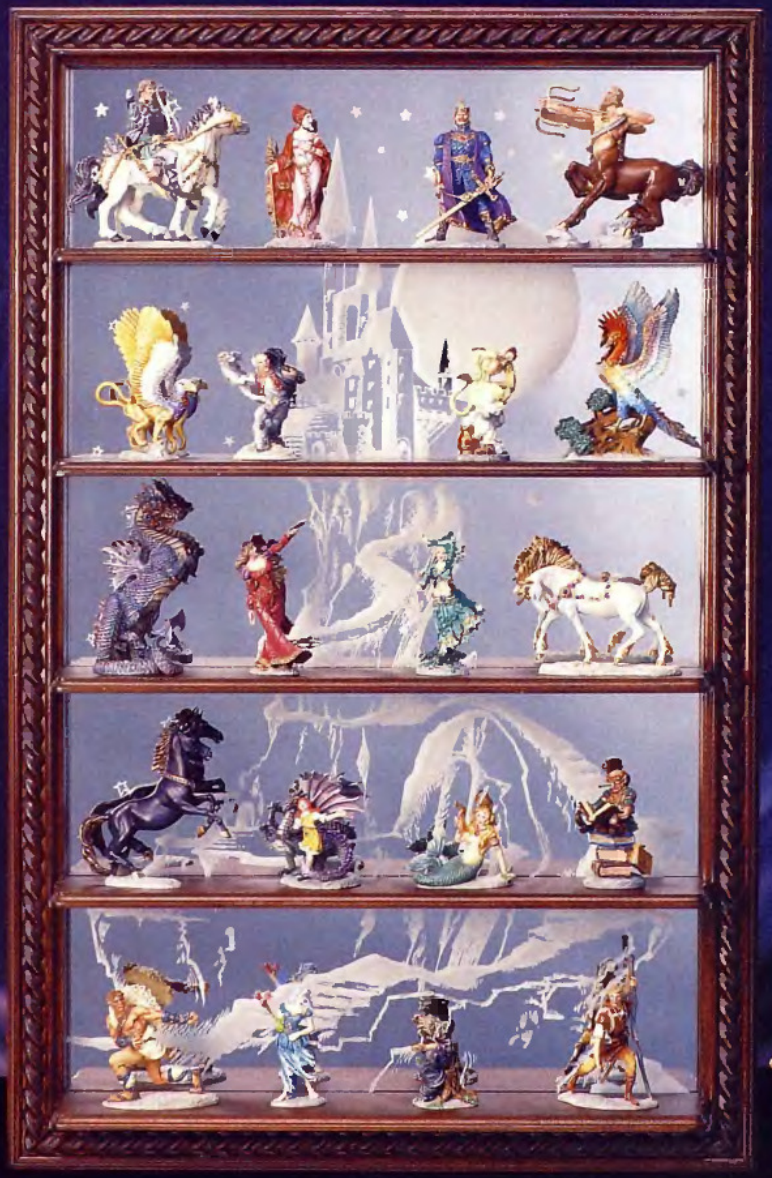

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MAXWELL: I don't give a fuck.

PLAYBOY: How can you justify your purported strong feelings about human rights and, at the same time, give a forum for a tyrant like Nicolae Ceausescu?

MAXWELL: It is news. And I certainly questioned him on human rights. The fact is, I was able to use that relationship to get a lot of Jews out of Romania and Russia.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't merely give Ceausescu a forum. You praised him—calling him a humanitarian.

MAXWELL: What can I do? I'm not proud of everything that I've said. I'm the least proud of that.

PLAYBOY: Similarly, you praised Gustav Husak of Czechoslovakia—calling him "this impressive man." And Erich Honecker of East Germany—as recently as October 1989 you called him a reformer.

MAXWELL: Well, if you can make a German state stand, perhaps you are. But I didn't approve of his policies or his politics.

PLAYBOY: Among these world leaders, whom did you find impressive?

MAXWELL: Reagan. I got to love that man. In the world at large, people had this view that he was just a film actor, that his strings were being pulled from somewhere else. It turned out that he was a considerable politician. Nehru was also an impressive man, a good leader. Deng Xiaoping was probably the most interesting.

PLAYBOY: Did meeting with Deng help you begin publishing *China Daily*?

MAXWELL: Yes, though I suspended publication after Tiananmen Square.

PLAYBOY: Have you spoken with Deng about Tiananmen Square?

MAXWELL: I wrote to him. I said, "Until there is a semblance of democracy in your country, I cannot be associated with you." I have since received an invitation to go to see him again. He said, "I would very much like you to again publish the *China Daily*. It gave us access to the world." However, it is still suspended, though I may reopen it. The other thing I did in China, though not alone—Henry Kissinger set it up—was an investment fund. As a result of Tiananmen, we suspended that, too. Let me give you a story that has never seen the light of day about one of those books. The first of those volumes was about Brezhnev. I went to deliver him a copy of the book in Moscow. Near the end of our meeting, I said, "General Secretary, now that your volume has been published, uncensored and distributed world-wide, would you not consider publishing a volume by America's President Jimmy Carter in the Soviet Union?"

He fixed me with a you-son-of-a-bitch stare. No one had prepared him for the question. Finally, he said, "I'll have to think about it." My next time in Moscow, I asked him again, and he said, "I authorize it, I agree." I ended the discussion with a minimum of delay and began to leave. Before I was outside the outer office, the whole of his staff came after me: "Mr. Maxwell, the authorization you've got is not to be communicated to the world. This is going to require a lot of preparation." I said, "Gentlemen, are you going against the general secretary? Are you withdrawing his assent? I'm accepting no such restrictions and I will go right back in there to see him." They backed down.

Would you believe what happened? Stu Eisenstadt, Carter's special advisor, turned it down on the grounds that I was a British publisher and not an American. It was like handing him the crown jewels. Carter might have been re-elected. Many years later, he came to see me in London. I asked him if he had been involved in that decision himself. He looked it up in his records and told me that he had not been involved in the decision. It was unfortunate.

PLAYBOY: Who besides Carter said no?

MAXWELL: Funnily enough, Mrs. Thatcher said no. [*Once again, he's interrupted by the phone.*] I'm all right. Yes. Yes, I know. [*His eyebrows jut upward.*] Well, just walk through it. [*Listens*] We cannot possibly entertain a Teamsters picket line. Either you will walk through it or it will disappear, or the paper will not print. [*He slams his palm on his desk.*] They haven't even spoken to us. You do what you have to do, but you must inform them that they haven't negotiated, they haven't given any proper notice. You have to cross the line unless they withdraw. Too much is at stake for us. Of course I'll be willing to speak with them, but not under duress, not unless they withdraw their picket line. You may tell them they have your word and mine, but they cannot be linked. They've got to be off the line first. [*He hangs up and returns to the interview.*]

Listen to this: Jack Kennedy, who is head of the biggest union in our plant, says, "Bob, we have a picket line we can't cross." It is Hoffa's union, the Teamsters. They say they're entitled to some cleaning jobs. I said, "Jack, if their picket line isn't gone or if you don't tell me you're crossing it immediately, this paper will shut its doors and never open again."

[*He answers the phone again.*] I will see you *never* unless you call off the picket line. You call off the line or there is no newspaper. I will not set up a meeting or even give out my phone number while you are threatening me. When there is no line, you may certainly call me to set up a meeting. [*He hangs up.*] I will not negotiate under duress. No one does business with me by threats. Unless you get me down the river with cement around my shoes, I don't deal like that. They're testing me all the way, already. I haven't even been here one day.

PLAYBOY: Welcome to New York.

MAXWELL: It may be New York, but they haven't found anybody like me. They're actually picketing. [*He picks up the phone again.*] Jack, he will take them off; otherwise, I will not speak with him. Now, Jack, please, since this is my first day, you should know, this gentleman should know, that if he does not withdraw or if he stays and you don't cross the picket line, this paper shuts. It will never open again. So, please, don't make any mistake. He shouldn't make any mistake. Right. Put him on.

Hello. It's not so nice talking to you unless you withdraw the picket line. Absolutely. If you don't threaten me, you'll find me as a friend. Threaten me and the paper shuts and it never reopens. Good. Well, if you're off the [picket] line, you come and talk to me. Call me and we'll be happy to make an appointment. But not until you're off the line. You agree to that? That's very nice of you. I won't set an appointment until there is no line. Call me any time tomorrow and we'll fix up a mutually agreeable appointment. Jack has all my numbers. God bless. [*He hangs up.*]

PLAYBOY: Is this *déjà vu*? You threatened to close down the *Mirror* the day you bought it because of a union problem.

MAXWELL: That's right. It is no idle threat, I guarantee you. I hope these guys are finally realizing that there is something in having a British publisher. Notice I have no lawyers beside me. [*He answers the phone.*] Yeah? Who? Put him on. Well, fine. [*He hangs up and smiles broadly.*] There is no picket line. [*The editor comes in with a mock-up of the next day's front page.*] We saved the paper again. The Teamsters were going to close it down. Let's put this in: [*The editor takes notes.*] "This evening, in a dramatic blaze of glory——" No. "This evening, a dramatic call came from the president of the pressmen's union to Robert Maxwell, informing him that his men cannot go into the Brooklyn plant because there is a picket mounted by the Teamsters Union, which has a dispute with the company over cleaners. . . ." [*He retells the story.*] Let everybody in the printing world know that Mr. Maxwell never bluffs. [*The editor leaves.*] Where were we?

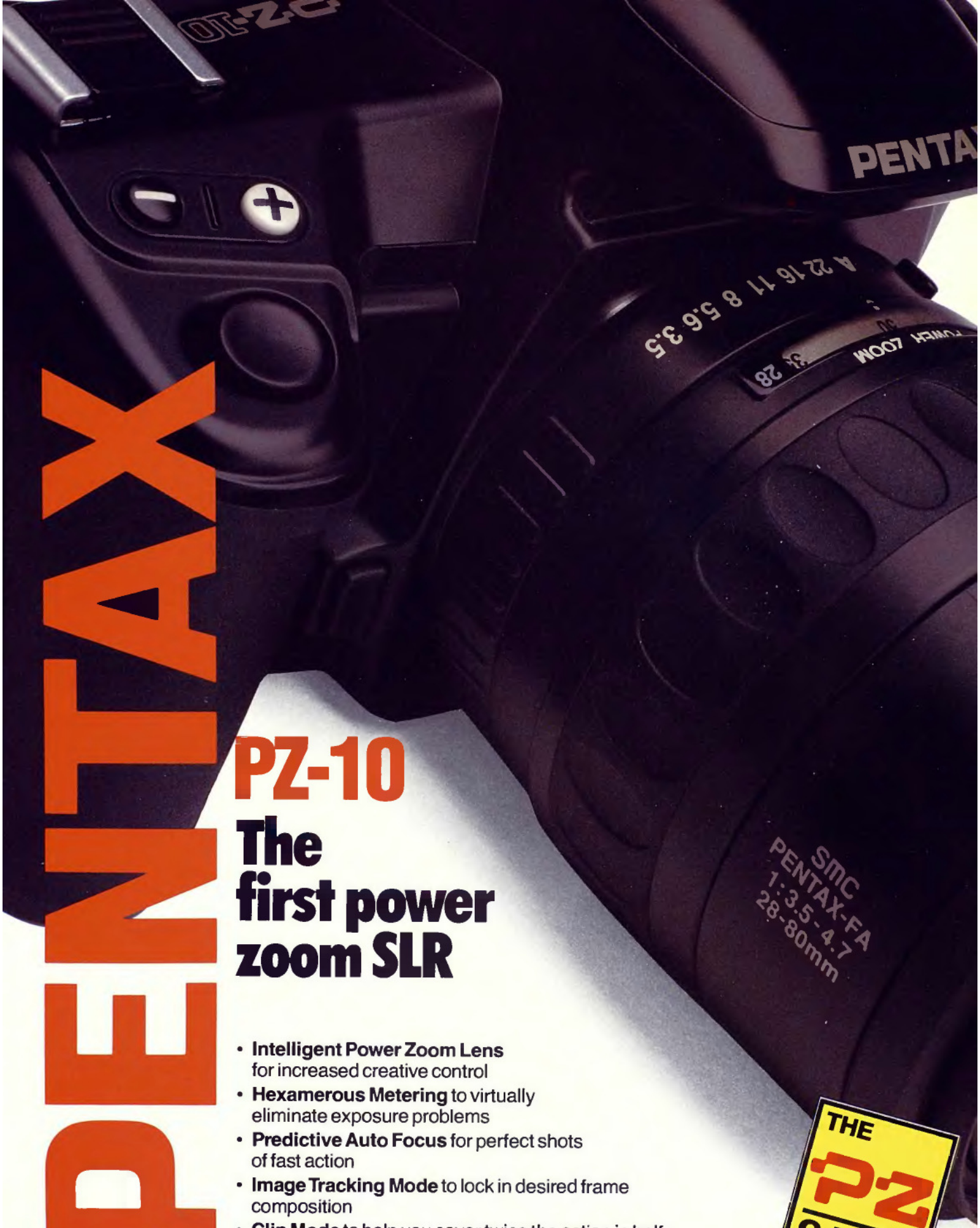
PLAYBOY: So you *do* intend to play editor in New York?

MAXWELL: When I have a good story, I will certainly pass it along to my editors. This first edition is very important.

PLAYBOY: Will you be using the *Daily News* to influence American politics?

MAXWELL: I reserve the right to determine the editorial policy of the newspapers in Britain and I have no hesitation having articles and editorials drafted for me, but in America and the rest of the world, I leave it to the natives. The editors will determine what the *News* says unless they were to go mad and back a Fascist or something.

[*We next met in Washington, D.C., where*



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Maxwell had just attended the Gridiron Dinner, along with President Bush, most of Congress and numerous media heavyweights.]

PLAYBOY: How is our President?

MAXWELL: He seems very well.

PLAYBOY: What is your impression of him?

MAXWELL: The manner in which he built the coalition against Iraq was masterful. His running of the war was magnificent. Long before shots were fired, I predicted that it would be won by Bush and he would be impossible to deal with for the next six years. Nobody can stop him. He will be even more insufferable than Margaret Thatcher was when she won the fourth time.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that your role here will be similar to your role in Britain—opposing the Administration?

MAXWELL: As I have said, I don't intend to play politics here. I'm a foreigner. I may privately talk to people, but publicly, never. That is a prohibition that is imperative if I'm to do anything in this country. I can't play party politics. [*Barwell enters.*]

BARWELL: The Turkish president has been trying to call you.

MAXWELL: And he couldn't get through?

BARWELL: Apparently, the lines were busy. Do you want me to try him?

MAXWELL: Yes. You have his number?

PLAYBOY: Why is President Turgut Ozal trying to reach you?

MAXWELL: We shall see. Go on.

PLAYBOY: When the war broke out in the Middle East, did you get involved in the back-room diplomacy?

MAXWELL: Absolutely. My message was consistent: to urge Israel to stay her hand, be ready for the worst but give the President and the allies a chance to finish off Saddam Hussein. I was in touch with all the actors.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

MAXWELL: Bush to [Syrian president Hafez] Assad to Gorbachev to Shamir. I met with them and spoke with them on the phone.

PLAYBOY: So you advised Shamir not to retaliate?

MAXWELL: I did. Let me put it this way: I applied heavy pressure in that regard and it was taken very seriously. Were I not to have applied that pressure, events might have evolved very differently.

PLAYBOY: As a newspaper man, how do you feel about the censorship imposed by the military during the war?

MAXWELL: It was out of line but a necessary precaution. Vietnam was prolonged and bitter and, in many respects, damaging to all concerned because the media were allowed freedom to do as they pleased.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you support censorship to control public opinion?

MAXWELL: I didn't say it's all right to control public opinion. We were more than livid at the way the Pentagon wanted to start off the reporting [of the Gulf war] and we were part of a massive complaint. We would have defied them if they hadn't started the briefings when they did.

PLAYBOY: And meanwhile, you were having discussions with everyone from Bush to Gorbachev.

MAXWELL: I was. Encouraging Bush and his Administration to finish off this guy.

PLAYBOY: And encouraging Gorbachev to support Bush?

MAXWELL: Gorbachev said, "Look, I'll do anything to prevent war, but I will be faithful to the United Nations resolutions. As long as it is in that order."

[*The next portion of the interview took place en route to Israel on Maxwell's jet.*]

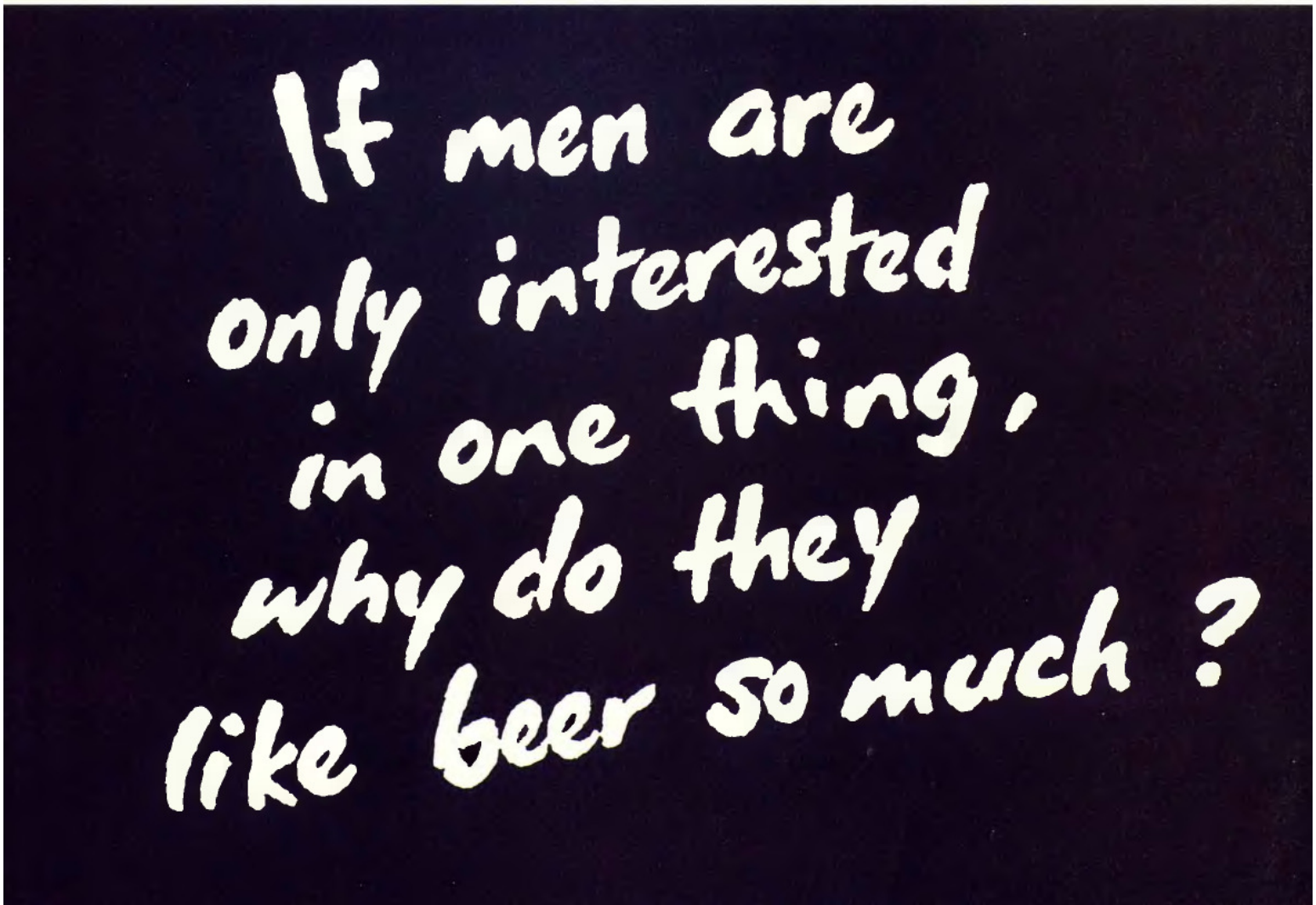
PLAYBOY: In your relationship with Gorbachev, do you see yourself as a lobbyist for Israel?

MAXWELL: I'm no lobbyist. I am an advisor to Gorbachev—one of his two non-Russian advisors. The other one is a German called Christiansen, who is on the Deutschebank board.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned now about Gorbachev's hold on things?

MAXWELL: No. It is still possible that Gorbachev's policies will start working. I believe they shouldn't change the current course. It is difficult and it gets more difficult with time, but the alternatives are ten times worse. Who would they put in his place?

PLAYBOY: Boris Yeltsin?



MAXWELL: Yeltsin's figure has been created by Gorbachev and Yeltsin will exist while Gorbachev exists. He is interesting only as an opposition leader.

PLAYBOY: Do you advise Gorbachev about the Baltics and the internal struggles in the U.S.S.R.?

MAXWELL: We talk. He says he'll have to give the Baltics their freedom legally. He says it's got to be done constitutionally.

PLAYBOY: How did your negotiations on Israel with Gorbachev's administration begin?

MAXWELL: About three years ago, I was invited to assist him with his economic and management problems. I asked why I should; I have enough to do. I was told the U.S.S.R. would recognize Israel in twelve months. We have gotten many of our Jews out; it has gone very well.

[The interview continues at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. Maxwell addresses an assistant.]

MAXWELL: Would you bring the Gorbachev pictures? *[She brings one.]* The one from Minneapolis, too. *[She gives both to Maxwell. He shows the first photo, in which he is wearing an extraordinary tie: huge, splashy yellow stars on a red background. Gorbachev's tie is a dreary maroon.]*

PLAYBOY: Great tie.

MAXWELL: We are in the Kremlin. It is a Tass photograph released after my visit in December. And here, six months later, we are in Minneapolis at an official lunch given to him by Governor [Rudy] Perpich. *[He shows the second photograph.]*

PLAYBOY: You're wearing the same tie you were before. So is Gorbachev.

MAXWELL: And that is why I show you these photographs: Here you have proof that Maxwell and Gorbachev have only two ties between them.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of business have you done with Gorbachev?

MAXWELL: Where is this secretary? She keeps on disappearing. Raising capital. We started an investment fund through Merrill Lynch. I'll let you in on another secret. Remember the time when relations between the United States and Israel got so bad that [Secretary of State James] Baker said, in the House hearing, "Mr. Shamir wants to talk peace; our telephone number is area code 202 . . . that's the White House switchboard." It was a most insulting moment. Soon after, Shamir sent me to America to see your new President to see what we could do about putting relations right. That has not been made public.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet with the Administration for Shamir?

MAXWELL: Last autumn. I had two hours with Baker. It was a highly satisfactory meeting.

PLAYBOY: What exactly came from it?

MAXWELL: The most important thing I carried away was that the security of Israel will never be traded by the United States. And I helped Israel be assured that, as a result of its restraint in the Middle East, the Soviet Union would be looking seriously at a peace treaty and working to improve relations. At the same time, all that would disappear if they interfered.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a time during the crisis that Israel almost retaliated?

MAXWELL: Yes, Israel was very, very much on edge. So Israel was ready, willing and able. If gas had been used, the Israeli air force would have annihilated Jordan. Instantly. And would have gone on, come what may, to annihilate the Scuds.

PLAYBOY: Had gas been used, would you have continued to encourage restraint?

MAXWELL: No. Though while this was going on, many governments in Europe called me to intercede with Shamir.

PLAYBOY: Was any of this published in your newspapers?

MAXWELL: No. Not once.

PLAYBOY: Did you support the allies' attack when it happened or did you believe sanctions should have been tried longer?

MAXWELL: I was encouraging the attack at the earliest overture. In conversations with all parties.

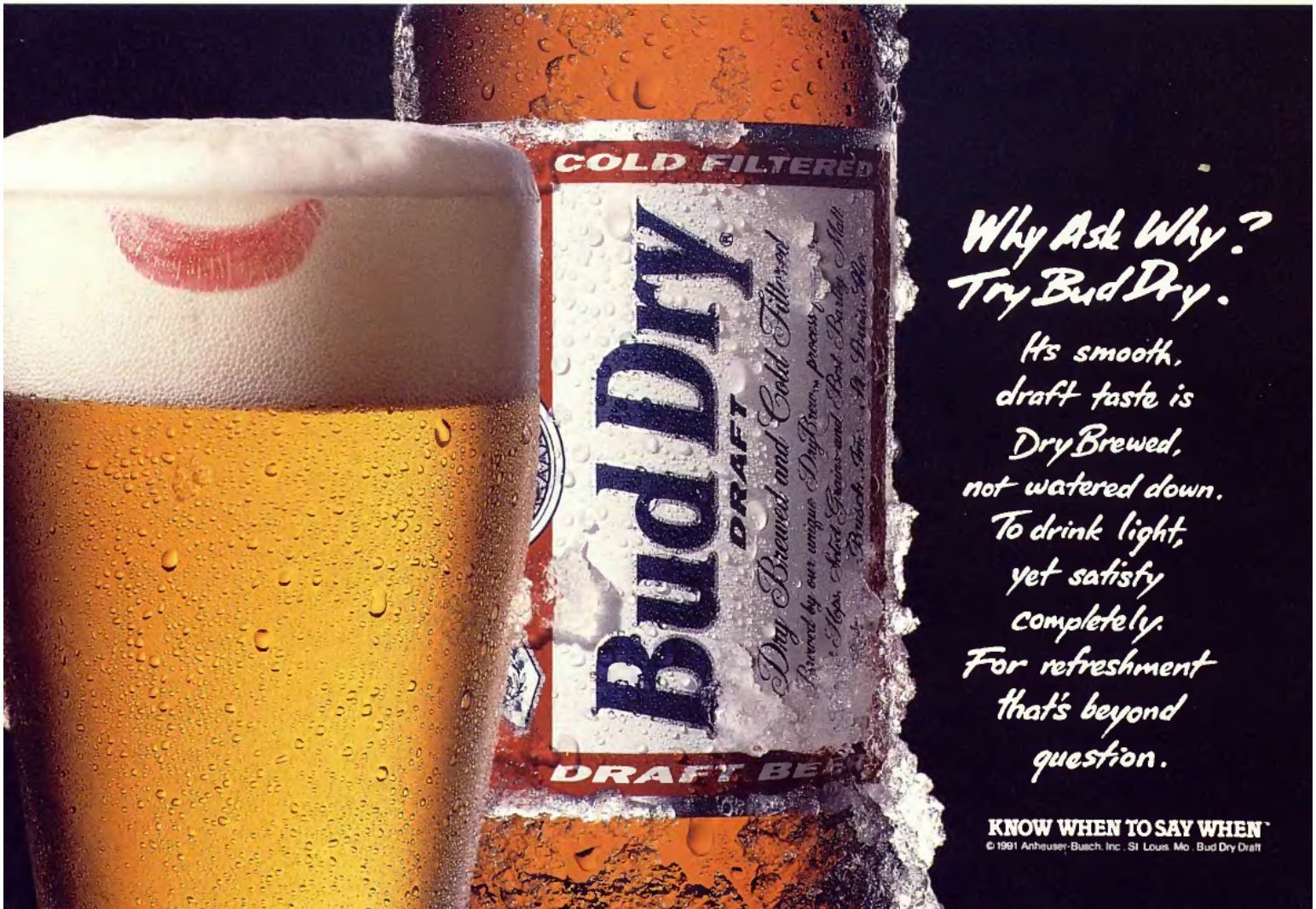
PLAYBOY: Including Gorbachev?

MAXWELL: Including Gorbachev.

PLAYBOY: Did he tell you that he thought our attack was a mistake?

MAXWELL: He did.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you worked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to aid countries hurt by the sanctions, particularly Bulgaria.

MAXWELL: I persuaded the German government to give them financing.

PLAYBOY: Countries other than Bulgaria?

MAXWELL: Bulgaria is the only one that's public. I intervened with Turkey to let them have some gas.

PLAYBOY: Is that related to Ozal's call the other day in Washington?

MAXWELL: Where's my secretary?

PLAYBOY: Are you avoiding the question?

MAXWELL: I am. Carolyn? [*Barwell comes in.*] Has Genscher called back? The geniuses wouldn't give him my numbers. Try him for me. [*She exits. In a few minutes, the phone rings. He speaks in German. After small talk, he turns deadly serious.*] I have yet to discuss this matter with the president, but I believe it is time. I will let you know. That's right. [*He hangs up.*]

PLAYBOY: Was that Genscher?

MAXWELL: There are some things I cannot discuss now.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. What do you see happening in the postwar Middle East?

MAXWELL: The world's policy has been to blame everything on Israel, to help the P.L.O. and keep down democracy at the same time. That's gone. Now, the first step, let's remove the refugees from the borders of Israel. Let's rehouse them.

PLAYBOY: Where?

MAXWELL: The Arab countries are of a size that is unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: So if you were sitting here with Shamir——

MAXWELL: Mr. Shamir and I have an identical policy.

PLAYBOY: So you would not give up any territory or negotiate with the P.L.O.?

MAXWELL: We are ready to make peace, but they must accept that I can't have a Palestinian state pointing a revolver at the heart of Israel. There will be no state. The Palestinian state is in Jordan. There will be no problem once Jordan becomes Palestinian.

PLAYBOY: Jordan may have something to say about that.

MAXWELL: What about Jordan? Hussein is a prick who moved to the other side. Israel, on the other hand, was fortunate to escape with relatively few fatalities, and her leadership and her people demonstrated both fortitude and resilience. Israel is better now than ever before.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked with Genscher and Chancellor Helmut Kohl about Germany's relations with Israel?

MAXWELL: Things changed when Foreign Minister Genscher actually visited Israel toward the end of the war. It took that for the Germans to begin to comprehend the profound and shocking significance of German involvement in Iraq's gas-warfare potential. The decades of painful and painstaking attempts to heal history seemed wiped away by this new disclosure of German callousness in the service of evil. The supply now of the German submarines to the Israeli navy is welcome, but it's nowhere near enough to make amends. France and Germany, and Italy, too, must drastically revise policies and attitudes toward this region. If they don't, it will leave them bereft of any influence in the affairs of the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: How much of your influence with world leaders comes from your control of media in their countries?

MAXWELL: Who knows? The fact is that they can talk to me and they know that I don't betray them; I don't use these sources to write stories.

PLAYBOY: What if you disagreed with a leader on an issue? Would he risk opposing you if it meant that your newspapers might fight him in the next election?

MAXWELL: Perhaps.

PLAYBOY: Would you use the leverage you have to convince him?

MAXWELL: I never have. I will make my point, that's all. It is not my business to run governments. I let it be known how I feel. I give advice.

PLAYBOY: You've said that now that Bush has done so well in the Middle East, he should turn his attention to America.

MAXWELL: He should, but I fear he won't. He loves foreign policy; he's so successful at it.

PLAYBOY: Does that worry you?

MAXWELL: It does, yes. Look at the social problems in your country. I regret that millions of Americans, when they lay their heads on the pillow at night, have to worry whether they will be protected from having huge dental or medical bills. If a catastrophe happens, they can't cope.

PLAYBOY: Is Britain's national health system a better alternative?

MAXWELL: It's not perfect, but national health is important and I'm strongly in favor of it. And I'm in favor of the rich paying for it as much as they can. Education is another area we must spend more money on. We have public squalor and private affluence in many parts.

PLAYBOY: So you encourage the government to have people like you pay for social services?

MAXWELL: Yes, within reason. If you kill the capitalist goose, there will not be investments. So it's a fine balance. President Reagan won the Cold War by switching huge resources from the civilian sector to the military. For that, we have to thank him. But whether the burden sharing should have been exactly the way he laid it out leaves a great deal to be argued about.

PLAYBOY: Joblessness and homelessness are one price.

MAXWELL: But a lot of joblessness and homelessness is also due to people who are not willing to work. You mustn't just give help to just anyone who is jobless and homeless, because then you're encouraging it. You've got to be tough to be kind. But people who are sick, who can't help themselves, who are unprotected, deserve in our society to be helped. In some cases, free enterprise will take over. Because the school systems are turning out morons, businesses are recognizing that they had better pay for bettering education or else they will have to cope with it at the working level.

[*Barwell interrupts Maxwell to remind him of a meeting with Shamir. After the meeting—"about business," is all Maxwell will say—the interview continues.*]

PLAYBOY: During the recent war, did your own war experience come back to you?

MAXWELL: It affects me a lot. I've known what it's like to kill.

PLAYBOY: There's an extraordinary story about your war experience that has come back to haunt you. You shot a Nazi collaborator and then wrote to your wife about it, saying you "had a very amusing day yesterday." Did that occur?

MAXWELL: I'm afraid it did. I'm not proud of it. How can you be proud of shooting a human, even if he's with the enemy? With the benefit of hindsight, I wouldn't have written that.

PLAYBOY: Did you get your allegiance to Israel from your family?

MAXWELL: Everyone was a Zionist when I was a child.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the last time you saw your parents?

MAXWELL: I remember. The Hungarians were taking over that part of Czechoslovakia and I said to my parents, "I'm leaving because I want to go and fight." They didn't want me to go, but I went anyway.

PLAYBOY: When you think about your childhood, what do you remember?

MAXWELL: I remember how hungry I was, how cold I was and how much I loved my mother.

PLAYBOY: And your parents were killed in the Holocaust.

MAXWELL: Yes. I cannot ever forget it. I can't forgive it. To me, the big mystery is why my parents went to their death without a complaint. I remember everything about that. My mother was a great influence on me. I was her favorite.

PLAYBOY: The experience shaped much of your political and social involvement.

MAXWELL: I do a lot to make sure people don't forget, yes. It is behind my Zionism. No head of state I meet escapes me on that issue.

PLAYBOY: Your socialist politics also, you've said, come from your mother.

MAXWELL: She was a member of the Social Democratic Party in Czechoslovakia, card-holder number two. And she blamed my father's and millions of others' joblessness on the Conservatives.

PLAYBOY: What happened when you left Prague?

MAXWELL: I joined the Resistance. In 1940, I was caught and sentenced to death. I managed to escape to Yugoslavia, then to Bulgaria, Turkey, Syria, Palestine and, finally, Marseilles, where I fought again. I was wounded and imprisoned, but I managed to escape again to

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the part of France that was not occupied. I heard over the radio that the English were against Hitler and in September 1940 I went to Britain to fight.

PLAYBOY: How did you choose the name Robert Maxwell?

MAXWELL: The army chose it for me. I had five names given to me. Robert Maxwell was the last.

PLAYBOY: What followed the war?

MAXWELL: When I got out of the army, I got one hundred pounds from the British government. With that, I entered business.

[*A secretary enters to tell Maxwell that Prime Minister Mulroney is calling. He asks to be excused, saying that he must speak with the prime minister. After that, he says he has business to attend to and the interview must continue later. He travels to several other cities before the interview resumes in New York.*]

PLAYBOY: For a time, you entered politics. Was it frustrating?

MAXWELL: In a sense, but there are several things I am proud of. I'm most proud of a bill I introduced, a clean-air act. It has been copied in one hundred twenty countries, including the United States.

PLAYBOY: You once told your wife that you would be Britain's prime minister. What happened to that ambition?

MAXWELL: When I went into the House of Commons, I thought I was the brightest thing on two feet, that I would be prime minister in due course. But after six weeks, I discovered that anything I knew about, them guys knew more. I decided that was not my scene.

PLAYBOY: You didn't win your re-election to the House of Commons, and you never tried again.

MAXWELL: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you decide you could be more influential in business?

MAXWELL: There *is* more influence. I get more done in the media than by being a back-bench member of Parliament.

PLAYBOY: How powerful are you? Are you more powerful than politicians?

MAXWELL: Yes, except for the two or three highest people in an administration.

PLAYBOY: Yet even those people are held accountable; they have to be re-elected. You'll be here long after President Bush and Prime Minister John Major have been replaced.

MAXWELL: Certainly not. I'll be sixty-nine next June. I, too, have a contract that expires one day—with the good Lord.

PLAYBOY: You were stopped in Japan in your attempt to acquire the Tokyo *Times*. Is that the one place where you can't extend your empire?

MAXWELL: At the moment. I was blocked from Germany for forty years. I'm now the biggest newspaper publisher there.

PLAYBOY: Why do you bother with eastern Europe, where you hardly make any money?

MAXWELL: It is very important for the future. The Soviet Union and their former colonies are a market of three hundred fifty million people, all of them now freed from spending huge sums on defense and all of them desirous to improve their standard of living. They are now adopting our system. It is a playing field free and unencumbered.

PLAYBOY: Do you anticipate losing money there in the short term?

MAXWELL: Certainly not. I intend to make money immediately. I have none to lose and I don't belong to the Salvation Army.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that if Gorbachev loses his power, you will lose your investments?

MAXWELL: No. Things cannot go backward in the Soviet Union, only forward. It is difficult going forward, and that is what we're seeing.

PLAYBOY: As you expand upward in the ranks of media companies, what's next in your sights?

MAXWELL: Newspapers in North America and central and eastern Europe.

PLAYBOY: So we'll be seeing you in more American cities?

MAXWELL: If I succeed in making the *News* profitable, I will certainly go to other metropolitan cities where there are similar problems.

"I intend to make money immediately. I have no money to lose and I don't belong to the Salvation Army."

PLAYBOY: Do you ever invest in a business because of a personal passion?

MAXWELL: No. The only passion I have is to be busy.

PLAYBOY: You've said you are proud to have been married for nearly fifty years.

MAXWELL: To the same woman.

PLAYBOY: What's the secret to a forty-six-year-old marriage these days?

MAXWELL: Believing that if you marry, you're married for life. And sticking to it. And being disciplined.

PLAYBOY: What's the significance in your having stepped down and appointed your son Kevin to run Maxwell Communications?

MAXWELL: We hand over to the next generation. I can get on with the *Daily News* and other newspapers.

PLAYBOY: But you've said that you don't believe in handing things to the next generation.

MAXWELL: I don't believe in leaving anything to be inherited. That's quite different. The next generation, if they are capable of managing, must be allowed to manage. Kevin runs Maxwell Communications and my son Ian has the Mirror Group. Let them get on with it.

PLAYBOY: You're famous for having fired Ian for not picking you up at the airport. What happened?

MAXWELL: Ian was the president of our French and German companies. I went to inspect them. We had an appointment to meet at Orly Airport in Paris and when I arrived, he wasn't there. He telephoned at midnight and apologized for not meeting me at the airport. I asked if he had been visiting his girlfriend. He had been. I fired him. I taught them as youngsters, whenever you have to choose between duty and love, one must opt for duty. He chose love. He had to pay the bill. I fired him.

PLAYBOY: Ian has since been rehired. Does that mean he learned his lesson?

MAXWELL: He accepts that duty is more important than love. It doesn't go well with the ladies, but that is the price. Since that time, Ian has written to me, "I often think you unnecessarily use a howitzer to shoot a chicken, but when the smoke clears, the chicken often discovers you were only firing blanks."

PLAYBOY: You won't leave your children money, but do you have aspirations for the larger lessons you can leave them?

MAXWELL: The difference between right and wrong and that service to others is better than forever serving yourself.

PLAYBOY: What do you think it is like working for you?

MAXWELL: I would hope it is exciting and demanding. If you survive the first few months.

PLAYBOY: Do you have time to stop and smell the roses?

MAXWELL: No.

PLAYBOY: Is that by design?

MAXWELL: No. It's just that once you get into the rat-race, as you reach my stage of responsibility, the demands are virtually beyond control. You can't just switch off in a global business and go to bed—because Tokyo is up, New York is up. Being in a global business, you pay the penalty.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least get a two-week vacation, as some of your people do?

MAXWELL: No.

PLAYBOY: What does your doctor say?

MAXWELL: I don't use doctors. Never go to them.

PLAYBOY: In the case of media baron Citizen Kane, there was a secret motivation—Rosebud—driving him. What about you?

MAXWELL: Maybe. I don't know what it is. I'm sorry, but I must be off.

PLAYBOY: To charm more birds out of more trees?

MAXWELL: Perhaps. But I haven't shot anybody. [*He winks.*] Yet.

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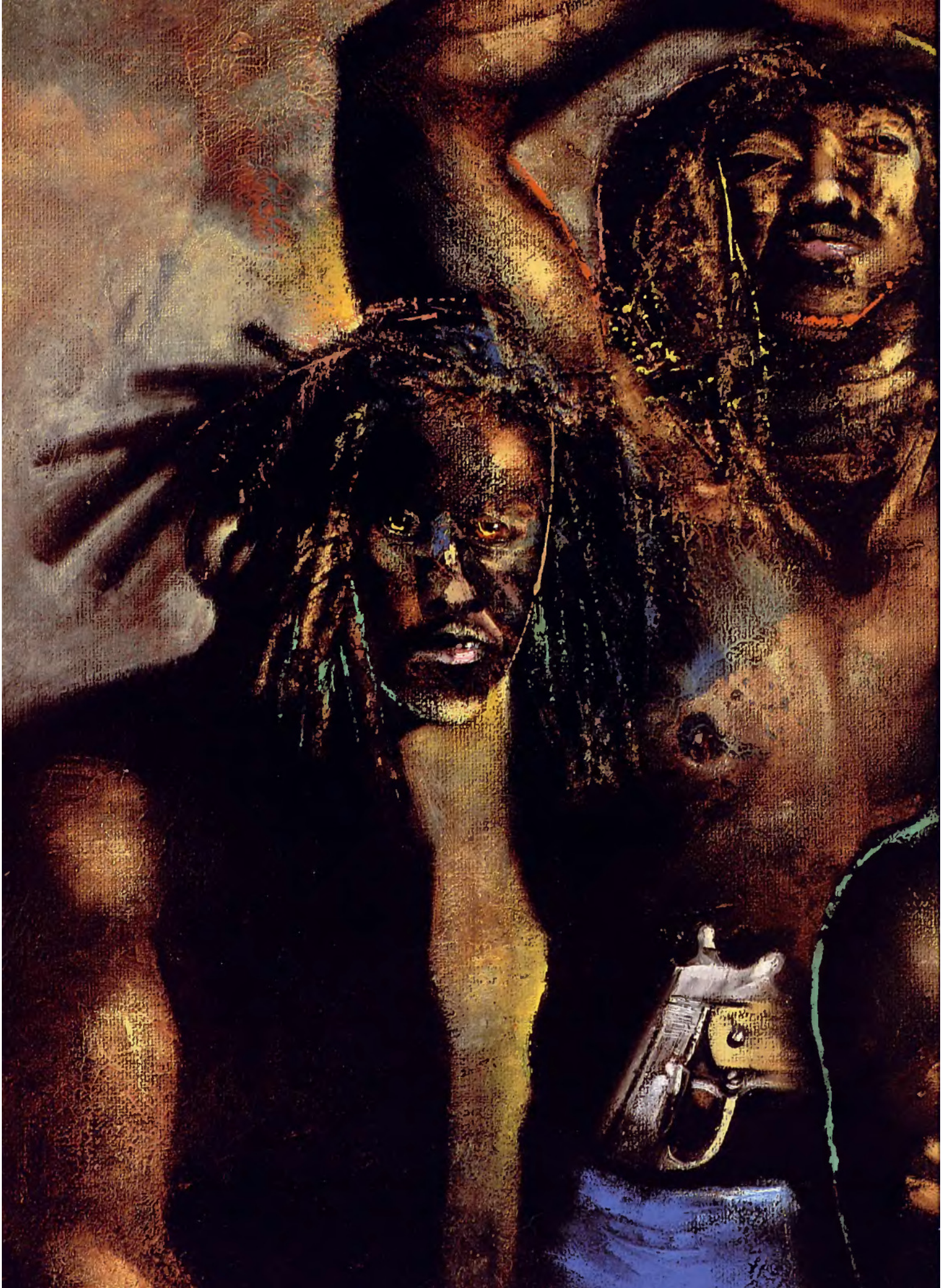

RUDE BOYS

by beating the italian mob at its own games—drugs and violence—jamaican outlaws have become a brutal, bloody force in gangland america

article

By T. J. ENGLISH

THE RAID began as a faint wail, barely audible over the evening hubbub on the streets of Brooklyn. In Crown Heights, an impoverished community well acquainted with the ravages of the drug trade, the sound of approaching sirens was nothing new. But on this particular evening, the residents took special notice as the sirens got closer and louder. As of December 1990, most police activity in the neighborhood had been related to an expanding, violent group known as the Gullymen. Made up primarily of Jamaican nationals, they had become one of the city's most powerful gangs.

The "rude boys," as the gangsters liked to call themselves, had taken over Crown Heights' thriving cocaine and heroin trade and were living the life of newly crowned drug lords. When they weren't showing off the lavish accouterments of their success in the clubs along the main thoroughfares, the Gullymen were ruthlessly reinforcing their criminal power. They took over a 59-unit apartment

The New Mob

First in a series

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

building at 1367 Sterling Place, and when the landlord threatened to call the police, he was gunned down in a third-floor hallway, his bullet-riddled body tumbling over a railing and landing on the floor below.

"Dem rude boys think dey was God," says a woman who works in a barbershop near the gang's Crown Heights headquarters.

Once they were in control of the building, the Gullymen used it to sell dope and provide crash pads for recruits recently arrived from Jamaica. Gunfire echoed loudly throughout the building and out into the neighborhood. It became too blatant for the police to ignore, and on December sixth, at approximately eight P.M., a massive caravan of law-enforcement vehicles sped past the dilapidated tenements and shuttered storefronts. At the corner of Schenectady Avenue and Sterling Place, nearly 200 city and Federal agents jumped from their vans and squad cars. Four SWAT teams of 25 men each began busting down doors and climbing through windows.

At the same time the agents were making arrests and confiscating cocaine, heroin and illegal firearms in Brooklyn, raids were taking place on Long Island, in Albany and in Dallas. The following day, front-page stories in *The New York Times* and the *Dallas Times Herald* and a report on NBC's *Nightly News* trumpeted the busts. A local newscast called it "one of the largest raids in the city's history."

Federal agents familiar with the Jamaican gangs knew better than to gloat. Despite the massive show of force and the many arrests, the gang's leader, 31-year-old Eric Vassell, was nowhere to be found. It was a sobering reminder of what the police already knew: The posses were here to stay.

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With the establishment of crack cocaine as the single most lucrative underworld racket since bootleg liquor, the face of organized crime in America has changed dramatically. The once-legendary five families of La Cosa Nostra have been destroyed in court; time has taken its toll. Into that void have stepped the posses, named for the Westerns once so popular in Jamaica. Like their namesakes, today's cocaine cowboys adhere to the rules of the wide-open urban frontier. Old-world concepts of turf and protocol are rarely honored. Because the rude boys' ability to replenish their ranks seems limitless, even the concept of family is dispensable. Unlike the Mafia or the notorious Chinese Triads, the posses have little or no organizational structure and no apparent blood oaths or initiation rites. Each group has a leader, but there are no godfathers or *capos* or underbosses.

About the only thing the Feds can say for certain is that the posses are more pervasive than anyone first imagined. From 1986 to 1989, there were posse raids in locales as disparate as Miami, suburban Maryland, Rochester and Kansas City. In one massive raid in October 1988, more than 120 members of the Shower Posse, believed to be the largest in the U.S., were rounded up in a sprawling 20-state bust.

In 1989, the General Accounting Office, an investigative arm of Congress, published a report that identified 21 states in which posses had definitely established operations and ten states in which activity was suspected. "In the beginning, we looked at this group almost as a novelty," says a Federal agent who has been investigating the posses for years. "Now it's become an epidemic."

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In the early Eighties, when Vassell and his fellow Gullymen began selling cocaine on the streets of Brooklyn, the Mafia was still talked about as the only game in town. Most cops knew, of course, that Asian and South American sources controlled the major flow of narcotics, but it was the Italian-American Mobsters who grabbed newspaper headlines and were portrayed in movies. The few Jamaicans involved in organized crime were thought to be little more than ganja-smoking Rastafarians who casually sold a little herb on the side.

Law-enforcement personnel knew little or nothing about the politics and economics of the West Indies. Sun, surf and sand—that was Jamaica. As the Eighties wore on, they would have good reason to learn more. On the streets of drug-infested immigrant neighborhoods such as Crown Heights, a new generation was arriving. Raised primarily in the decrepit shantytowns of Kingston, Jamaica's capital city, these newcomers were hardened gunmen from some of the meanest, most poverty-ridden streets in the Third World. They proved to be the perfect training ground for a group that had designs on the toughest turf in America.

In part, the level of violence associated with the posses can be attributed to their perilous position in the drug trade. If the international narcotics business is a buzzing hive, the rude boys are worker bees, pushing at the retail level whatever the Colombians, the Sicilians and the Chinese are able to import. And out on the street, dealers and buyers don't carry American Express. When a deal goes sour, people die.

Even so, within the world of organized crime, where rolling up a high body count may normally be expected to earn you a seat at the head of the table, the rude boys are thought to be hopelessly volatile. More than 2100 posse-related homicides since 1985 may have something to do with that opinion. Although it would be comforting to dismiss the posses' penchant for mayhem as the product of an inherently violent class of criminal, it would also be wrong. The roots of their behavior are buried deep in Jamaican society, where grinding poverty, violence and fratricidal politics have been festering for years in the tenements and back alleys of the island's capital city.

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McGregor Gully is a garbage-choked ghetto in East Kingston. Rubble and broken glass are everywhere. The residents live in crumbling concrete homes sheltered only by thin sheets of corrugated tin. In a nearby shantytown, the streets are teeming: Goats, dogs in heat and raggedy children amble past graffiti-splattered walls and open-air fruit-and-vegetable stands. Mired in a world of poverty and neglect, the inhabitants of this and a dozen other ghettos just like it have been dubbed "the sufferers."

It was in McGregor Gully that Eric Vassell got his start. Like many a "Johnny-too-bad" growing up in Kingston's shantytowns, Vassell became involved in politics at a young age. With few jobs available, the sufferers turn to their political system for sustenance and self-esteem, trusting that the party they back will extend its patronage after an election. As one social activist in Kingston puts it, only half jokingly, "Whether or not the party you support is in power determines whether or not you eat."

As a teenager in the late Seventies, Vassell joined a youth organization affiliated with Jamaica's ruling People's National Party (P.N.P.). It was not exactly like joining the Young Republicans; it was more like joining a street gang. Guns were supplied, political contacts established, and the wide-eyed youths were indoctrinated into Jamaica's rambunctious political process.

Elections had been violent through much of the country's history, but it took a massive infusion of guns into Jamaican society in the Seventies to produce the current harrowing conditions. The many high-powered weapons that flooded into the country arrived at the same time the CIA, under its director George Bush, was widely reported to have taken an active interest in Jamaican affairs. The American

(continued on page 98)

"C'mon, 'fess up—you tampered with that fortune cookie."

Crowned Miss Virginio-U.S.A. in 1983, Tai Collins spent a year in the limelight as Old Daminian's reigning beauty. Civic duties braught her tagether with then-gavernar Charles Robb, naw a U.S. Senatar from Virginia. Robb—married ta President Lyndan Johnsan's daughter Lynda Bird—has been mentianed as a contender far the Oval Office. Mutual attractian, says Tai, led ta trysts.

what really happened when miss virginia met chuck robb

THE GOVERNOR AND THE BEAUTY

TAI COLLINS wants you to know this first off: Scandal is not her idea of fun. Headlines, sound bites, reporters dogging her trail—she could live happily ever after without all that. In fact, she tried to. Collins kept her peace—until those around her started lying. Then she decided to set the record straight. Yes, she says, she had had a love affair with Charles S. Robb, now a U.S. Senator from Virginia. He began the chase, she recalls, in the summer of 1983, when Tai (pronounced "Tay") was the newly crowned Miss Virginia-U.S.A. and Robb was Virginia's governor. How could she resist? Robb was a worldly wise 44 years old, tall, dark and powerful. Collins, then 20, had moved out of her parents' home in Roanoke and into her own apartment in Virginia Beach just one year earlier. "Here was the *governor* sending me letters, flowers, gifts, calling me at home and at work," she says. Tai was dazzled. Yes, she knew her beau was married to the daughter of President Lyndon Baines Johnson, and that he and Lynda Bird had three children. But was that really *her* problem? She didn't expect the guy to leave his wife and marry her. He never promised, she never asked. All Tai Collins wanted from Chuck Robb was what most 20-year-olds want from a lover: a little adventure, lots of laughs, the freedom to grow and change. Only Robb knows why he was in the game—his public statements are dizzying examples of spin control. When *The Washington Post* interviewed him last December, Robb admitted he had invited Collins to his suite in New York's posh Pierre Hotel in 1984. They shared a bottle of wine, he said, then he went into the bathroom and changed into a robe, got into bed—*and let Tai give him a massage.* Period. He said they didn't have sex. "I know the whole thing looks bad," Robb told the *Post*, regarding his New York rubdown. "Clearly, some of the things that I have done are not appropriate for a middle-aged, happily married man." Clearly. Tai, who's wearing a similar white robe on our cover, has a slightly different account of that evening—but more on that later. She met the governor on June 1, 1983, when they shared ribbon-cutting duties at a new mall in Norfolk. Two weeks later—June 16, to be exact; Tai has the date marked in the Girl Scouts calendar she used to keep track of her appointments that year—their paths crossed again when Robb attended a fashion show at another Norfolk mall. Collins then was working part time as a salesgirl and model for a lingerie store. That day, on the runway, she modeled white satin and black lace. Robb was apparently dazzled. First, Tai remembers, he sent her a letter at the lingerie store. Then he had a friend

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

After eight chaste months of dating, the governor invited Tai to his suite in New York's posh Pierre Hotel. Collins wore the black-leather pants he'd given her. Robb sported a tux. After sharing a bottle of champagne, they went to bed. Robb says he got only "a massage." Tai remembers more.

call her and set up a date. The first night she spent at Robb's side, she says, they went to a birthday party at a hotel in Virginia Beach, then retreated to the home of Robb's friend Bruce Thompson in the ritzy Croatan section of town. It was Saturday, June 25—Tai has that, too, marked down on her calendar. The memory of that night still makes her smile. "I'm twenty years old, the governor is taking me out—that's *exciting*!" Tai says. "I was just like, wow!" Throughout the summer and fall of 1983, Robb wowed Collins at parties in the homes of his Virginia Beach *(text concluded on page 164)*

RUDE BOYS *(continued from page 88)*

"A boy walks in, a bandage soaked with blood stuck to his forehead. His neck bears a fresh knife wound."

rationale was unambiguous: Throughout the Seventies, the government had followed a leftist doctrine, courting Fidel Castro and the *Sandinistas*, among others. The opposition party was led by Edward Seaga, a friend of Ronald Reagan.

Destabilization of the Jamaican government paved the way for a Seaga victory. It also forced the gunmen employed by the losing side to flee the island or face the victors' retribution. One favored destination for the losers, of course, was the United States, and this tide of well-armed Jamaican refugees produced America's initial wave of posse-related violence in the early and mid-Eighties.

Along with grinding poverty and political violence, Jamaica's ghetto dwellers must deal with abuse from the island's security forces. The Council for Human Rights, located in tiny downtown offices near Kingston's once-thriving port, devotes the majority of its time to investigations of police beatings and shootings. "On a slow day," says the group's head, Florizelle O'Connor, "we might get four reports of brutality. When the police are really having a good time, we can get anywhere from fifteen to twenty per day."

Outside O'Connor's office, in a cramped, sweltering third-floor hallway, residents gather to file official complaints against the police. In the first two and a half months of 1991, *The Daily Gleaner*, Jamaica's largest newspaper, reported 156 violent deaths, an average of two a day. Of those, nearly one quarter were killings by police.

A small, finely featured woman dressed in traditional African garb, O'Connor stands at the door of her office. "Here," she says, nodding toward a group of sufferers who have lost all faith in the law, "this is our future."

•

Through a maze of loosely connected one-room shanties, near the back of a bustling tenement yard, a 28-year-old bicycle repairman named Johnny extends his hand to a visitor. He wears his dreadlocks gathered in a ponytail that flows to the middle of his back. Johnny is not a rude boy, but he knows many young men who are. As a male in his late 20s who is not dead, in prison or on the run, Johnny is viewed as something of a wise old man in Denham Town. He is at first hesitant to criticize life in Kingston in front of a stranger. Speaking in a heavy patois, he says of those who complain about their lot in life, "Dem people, dey get up inna mornin' an' see de sunshine an' dey curse de sun. Next day, dey see de rain fall, an' dey curse de rain."

As Johnny speaks, a scruffy teenage boy walks into his one-room shed. A gauze bandage soaked with blood is stuck to his forehead, and his neck bears a fresh five-inch knife wound. Shaking his head in dismay, Johnny sends the kid away, presumably to have his wound tended to by a neighborhood bush doctor.

As Johnny explains it, the young man was at a Denham Town "moulood," or yard party, the previous night. A gang of thugs associated with a rival politcal faction crashed the moulood, touching off a violent rumble. Surprisingly, no one was killed.

As he speaks, Johnny becomes more upset—and forthcoming—about living conditions in the ghetto. "De cost a livin' is killin' dese people," he laments. That day, the price of basic foods such as milk, flour and butter had gone up once again. Along with everything else, malnutrition was a major concern, especially with the "lickle pickneys," or young children. "I'd like fe dem tings to change," he says pleadingly, "an' me know dem must change. Our youts is comin' up, an' we can't continue livin' like dis."

Despite the violence, Johnny refuses to bad-mouth the rude boys, or "badmen," as they are called in Kingston. If nothing else, the badmen are a force the establishment must reckon with, which gives them a certain stature in the ghetto. To some, they are seen as the inheritors of Afro-Jamaica's rebellious history, which began with the maroons, the 17th Century runaway slaves who refused to submit to their colonial masters, and continued through many violent uprisings in the centuries that followed.

It is no accident that *reggae* became the music of the rude boys. "Fe years, Rasta been persecuted by society," says Johnny. "Society chase de Rastamon, an' dem chase de badmon. So de badmon an' de Rastamon becomes friends. Just as Jesus Christ was walkin' an' him never choose a priest, an' him never choose a high mon. Him choose some fishermon, a lowly mon."

The reverence with which Johnny and other ghetto dwellers view the island's gunmen is based on the realities of life in the ghetto. Brutalized by the police and ignored by their government, the sufferers are sustained by their own mythology. They see the outlaw as an avenging angel, a latter-day Robin Hood who steals from the rich and gives to the sufferers.

To illustrate this point, Johnny tells the story of Rhyging, the gangster/outlaw whose exploits have become ghetto folklore in Kingston. In 1948, Vincent "Ivanhoe" Martin, a 24-year-old burglar and gunman from a West Kingston ghetto, escaped from prison. Nicknamed Rhyging, patois for wild, angry or foolhardy, he eluded a massive police dragnet with the help of sympathetic ghetto dwellers. Johnny takes obvious pleasure in relating the tale, made famous in the Jimmy Cliff movie *The Harder They Come*. "Rhyging de *baddest* badmon," he says, "but de people support him, fe him one a dem."

The visitor asks Johnny about another violent tale, one that took place in Brooklyn, where a family of four lived in a tiny tenement apartment. One night, gunmen entered the apartment and brutally murdered the residents. One of the victims was a pregnant woman. The gunmen, believed to be posse members exacting revenge for a drug deal gone bad, deliberately shot the woman in the belly, killing her unborn child.

Johnny has heard this story before. A few weeks earlier, it made headlines in Jamaica. "Dem posses," he says, "me hears dem de roughest, toughest. Killers!" He shakes his head, then adds in a firm voice, "But dem people carries wit' dem de sufferin' a de Jamaican people."

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To the Gullymen's Vassell, organized gangsterism must have seemed like a natural career move. After spending many months shooting up rival campaign rallies and delivering votes with the barrel of a gun, he fled Jamaica after the 1980 elections. Upon his arrival in New York, all he had to do was adapt his skills to America's criminal market place, where prospects for advancement were vastly superior to anything back home.

At 5'8" tall, with a scrawny ghetto physique, Vassell was not physically intimidating. Soft-spoken, with short, neatly coifed hair, he had a broad, toothy smile that made him look years younger than he was. Because of his

(continued on page 178)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

This is the sixth year of *Playboy*'s College Fiction Contest, which, by this time, looks as if it's going to be around for a while. It's the only American short-story competition held by a national magazine that's aimed at students of all ages. Other contests farm stories out, usually to assistants or even free-lancers, for first readings, which can take as long as several months. In our more eccentrically devised system, a group of two or three *Playboy* editors lock themselves into a hotel room during a week in winter with a large electric coffeepot. They argue the semifinal count down to about 20 manuscripts, which are then turned over to the next squad, which consists of staff and several outsiders who are friends of the magazine. This year, two well-known young novelists helped out: Bob (*Easy in the Islands*, *The Next New World*) Shacochis and Lucius (*Life During Wartime*, *The Jaguar Hunter*) Shepard. Finally, the Editor-in-Chief casts his vote and we pick the winner.

And then we start the contest for the illustration—this year, among students at New York's School of Visual Arts. More than 21 sent in illustrations; the winner, selected by *Playboy*'s Art Department, is on the next page; other top contenders are on page 102.

Is it a lot of work? You bet. But consider the success that has come to many of our winners.

From our first contest, Jeff Raines, then an engineering student at Stanford, turned his third-place story into a successful thriller, *The Big Island*, wrote a second, *Unbalanced Acts*, and later accepted a fellowship from the Chesterfield Writers Workshop, which is associated with Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment. Patrick O'Connor of the University of Arkansas, last year's second-place winner, is another Chesterfield fellow.

Our second year's second-place winner, A. M. (Amy Michael) Homes, from the University of Iowa, published a novel, *Jack*, and a collection of short stories, *The Safety of Objects*, and has had a couple of pseudonymous screenplays produced. And 1989's A. M. (Andrew Michael) Wellman, then a senior at Potomac State College of the University of West Virginia, expanded his first-prize story, *The Madison Heights Syndrome*, into a novel, *S.F.W.* (which stands for "So fucking what?"), which was optioned to the movies for a well-publicized $250,000.

Add Rachel Simon of Sarah Lawrence, third place in 1988, whose winning story was included in her collection, *Little Nightmares, Little Dreams*, and Brown University's Steven Ploetz (his *In Love with Rachel* won first prize in 1987), whose novel *The Summer of Finn* will be published next year. Turn to the last page of this magazine and you will see that *Bottoms Up*, by Marshall Boswell, is scheduled for next month. Boswell won third place in 1987 when he was a sophomore at Washington & Lee. His appearance as a "regular" (rather than as a student) contributor marks our first buy from a former contestant.

Over the years, short fiction has been a province of particular pride at *Playboy*. If you're as impressed as we are by this record of achievement by our college winners, and if you're also an eligible student, turn to page 174 to find the rules for entering the 1992 contest. It should be our best yet.

CREWCUT

i wonder what she'd say if i told her about the sex

fiction **By ELLEN UMANSKY**
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

I GOT MY HAIR cut today in honor of this trip to visit my mother. I had the guy cut it so short in the back that when I rub my hand against it, it feels prickly, so rough and razor sharp that it makes my hand tingle.

The guy says to me, "A pretty girl like you shouldn't have such short hair—yours is so nice and thick—you sure you want to do this?" I just nod and watch him clip away until all my curls drift to the floor. It's weird seeing it on the ground, a shaggy carpet that a few minutes before was attached to my head. It almost looks lonely.

I doubt that my family will make a big deal about my hair. It's always so loud and crowded in my house, with the five of us, plus my dad, and other people passing through. Whether it's the radio, the TV or the humming of the dishwasher, there's always some sort of noise beneath the chatter. I imagine our house as a winter coat that's too small for the fat man wearing it; one false move and the whole thing will rip apart, bursting at the seams.

When I walk into the house, Janie, my 13-year-old sister, glances up from the kitchen table, where she's doing her homework. "Sammy, what did you do?"

I just shrug my shoulders. "I couldn't deal with it anymore; it was always getting in the way."

The twins pay no attention, sitting zombielike, their mouths agape as one of the Ninja Turtles—Michelangelo, I think—gets beaten over the head. A couple of minutes later, Kevin barrels down the stairs, sticking his tongue out at Janie. "What's for dinner?" he asks me sweetly.

"I don't know. It's not my turn."

"Yeah, uh-huh, it is. I called Daddy at work and he said," Kevin whines.

"I have to pack," I say, rolling my eyes. "Well, fine. If I'm in charge, we're having pizza," I announce, picking up

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF MARKOWSKY

the phone and dialing.

Janie, my dad and I take turns with dinner. After my mom left three years ago, when I was 12, Dad drew up a schedule, neatly charted and drawn with a ruler. "You guys have to pull your own weight around here," he told us. "I can't do everything."

Janie and I do the shopping. Dad gives us a check at the beginning of the week, $50, and we all go to the market together, the little ones in tow. Kevin and the twins shuffle their feet, grabbing and pleading for candy they've seen advertised during Saturday-morning cartoons. We all have weak spots; I'm a sucker for exotic fruits, anything that I've never tasted before—passion fruit, cactus apples, kiwis and kumquats. But we can't indulge often. Doing the shopping ourselves makes us hyperaware of prices. We're probably the only kids in school who watch eagle-eyed for specials on bacon, who know that $1.89 is a great price for a carton of orange juice.

Dad never asks us what we get, never questions our decisions, except for the time we got 23 Hungry-Man dinners for the week. He's not home much and when he is, he sinks into the easy chair and tells us to keep it down. "I listen to people complaining all day long," he tells us when the twins ask him to settle a dispute or when Kevin pleads for a new skate board. "Can't you guys give me a little peace and quiet?"

He's not a tyrant or an ogre or anything. He's just tired, permanently tired, I'd say, and has been for as long as I can remember. He's a sales rep for a light-fixture company. Sometimes, when we're all eating dinner and making a fuss—Kevin telling knock-knock jokes and the twins stuffing unwanted food into their napkins—Dad will sit there, silent, his eyes wandering around the room, like he's pulled a layer of film over them. He's wondering how he ever ended up in this situation. It's as if he took a wrong turn somewhere and can't get back on track.

Students at the School of Visual Arts in New York, under the direction of Marshall Arisman, competed to illustrate Crewcut. The winner (preceding page) is Jeff Markowsky. Runners-up: Dom Lee (top), Paul Howell, Beth Anne Anderson (left), Deborah Dorton.

•

We haven't seen our mother in more than a year. The last time was for dinner. She called the house about a week before and told us she would be passing through and wanted to take us out. "A *real* dinner," she said. "I want to take you kids someplace nice. Sergio's is still there, isn't it?"

The sky's the limit with Mom.

Janie spent hours helping the twins get ready, dressing them in the ruffles and bows my mother adores. About ten minutes before we were supposed to leave, I slid into a black-leather miniskirt, applied a streak of crimson to my lips and piled my tangled curls on top of my head, remembering full well that my mother likes me to wear my hair down. Janie shook her head disapprovingly. "Why can't you at least try?"

I just smirked and grabbed a twin with each hand. "Come on, we don't want to keep Mommy waiting."

When we got to the restaurant, she looked exactly the way I remembered her. Platinum hair sprayed into place, lipstick that precisely matched her nail polish, birdlike bejeweled hands. As the little ones ran up and hugged her, almost knocking her to the ground, I stood back. "Where's Samantha? Where's my first-born?" she said, looking around till she spotted me.

We sat in the elegant dining room, the little ones' faces hidden behind enormous menus, and she asked us about school, friends, sports. "Janie, are you still taking ballet?"

"We're getting toe shoes next week."

"That's wonderful. This may sound old fashioned, but there's nothing like ballet to give a girl grace and poise. What about your ballet, Samantha?"

"I quit."

"Oh," she said, and gave me a puzzled look. "Honey," she said, leaning over, smoothing my hair, "you need some new clothes. I'll give you the money. You're such a pretty young lady, you should take advantage of your looks."

I said nothing.

Her eyes got glittery, and she turned to the other kids. She raised a glass of champagne. "It's so good to see all of you. I wish I could come more often, but it's hard to get away. If only I could show you kids some of the things I've seen."

"Take us somewhere. Take us somewhere really good," Kevin said, jumping up and down on his chair.

"Where do you want to go? Las Vegas, Tahiti? How about Disneyland?"

"The moon, Mommy! I want to go to the moon!"

"You've got it!" she said, toasting him. "Next summer vacation, the moon it is!"

A month after our dinner, extravagant presents arrived: an Erector set for Kevin, a Barbie ice-cream shoppe for the twins that they already had and matching Laura Ashley dresses for Janie and me. That night, Kevin mumbled to me when I put him to bed, "When is Mommy coming back to take me to the moon?"

(continued on page 146)

"Er—would you mind if we made love in the dark?"

ULTIMATE TV

DROP YOUR PRETENSIONS. THESE ARE THE TELEVISION MOMENTS THAT DEFINE VIDEO GREATNESS

OUR PARENTS were right: We watch too much television. Always have. It was the first soft, nonprescription drug we could abuse until we passed out and/or it was time to go to bed. Part of the problem was the sheer proliferation of the medium. Here we had, at our finger tips, tens of thousands of hours of mental popcorn that apparently never gave us a sufficiently horrendous bellyache.

But out of this vast wasteland—as it was called by former FCC Commissioner Newton N. Minow—there remain some magnificent oases. We're talking about those episodes of TV so magical, so inspired that they excused TV's soap-selling, its garishness and maybe even the career of Jim Nabors. They are those few happy moments when commerce collided head-on with a wild creative impulse, with a resulting unforgettable splat. The series that gave them rise may not have been great, but it doesn't matter whether they won Emmys or were called something like *Masterpiece Theatre*. The point was never art. Art reached higher than what we had in mind. And when it tried to squeeze itself onto the small screen, it somehow went over our heads. Like it or not, television has become our ethical mirror. And when we see ourselves there, we don't try to straighten our tie; we are content, even delighted, just to recognize a familiar face.

Thanks to syndication and cable, we are now more likely than ever to find these gems in our living rooms. For your viewing pleasure, here are some of the very best episodes in the golden agelessness of TV.

LUCY GETS HIGH MARX FOR HER EARLY TELEVISION WORK (LEFT), WHILE THE MASTER, GROUCHO (RIGHT), SERENELY FLIPS HIS LID.

WRESTLING WITH THE LAW IN MAYBERRY

ANDY USUALLY HAD LESS DIFFICULTY SUBDUING BARNEY'S ENTHUSIASMS THAN HE DID HERE, BUT IT WAS GRIFFITH'S BENIGN DESPOTISM THAT KEPT BUCOLIC MAYBERRY ON AN EVEN KEEL.

THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW

Every episode of life in Mayberry can be seen independent of the rest, because each tells its folksy little tale and then high-tails it out of there. And the only thing you're left with is that insistent whistling theme song. In "Mr. McBeevee," the adults become concerned about Opie's hyperactive imagination, which has spawned a certain Mr. McBeevee, who walks in treetops, wears a hat made of silver and keeps extra hands on his belt. An imaginary friend is one thing; but when Opie brings home an expensive tool—"Mr. McBeevee gave it to me, Paw"—Andy and Barney figure Opie for a thief. Andy goes looking for Mr. McBeevee and finds a telephone lineman, wearing a silver hard-hat, who refers to the tools on his utility belt (including the one he gave Opie) as "extra hands." So much for jumping to conclusions. Today's lesson: Trust your child.

BATMAN BURST ONTO THE SCREEN WITH A BAM! BIFF! POW! THE CAPED CRUSADERS NEVER GOT TOO BIG FOR THEIR TIGHTS, AND SUCH STARS AS BURGESS MEREDITH AND EARTHA KITT WERE EAGER TO GO TO CAMP.

BATMAN

Given the shameless excesses that became synonymous with the Dynamic Duo, it's hard to believe that there was ever a memorable script. But the series' debut, the two-part episode titled "Hey Diddle Riddle"/"Smack in the Middle," managed to restrain the camp that quickly devoured the program, which turned more doltish than cultish. The premiere had some genuine fun with the idea of caped crusaders; it starred Frank Gorshin as the Riddler and bouncy, buxom Jill St. John as his girlfriend—who, in a charmingly implausible plot development, masquerades as the Boy Wonder to trap Batman. Jill St. John managed to survive, even rise above, this sort of casting. But, alas, Boy Wonder was not so lucky.

THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW

Talk about dream sequences: In "It May Look Like a Walnut," Rob has a nightmare in which Danny Thomas is an alien brainwasher from the planet Twylo who transforms humans—most notably, everyone important in Rob's life—into insanely grinning aliens by use of a radioactive walnut. Twyloites have an extra pair of eyes in the back of their heads, so when Thomas, facing away from Rob, points out a spot on Rob's tie, he credits his "perfect twenty-twenty-twenty-twenty vision." This episode also contains the extravagant, indelible image of a Twyloite Laura Petrie cascading out of the hall closet on a sea of walnuts.

STAR TREK

"The Trouble with Tribbles" may be the expected choice, but we can't escape it: Filling the Enterprise with a mushrooming population of furry, squeaky—yet vexatious—intergalactic fur balls was a brilliant idea. This episode played against type—the series' self-serious melodrama—by exaggerating those elements of coy humor that were always lurking around the corners. Captain Kirk on the Enterprise bridge, surrounded by little saddle-shoe-shaded mopheads, is an unforgettable touch. And it predated those disgusto terrorist *Gremlins* by almost 20 years.

GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Yep, even the castaways had a memorable moment, in an episode called "The Producer." Phil Silvers, guest-starring as the madcap Broadway producer Harold Hecuba, washes up on shore and, finding the casting to his liking, decides to stage *Hamlet*—as a musical. (And this was *years* before *Shogun*.) It's the series of weird juxtapositions—Shakespeare and Tin-Pan Alley, Shakespeare and Tina Louise, Sergeant Bilko and The Skipper, real comedic energy and Bob Denver—that gives this episode its staying power. Where else is there such rich silliness?

ROB AND LAURA PETRIE (DICK VAN DYKE AND MARY TYLER MOORE) WERE THE APOTHEOSIS OF SUBURBIA GONE SLIGHTLY BANANAS. ROB FELL OVER AN OTTOMAN BETTER THAN ANYONE.

OOOH, ROB. . . .

MAGNUM, P.I.

Beneath the plots, it was the simulated father–son relationship between Thomas Magnum and Jonathan Higgins that held this

TELEVISION SPAWNED A DAZZLING ARRAY OF MEN WHO WERE KNOWN BY THEIR LAST NAMES: LEFT TO RIGHT, SPOCK (LEONARD NIMOY), GILLIGAN (BOB DENVER) AND MAGNUM (TOM SELLECK). IT WAS PERHAPS THE ONLY THING THESE GENTLEMEN HAD IN COMMON.

program together; so it's no surprise that a variation on that theme lay at the heart of an unforgettable hour of television. In "Home from the Sea," a boating accident leaves Magnum afloat and alive but unfed and unprotected in shark-patrolled waters. He saves himself by remembering bits of advice from his dead father, as Higgins (like a teenager's dad) fulminates over the detective's "irresponsible" failure to return home and meet his responsibilities.

THE HONEYMOONERS

Jackie Gleason was the greatest talent of television's first decade. Period. He was, to use a handy analogy, the medium's equivalent of Orson Welles (artistically, spiritually, even physically). Although each show has persuasive and passionate admirers, two episodes stand as irrefutable classics:

Ralph becomes a contestant on a song identification quiz show in "The $99,000 Answer" and spends every free moment being prepped and quizzed by Norton, who can read music and play the piano—but who starts every song by playing the introduction to *Swanee River*. Predictably, Ralph blows his top at this typical Norton quirk; predictably, *Swanee River* is the first song played for Ralph on the actual game show, and of course, he hasn't a clue to its name.

"A Matter of Record" starts with one of the Kramdens' frequent squabbles: Ralph has insulted Alice's mother (who can't stand him, either). When Alice storms out, Norton persuades Ralph to head for a "make-your-own-recording" studio, to phonographically craft an apology to Alice. On the first take, Ralph spins characteristically out of control, as he vents his litany of annoyances with his mother-in-law; when he tries again, it's a serious and tender catalog of what his wife really means to him. Norton, of course, manages to deliver the wrong recording to Alice, who moves out. She returns when she finally hears the second take, perhaps the most poignant of Gleason's heartfelt monologs.

"BABY, YOU'RE THE GREATEST," RALPH KRAMDEN USED TO TELL ALICE. THE SAME IS TRUE FOR THAT MOST PERFECT OF TV SITCOMS, *THE HONEYMOONERS*. RALPHIE BOY WAS OUR POSTMODERN FALSTAFF, WHILE NORTON AND ALICE FLAILED AND FAILED TO KEEP THE GREAT ONE HUMBLE.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

There were 136 episodes of Rod Serling's silver-tongued fantasies, and two that we remember best:

In "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet," a recently released and supposedly cured mental patient takes an airplane trip home and thinks he sees something on the plane's wing: a supernatural figure tearing at the engines. When he steals a gun and opens an emergency exit to shoot at the gremlin, the authorities figure he has suffered a relapse. Their reaction to the twisted metal on the engine cowl is left to our imagination. William Shatner, playing the patient, adds to the retro pleasures of this one.

In "Time Enough at Last," Burgess Meredith stars as a misanthropic bookworm who'd be happy to live without people as long as he had books to read. When he spends lunch hour in a bank vault—to get some privacy for his reading—he inadvertently becomes the sole survivor of a nuclear war and gets his fondest wish. But then he stumbles in the rubble of the local library, losing and then smashing his reading glasses. There are *(continued on page 180)*

THE TWILIGHT ZONE GAVE MANY ACTORS (WILLIAM SHATNER HERE IN "NIGHTMARE AT 20,000 FEET") THEIR FIRST EERIE START.

the city is a dangerous place—haven't you thought about carrying a gun?

A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

fiction

by lawrence block

THE GUN was smaller than Elliott remembered. At Kennedy, waiting for his bag to come up on the carrousel, he'd been irritated with himself for buying the damned thing. For years now, ever since Pan Am had stranded him in Milan with the clothes he was wearing, he'd made an absolute point of never checking luggage. He'd flown to Miami with his favorite carry-on bag; returning, he'd checked the same bag, all because it now contained a Smith & Wesson revolver and a box of 50 .38-caliber shells.

At least he hadn't had to take a train. "Oh, for Christ's sake," he'd told Huebner, after they'd bought the gun together. "I'll have to take the train back, won't I? I can't get on the plane with a gun in my pocket."

"It's not recommended," Huebner had said. "But all you have to do is check your bag with the gun and shells in it."

"Isn't there a regulation against it?"

"Probably. There's rules against everything. All I know is, I do it all the time, and I never heard of anyone getting into any trouble over it. They scope the checked bags, or at least they're supposed to, but they're looking for bombs. There's nothing very dangerous about a gun locked away in the baggage compartment."

"Couldn't the shells explode?"

"In a fire, possibly. If the plane goes down in flames, the bullets may go off and put a hole in the side of your suitcase."

"I guess I'm being silly."

"Well, you're a New Yorker. You don't know a whole lot about guns."

"No." He'd hesitated. "Maybe I should have bought one of those plastic ones."

"The Glock?" Huebner *(continued on page 124)*

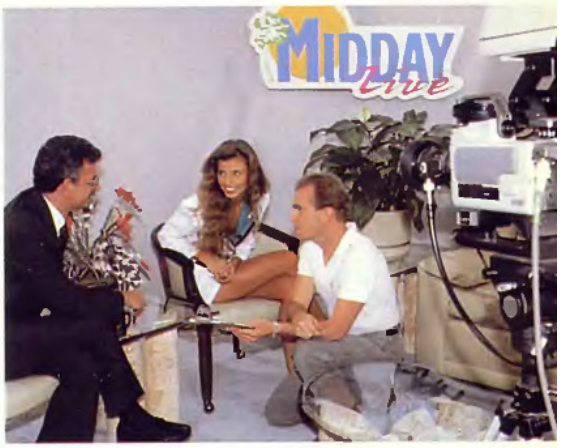
ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK WALKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

COMING OF AGE

miss october, florida's cheryl bachman, goes national in a big way

FOR THE FIRST two decades of her life, Cheryl Bachman stayed around her home town. Jacksonville, Florida, had everything she wanted as a kid—sun and beaches, family and friends. She bounced between her mom's house in town and the suburban home nearby where her older sister was starting her own family. The two strong women—Cheryl counts them as her "best friends in the whole world"—encouraged the pretty baby of the family to get out and make something of her life. "They kept telling me that if I sat around, nothing was going to happen. They knew I could do anything I wanted to do if I set my mind to it." They were right. A few months shy of her 21st birthday, Cheryl set mind and body on modeling—leading, she hopes, to an acting career on screens large and small. In short order, the hesitant beauty queen won a local swimsuit pageant and traveled across the peninsular state to compete in the finals. In Clearwater, 200 miles from Jacksonville, she remembers, "I cried myself to sleep every night. I had never been that far from home." Recalling her first wobbly steps to independence, Cheryl giggles with abandon. "I thought, Oh, my goodness! What am I doing?" She was doing just fine, thank you—made it to the top 20—and grows more confident with each passing month. From Clearwater, she was flown to Jamaica for a modeling job, and from there, she jetted to Los Angeles for her first stay at Playboy Mansion West. Her plane arrived at night. Early the next morning, she took her first look at the city where she hopes to make her dreams come true. "I was in shock," she says, wide-eyed at the memory. "That was the first time I'd ever seen mountains. I was like, 'Look! There really *are* houses up on the hills! Look! There's the HOLLYWOOD sign!' It felt like I was in a movie just being here." Back in town this summer—her fifth trip to L.A. in five months—Cheryl relaxed in a girlfriend's apartment and talked about a future so bright she'll have to wear shades. "I know everybody in this city wants to be an actor or an actress—it's such a cliché! But when I do something, I like to do it with a little difference. I don't want to be like everybody else." Closing in on her 22nd birthday, Cheryl has her



Cameras love Cheryl, and vice versa. After taping some commercial spots for a local daytime talk show in Jacksonville, Cheryl was offered an expanded role on the program. Now storming the career trail in Los Angeles, Miss October hopes to schedule more time for her hometown fans next year. With *Midday Live* host Bill Carter (in suit, right), Cheryl flashes the smile that waws fellow Floridians. "I like showing off the city," she reports.

"I love hot days and hot nights," Cheryl says. Adjusting to L.A.'s chilly evenings has her longing for Florida. "I have all these great little outfits I don't want to hide under a big coat!"

sights set on horror-movie stardom. "I want to be the last character left alive—the one who has to go through all the struggles. At the end, people will be watching me and going, 'Look out! Get out of there!' The weird part about it is that I'm a real scaredy cat! I can sit through the scariest movie, but somebody had better hold my hand." Holding her hand recently on MTV was steamy Latin rapper Gerardo, who spotted Cheryl in an L.A. dance club and separated himself from a dozen women to get to her side. The attention she attracts doesn't faze Miss October. "Looks count," she concludes, "but personality makes you fall in love."

Formerly shy, an ex-introvert, Cheryl Bachman is all strength and confidence these days. You can tell by the look in her eyes. Or by listening: "I thrive on attention. If we're going to be together, I want you to show me by holding on to me, touching me, staying close."

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cheryl Bachman

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 11-18-69 BIRTHPLACE: Jacksonville, Florida

AMBITIONS: To be an actress and win an Oscar - Same Old thing! But most of all to be happy!

TURN-ONS: men with long hair, Cowboy boots, leather, Snuggling, SEX!!!

TURN-OFFS: traffic, busy signals on the telephone, indecision, Rain, people who lie.

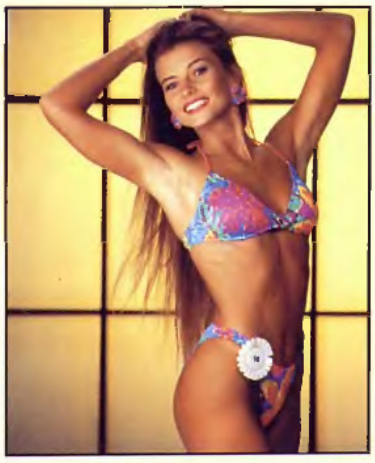
IF YOU SEE ME: Dancing at a club in Hollywood - Don't come up and grab me like you know me! Talk to me. Take your time....

IF YOU KNEW ME: Youid know I'm a girl who's Country sweet and City smart.

THE MAN I LOVE IS: Beautiful to look at, great to talk with, WILD IN BED.

MY WORST NIGHTMARE: going out without make-up.

FAVORITE BED TREATS: Having my toes sucked!



Bikini Madness!

"OH, NO, I LOST"

With my K-9

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As the suburbanite walked toward his house, he saw the young man from next door out washing his car. "Hey, fella," the older man said, "my daughter was talking in her sleep last night and she said you've been fucking her. Is that true?"

"Well, yeah."

"You motherfucker!" the enraged father exploded.

"Wait a minute," the young man said. "Do *all* the people in your family talk in their sleep?"

We understand that Buddha walked up to a hot-dog stand and asked if they could make him One with Everything.

I've got some good news and some bad news," the physician told his patient. "The bad news is that you have a very serious disease. On average, one in ten with this condition survives."

"What's the good news?" the patient asked.

"The last nine patients I had with this disease died."

What did the Indians say when they first saw the Pilgrims? "Oh, great. Boat people."

God became so fed up with the state of international affairs that He decided to destroy the world. He asked George Bush, Mikhail Gorbachev and Yitzhak Shamir to tell their people in their own way.

President Bush went on prime-time TV. "My fellow Americans, I have good news and bad news. The good news is, there is a God. The bad news is, He is going to destroy the world."

President Gorbachev made his announcement at a meeting of the Politburo. "Comrades, I have bad news and worse news. The bad news is, there is a God. The worse news is that He is going to destroy the world."

Prime Minister Shamir spoke before the Knesset. "My fellow Israelis, I have good news and great news. The good news is, there is a God. The great news is that there will be no Palestinian state."

Playboy's Bonehead of the Month Award goes to the person who saw the rest-room graffito ONE NIGHT STAND, $20, called the number listed underneath and spoke to a very nice woman who was selling bedroom furniture.

When her five-year-old daughter began asking questions about the facts of life, the mother carefully explained how babies were made. For several days, the child went over this fascinating new material with her mother. "So the sperm from Daddy fertilizes the ovum from Mommy and the baby is carried in Mommy's tummy."

"That's right, honey," her mother said.

"But how does the sperm get there?" she asked. "Does Mommy swallow it?"

"If Mommy wants a new cocktail dress, she does," came the reply.

How many bodybuilders does it take to screw in a light bulb? Three: one to screw it in and two to chant, "You're looking huge, man, you're looking huge."

We hear that an enterprising travel agency is prepared to cash in on a post–Desert Storm revival of Middle East tourism by offering a Persian Gulf travel package. The highlight will be unlimited admission to Iraq's newly constructed 270,000-hole golf course.

After enjoying an excellent meal in a London restaurant, Holmes and Watson were relaxing while waiting for their dessert.

"Holmes, five gets you ten if you can tell the profession of that man," challenged Watson, pointing to a doddering old gentleman seated beside a young woman who was downing oysters from a huge platter.

"In that case, Watson, you'd better pay up," replied Holmes, "for that man is clearly a taxidermist."

"Amazing!" Watson exclaimed. "But how did you know?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. The bounder is obviously stuffing the bird before mounting her."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I'm not sure how this all got started, but I think your people called my people. . . ."

BLOW FOR FREEDOM

(continued from page 108)

"'Hit a man in the arm with this, you'll take him down. Here, try it. Strike a blow for freedom.'"

smiled. "It's a nice weapon, and it's probably the one I'll buy next. But you couldn't carry it on a plane."

"But I thought——"

"You thought it would fool the scanners and metal detectors at airport security. It won't. That's hardly the point of it, a big gun like that. No, they replaced a lot of the metal with high-impact plastic to reduce the weight. It's supposed to lessen recoil slightly, too, but I don't know if it does. Personally, I like the looks of it. But it'll show up fine on a scanner if you put it in a carry-on bag, and it'll set off alarms if you walk it through a metal detector." He snorted. "Of course, that didn't keep some idiots from introducing bills banning it in the U.S. Nobody in politics likes to let a fact stand in the way of a grandstand play."

•

His bag was one of the last ones up. Waiting for it, he worried that there was going to be trouble about the gun. When it came, he had to resist the urge to open the bag immediately and make sure the gun was still there. The bag felt light, and he decided some baggage handler had detected it and appropriated it for his own use.

Nervous, he thought. Scared it's there, scared it's not.

He took a cab home to his Manhattan apartment and left the bag unopened while he made himself a drink. Then he unpacked, and the gun was smaller than he remembered it. He picked it up and felt its weight, and that was greater than he recalled. And it was empty. It would be even heavier fully loaded.

After Huebner had helped him pick out the gun, they'd driven way out on Route 27, where treeless swamps extended for miles in every direction. Huebner pulled off the road a few yards from a wrecked car, its tires missing and most of its window glass gone.

"There's our target," he said. "You find a lot of cars abandoned along this stretch, but you don't want to start shooting up the newer ones."

"Because someone might come back for them?"

Huebner shook his head. "Because there might be a body in the trunk. This is where the drug dealers tend to drop off the unsuccessful competition, but no self-respecting drug dealer would be caught dead in a wreck like this one. You figure it'll be a big enough target for you?"

Embarrassingly enough, he missed the car altogether with his first shot. "You pulled up on it," Huebner told him. "Probably anticipating the recoil. Don't waste time worrying where the bullets are going yet. Just get used to pointing and firing."

And he got used to it. The recoil was considerable and so was the weight of the gun, but he did get used to both and began to be able to make the shots go where he wanted them to go. After Elliott had used up a full box of shells, Huebner got a pistol of his own from the glove compartment and put a few rounds into the fender of the ruined automobile. Huebner's gun was a nine-millimeter automatic with a clip that held 12 cartridges. It was much larger, noisier and heavier than the .38, and it did far more damage to the target.

"Got a whole lot of stopping power," Huebner said. "Hit a man in the arm with this, you're likely to take him down. Here, try it. Strike a blow for freedom."

The recoil was greater than the .38's, but less so than he would have guessed. Elliott fired off several rounds, enjoying the sense of power. He returned the gun to Huebner, who emptied the clip into the old car.

Driving back, Elliott said, "A phrase you used: 'Strike a blow for freedom.'"

"Oh, you never heard that? I had an uncle used that expression every time he took a drink. They used to say that during Prohibition. You hoisted a few then in defiance of the law, you were striking a blow for freedom."

•

The gun, the first article Elliott unpacked, was the last he put away.

He couldn't think of what to do with it. Its purchase had seemed appropriate in Florida, where they seemed to have gun shops everywhere. You walked into one and walked out owning a weapon. There was even a town in central Georgia where they'd passed their own local version of gun control, an ordinance requiring the adult population to go about armed. There had never been any question of enforcing the law, he knew; it had been passed as a statement of local sentiment.

Here in New York, guns were less appropriate. They were illegal, to begin with. You could apply for a carry permit, but unless there was some genuine reason connected with your occupation, your application was virtually certain to be denied. Elliott worked in an office and never carried anything to it or from it but a briefcase filled with papers, nor did his work take him down streets any meaner than the one he lived on. As far as the law was concerned, he had no need for a gun.

Yet he owned one, legally or not. Its possession was at once unsettling and thrilling, like the occasional ounce or so of marijuana secreted in his various living quarters during his 20s. There was something exciting, something curiously estimable, about having that which was prohibited, and at the same time, there was a certain amount of danger connected with its possession.

There ought to be security as well, he thought. He'd bought the gun for his protection in a city that increasingly seemed incapable of protecting its own inhabitants. He turned the gun over, let the empty cylinder swing out, accustomed his fingers to the cool metal.

His apartment was on the 12th floor of a prewar building. Three shifts of doormen guarded the lobby. No other building afforded access to any of his windows, and those near the fire escape were protected by locked window gates, the key to which hung out of reach on a nail. The door to the hallway had two dead-bolt locks, each with its cylinder secured by an escutcheon plate. The door had a steel core and was further reinforced by a Fox police lock.

Elliott had never felt insecure in his apartment, nor were its security measures the result of his own paranoia. They had all been in place when he moved in. And they were standard for the building and the neighborhood.

He passed the gun from hand to hand, at once glad to have it and, like an impulse shopper, wondering why he'd bought it.

Where should he keep it?

The drawer of the night stand suggested itself. He put the gun and the box of shells in it, closed the drawer and went to take a shower.

•

It was almost a week before he looked at the gun again. He didn't mention it and rarely thought about it. News items would bring it to mind. A hardware-store owner in Rego Park killed his wife and small daughter with an unregistered handgun, then turned the weapon on himself; reading about it in the paper, Elliott thought of the revolver in his night-stand drawer. An honor student was slain in his bedroom by a stray shot from a high-powered assault rifle, and Elliott, watching TV, thought again of his gun.

On the Friday after his return, some item about the shooting of a drug dealer again directed his thoughts to the gun, and it occurred to him that he

(continued on page 160)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

OUR PRE-SEASON PICKS OF THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS

The Florida State Seminoles, led by senior quarterback Casey Weldon, are our choice to win the notional championship this year.

sports By Gary Cole

THE BEST SOURCE for news about college football these days isn't the *Sporting News* or the sports section in your local newspaper or your local TV sports jock; it's *The Wall Street Journal*. That's because the recent conference hopping, bowl-date switching and mugwumping over a national-championship play-off system are all about—you guessed it—money. History, tradition, even regional allegiances have been thrown to the wind. What counts these days is the clout of the TV dollar—the almighty viewer share.

Until recently, the College Football Association negotiated the TV-network deals for 63 member schools. Notre Dame, the most powerful C.F.A. member because of its broad national following, split from the association to make its own five-year, $35,000,000 deal with NBC. Without the high-profile Irish, the C.F.A. was forced to renegotiate its financial arrangements with ABC/ESPN from $350,000,000 to $300,000,000.

Penn State, quickly recognizing the weakened power of the C.F.A., jumped ship by leaving to join the Big Ten Conference. The Southeastern Conference looked to strengthen its negotiating position by adding new members and market share. Arkansas bolted the scandal-ridden Southwest Conference to join the S.E.C. Looking toward East and West division alignment, the S.E.C. added South Carolina, setting up a conference championship game between the two divisions.

Not to be outdone, the Atlantic Coast Conference enticed Florida State to join its fold, enhancing the conference's football clout. Florida State was attracted by the A.C.C.'s academic reputation and by the prestige and potential money of its basketball schedule.

But it was Sam Jankovich, in his final bit of finagling as the departing athletic director at the University of Miami (before taking the job of general manager of the New England Patriots), along with Big East commissioner Mike Tranghese, who engineered the new Big East—on the surface, the wackiest alliance of them all. What sense did it make for Miami, which dominated college football for ten years, to join a conference in which only three of its nine members play football on the Division I-A level and two don't play football at all? With the rush of independents to the protection of conference affiliations, Miami realized that scheduling major opponents would become an increasingly difficult problem. Also, Miami wanted an umbrella to protect it

TOP 20 TEAMS

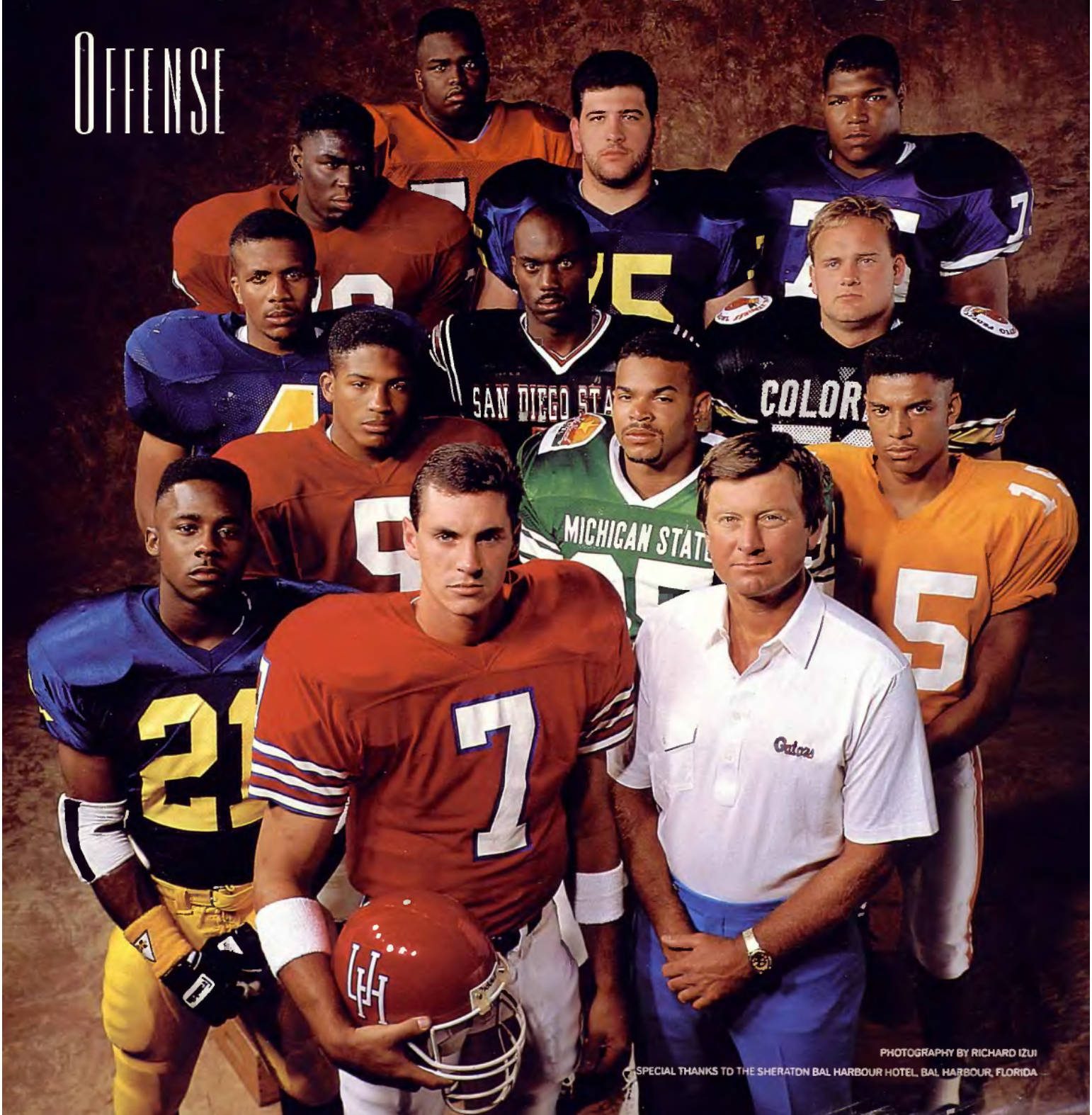
1.	**Florida State**	**11–1**
2.	Georgia Tech	11–1
3.	Michigan	9–2
4.	Washington	9–2
5.	Oklahoma	9–2
6.	Houston	9–2
7.	Penn State	9–3
8.	Notre Dame	9–3
9.	Florida	9–2
10.	Clemson	9–2
11.	Miami	9–2
12.	Syracuse	9–2
13.	Texas	9–2
14.	Michigan State	9–2
15.	Nebraska	9–2
16.	Auburn	8–3
17.	Iowa	8–3
18.	Virginia	8–3
19.	Baylor	8–3
20.	Colorado	7–4

The next 20: Ohio State, Tennessee, Brigham Young, UCLA, Fresno Stote, Texas A&M, Stanford, California, Pittsburgh, San Jose State, Air Force, Wyoming, North Carolina, Alabama, Southern California, Georgia, Virginia Tech, Texas Tech, Indiana, Illinois.

Left to right, bottom to top: Desmond Howard, wide receiver, Michigan; David Klingler, quarterback, Houston; Steve Spurrier, Coach of the Year, Florida; Glyn Milburn, kick returner, Stanford; Tico Duckett, running back, Michigan State; Carl Pickens, wide receiver, Tennessee; Russell White, running back, California; Patrick Rowe, wide receiver, San Diego State; Jay Leeuwenburg, center, Colorado; Bob Whitfield, tackle, Stanford; Greg Skrepenak, tackle, Michigan; Lincoln Kennedy, guard, Washington; Ray Roberts, guard, Virginia.

PLAYBOY'S 1991

OFFENSE



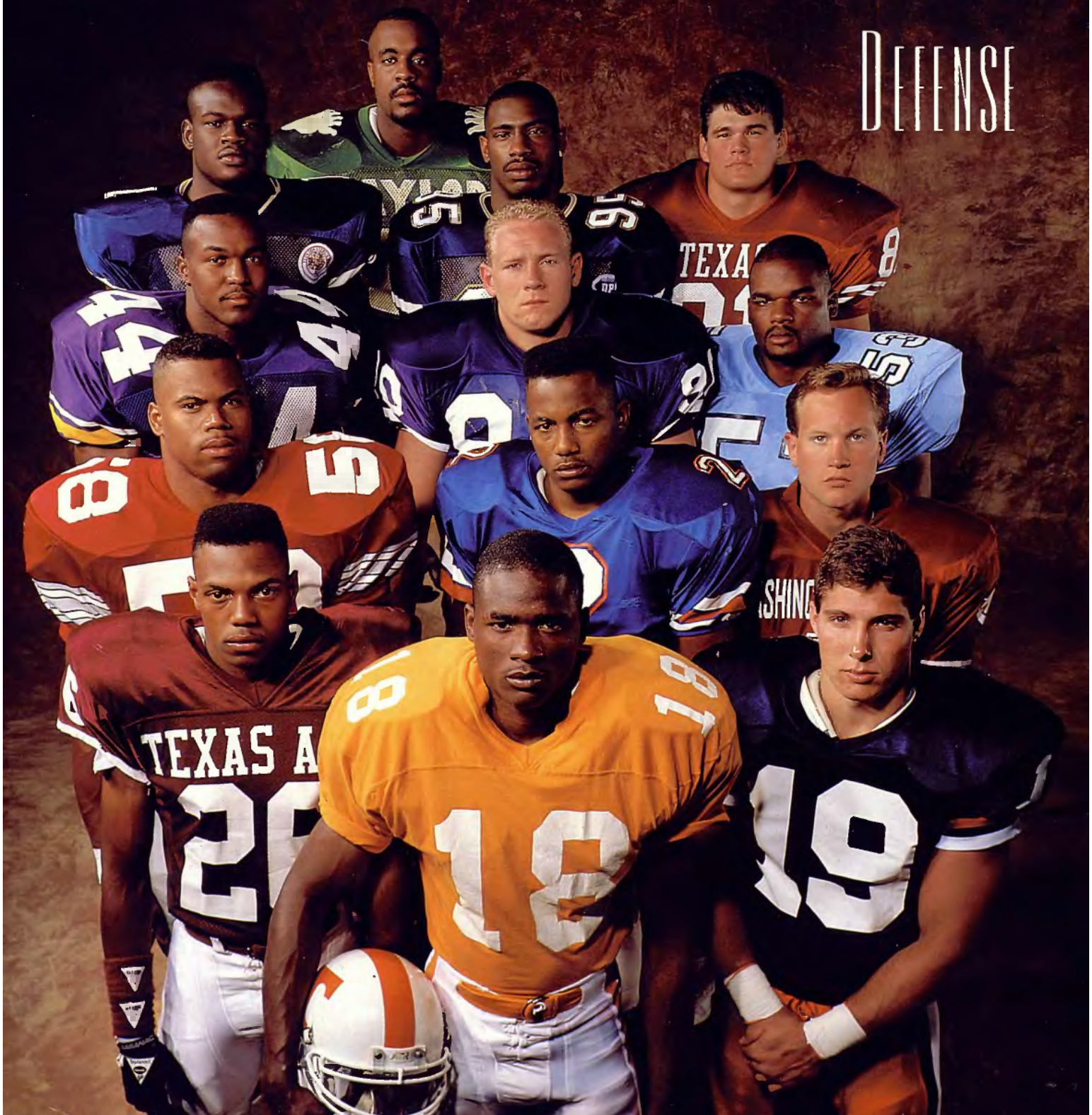
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE SHERATON BAL HARBOUR HOTEL, BAL HARBOUR, FLORIDA

Left to right, bottom to top: Kevin Smith, back, Texas A&M; Dale Carter, back, Tennessee; Mike Hopkins, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Illinois; Steve Tovar, linebacker, Ohio St.; Will White, back, Florida; Jason Hanson, place kicker/punter, Washington St.; Robert Jones, linebacker, E. Carolina; Steve Emtman, lineman, Washington; Dwight Hollier, linebacker, North Carolina; Ken Swilling, back, Georgia Tech; Marco Coleman, linebacker, Georgia Tech; Shane Dronett, lineman, Texas; Santana Dotson, lineman, Baylor.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

DEFENSE



THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

Playboy's College Football Coach of the Year for 1991 is STEVE SPURRIER. Now beginning his fifth year as a collegiate head coach, the second at the University of Florida, Spurrier has a career record of 29-15-1. He has been named his conference's Coach of the Year in three of his four seasons, twice at Duke in the A.C.C. and last year in the S.E.C. with Florida. His teams have been ranked in the nation's top ten in total offense and passing offense in each of his four seasons. As a player, Spurrier was a Heisman Trophy–winning quarterback for Florida in 1966. He played for the San Francisco 49ers from 1967 to 1975.

OFFENSE

DAVID KLINGLER—Quarterback, 6'3", 210 pounds, senior, Houston. Led nation in total offense with 5221 yards, an N.C.A.A. record. Also set N.C.A.A. record with 54 T.D. passes.

TICO DUCKETT—Running back, 5'10", 185, junior, Michigan St. Nation's leading returning rusher with 1394 yards last season. A.P. Big Ten Offensive Player of the Year in 1990.

RUSSELL WHITE—Running back, 6', 200, junior, California. Ranked number seven in nation in all-purpose yardage last season.

CARL PICKENS—Wide receiver, 6'3", 200, junior, Tennessee. Led the S.E.C. in receiving last season with 917 yards on 53 catches.

DESMOND HOWARD—Wide receiver, 5'9", 170, senior, Michigan. Led team with 63 receptions for 1025 yards. Ranked second in kickoff returns in nation with 29.5-yard average.

PATRICK ROWE—Wide receiver, 6'1", 200, senior, San Diego St. Led N.C.A.A. in receiving with 126.5 yards per game. Set an N.C.A.A. record for most consecutive 100-yard receiving games (nine).

JAY LEEUWENBURG—Center, 6'3", 265, senior, Colorado. First team Big Eight. Has starred in football despite being a diabetic.

RAY ROBERTS—Guard, 6'6", 300, senior, Virginia. Won Jacobs Trophy, given to top blocker in A.C.C. as voted by conference coaches.

LINCOLN KENNEDY—Guard, 6'7", 315, junior, Washington. Second team All–Pac 10 last season; is part of dominating Huskies offensive line.

GREG SKREPENAK—Tackle, 6'6", 322, senior, Michigan. All–Big Ten; is a top pro prospect.

BOB WHITFIELD—Tackle, 6'7", 300, junior, Stanford. Only sophomore finalist for last season's Outland Trophy award for best offensive lineman in nation.

GLYN MILBURN—Kick returner, 5'9", 175, junior, Stanford. Averaged 24.8 yards per kickoff return last season. Was N.C.A.A. leader in total yards with 202-yard-per-game average.

DEFENSE

SHANE DRONETT—Defensive lineman, 6'6", 258, junior, Texas. A.P. All-America last season and one of nation's top pass rushers.

SANTANA DOTSON—Defensive lineman, 6'5", 258, senior, Baylor. All–Southwest Conference two years in a row.

STEVE EMTMAN—Defensive lineman, 6'4", 280, junior, Washington. First sophomore in history to win Morris Trophy as Pac 10's top defensive lineman.

STEVE TOVAR—Linebacker, 6'4", 240, junior, Ohio State. Led Buckeyes in tackles in his first year as starter.

MARCO COLEMAN—Linebacker, 6'4", 250, junior, Georgia Tech. Led A.C.C. in quarterback sacks last year.

DWIGHT HOLLIER—Linebacker, 6'3", 240, senior, North Carolina. Led A.C.C. in total tackles for two years in a row.

ROBERT JONES—Linebacker, 6'3", 236, senior, East Carolina. Led his school with 167 tackles last season.

DALE CARTER—Defensive back, 6'2", 182, senior, Tennessee. Ranked second in S.E.C. with five interceptions last season and was nation's leading kickoff returner with a 29.8-yard average.

KEVIN SMITH—Defensive back, 6', 175, senior, Texas A&M. Has already tied Southwest Conference record for career interceptions (18).

WILL WHITE—Defensive back, 6'1", 198, junior, Florida. Led S.E.C. and ranked second in nation last season in interceptions (seven).

KEN SWILLING—Defensive back, 6'3", 236, senior, Georgia Tech. Unanimous first-team All-America last year.

JASON HANSON—Place kicker, punter, 6'1", 178, senior, Washington St. As a place kicker, has 14 career field goals over 50 yards, only two short of N.C.A.A. record. As a punter, ranked third in nation last season with a 45.4-yard average. Also an Academic All-America with a G.P.A. of 3.68 in pre-med.

from the fallout of the inevitable down year. Said Jankovich, "Our football has way too much financial pressure on it."

With the Miami shuffle, the Big East bought insurance for its Division I-A football members—Pittsburgh, Boston College and Syracuse—all of which were playing as independents, anyway. "I knew that someday soon we were going to have to address football," said commissioner Tranghese. "If we didn't, we'd be out of business in ten years."

Once all the schedules kick in, and most will be effective in 1992 or 1993, only a handful of independents with national stature will be left, most notably Notre Dame. And even the Irish have made a deal with several major bowls and conferences to guarantee the Golden Domers their pick of the end-of-the-season contests and all the money that goes with them.

If you're like us, these new conference affiliations are going to take a while to assimilate. By our count, Penn State in the Big Ten adds up to a big 11—assuming Northwestern still counts—but then, marketing guys aren't known for math.

For the purpose of previewing this season and with the exception of the Big East conference, we'll keep teams in their old affiliations, since none of them are playing their new conference schedules yet. By 1993, when Penn State is scheduled for a full slate of Big Ten games, perhaps we'll all have grown accustomed to the idea of Joe Paterno stomping the side lines of Ann Arbor in his white socks and black sneakers.

Now let's get on to who's going to be good and not so good this college football season.

1. FLORIDA STATE

The last time we picked Florida State as our pre-season favorite to win the national championship, the Seminoles taped a rap video before their opening game with Miami—and were promptly humiliated, 31–0, at the hands of the Hurricanes. Coach Bobby Bowden prays that his team has learned the penalty for overconfidence. Florida State has an awesome arsenal of football talent. Seventeen of 22 starters return from last season's team, which finished 10–2 and beat top-ten teams Florida and Penn State to close the season. Quarterback Casey Weldon, who was 6–0 as a starter and finished third in the nation in passing efficiency, returns for his senior season. Amp Lee and Edgar Bennett are two of the best running backs in the nation. The defense returns nine starters, including cornerback Terrell Buckley and linebackers Marvin Jones and Kirk Carruthers. The embarrassment of

(continued on page 182)

"What kind of pocket translator is this? It doesn't even have the French word for blow job!"

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

why 1991 was a bust; an exciting future for chrysler?; four sexy sedans that beat the luxury tax; and wheels to watch for 1992

article By KEN GROSS

FOR DOMESTIC and European auto makers, this past summer was a wild ride. Declining new-car sales, production cutbacks and factory shutdowns led to a combined record first-quarter loss of more than two and one half billion dollars for General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. At presstime, total U.S. sales had fallen to their lowest level in eight years. European car sales were also off by double-digit figures, rocked by luxury taxes and stiff competition from the Japanese. Perhaps out of desperation, Detroit's Big Three have formally charged Toyota, Nissan and Mitsubishi with "dumping"—unfairly pricing minivans for the past three years. (Toyota sells a Previa-style van in Japan for about $22,000. In the States, a comparable model is priced around $14,000, which translates to a $3000 advantage after duty, taxes and finance adjustments are deducted.)

The lawsuit has been called a clever American ploy to get the Japanese to reveal their cost structure. And the entire effort could backfire if the results simply confirm that labor costs are much lower in Japan.

Diverting attention from its aging product line until the sleek LH sedans debut in 1993, Chrysler Corporation has conceived the Dodge Viper, a ten-cylinder Cobra-style roadster that resembles a Miata on steroids. The first models should hit dealer showrooms in early spring, priced at $50,000.

Beyond the headline-grabbing legal battle, both foreign and domestic auto makers hope that 1992 models will save them. But for some manufacturers, there's little to anticipate. Several 1992 models, such as Ford's Crown Victoria, Mercury's Grand Marquis and Buick's Roadmaster sedan, debuted early in 1991. Cadillac's 1992 Seville and Pontiac's Bonneville SSEi went on display last February. Even the Japanese have begun advancing introduction dates to help generate showroom traffic. For example, *(continued on page 166)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

WILD

CAMILLE PAGLIA

Like her hero the Marquis de Sade, Camille Paglia considers herself "an independent thinker who shocks." Paglia, a Yale Ph.D. who's an associate professor of humanities at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, has shocked critics, academics and feminists with her thesis that human biology contributes much more than modern men and women—especially women—are willing to admit when it comes to ambition and achievement. Paglia insists, "There is truth to sexual stereotypes." For good measure, she claims that Western culture is built upon a pagan foundation, which Judaeo-Christianity has been unable to vanquish.

She makes her case with an analysis of 70,000 years' worth of Western art and literature, religion and psychology, detailed in her 700-page "Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson." Published in 1990, the book might have remained an inspiration for debate in ivy-covered halls, but Paglia has ventured off campus with a vengeance. She has condemned fellow academics for their narrow specialization and has editorialized against feminists for their attitudes toward beauty and pleasure, not to mention sex and rape. She claims that she is out for nothing less than the destruction of feminist rhetoric ("Social slogans inevitably become repressive," she insists). Academics and feminists have reacted with fury, but Paglia relishes the combat. She describes herself as an heir to the tradition of the Amazons, the mythological woman warriors, and cites her Roman forebears for their noble mission of civilizing the known world. "Sexual Personae" has sold nearly 15,000 copies, remarkable for a work originally aimed at a university readership. The paperback appeared in September and the book's second volume, which applies Paglian analysis to the period from the middle of the 19th Century to the present, will be published in 1992.

the renegade feminist and campus cult heroine lectures us on why she endorses pornography, paganism and the bracing smell of marine life

Warren Kalbacker telephoned Professor Paglia for an appointment. He recalls, "She warned me that I'd need time to prepare, that parts of 'Sexual Personae' were tough going. So I began to cram, with art books and volumes of plays and poetry close at hand." A couple of weeks later, Kalbacker traveled to Philadelphia to meet Paglia over lunch. "I felt I'd done my homework pretty well," he says. "But I was glad I could use a tape recorder; she talks so fast I developed genuine sympathy for those who have to sit in her classes and take notes."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've written that clams on the half shell have a "latently cunnilingual character." Would you care to comment further before squeezing the lemon and adding cocktail sauce?

PAGLIA: I began to notice that people had intense reactions to my ordering raw clams on the half shell, which I adore. This is my clam theory: Eating clams is extremely sensuous. It's not just cutting something very neatly with a knife and a fork; you're actually picking up the clam and getting into the shapelessness and the marine character of it. There's an ancient analogy between the smell of marine life and the female genitals. According to Sandor Ferenczi's *Thalassa: A Theory of Genitality*, the substance in decaying fish is the actual chemical in female genital secretions. What does this have to do with our primeval origins in the early sea? Some people say, "I love the way a woman smells; I find it very arousing." Others think it's disgusting. Many gay men seem to loathe raw clams. I find this pattern of attraction and revulsion coming from our senses very important in eroticism.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've described *Sexual Personae* as an "obnoxious" book. Many of your critics, especially feminists, agree. Did you set out to piss them off?

PAGLIA: It was intended to please no one and to offend everyone. The entire process of the book was to discover the repressed elements of contemporary culture, whatever they are, and palpate them. One of the main premises was to demonstrate that pornography is everywhere in major art. Art history as written is completely sex free, repressive and puritanical. I want precision and historical knowledge, but at the same time, I try to zap it with pornographic intensity.

3.

PLAYBOY: Since the "Cliffs Notes" for *Sexual Personae* are not yet available, would you synopsize a few of Professor Paglia's ideas?

PAGLIA: Sex is much bigger than the genitals. It's a matter of sensory awareness, living in the physical world and reacting to it in a sensory way. Aesthetics is at the heart of human nature. Once you start talking about aesthetics, you have to talk about the aesthetics of the human body. If you take an art class, you're being trained to see things in a bisexual way. To truly respond to the full history of art, you have to have a bisexuality of response to see the eroticism and beauty of the male figure and the beauty of the female figure. Artists are in some way androgynous. They are mediators negotiating the territory between the sexes; but most men and women are totally separate from one another and can never understand one another.

4.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to set the *Playboy* centerfold in the context of the Western critical eye?

PAGLIA: Very sensuous and very physical. But in no way threatening. The idea of a beautiful woman as an object of sensuous pleasure seems to me to be perfectly acceptable, part of human life. The centerfold has a terrible reputation among feminists. They're hostile to what they term the "male gaze," the way men by their voyeuristic obsessiveness keep women in the position of sexual objects that are passive to their staring. The male gaze is a cliché of contemporary feminism: Every photograph or painting of a nude woman presupposes a male observer and excludes female observers. Feminism has not fully been able to absorb the idea that a man can be aroused by looking at a picture of a nude woman.

5.

PLAYBOY: We understand that two women in New Haven returned *Sexual Personae* to their bookstore and demanded their money back. They termed it ideologically unacceptable. Are you concerned about the refunds' mounting up? *(continued on page 170)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCKENFELS 3

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

the n.c.a.a.'s heartland conference takes on an eleventh sister and scores a perfect ten

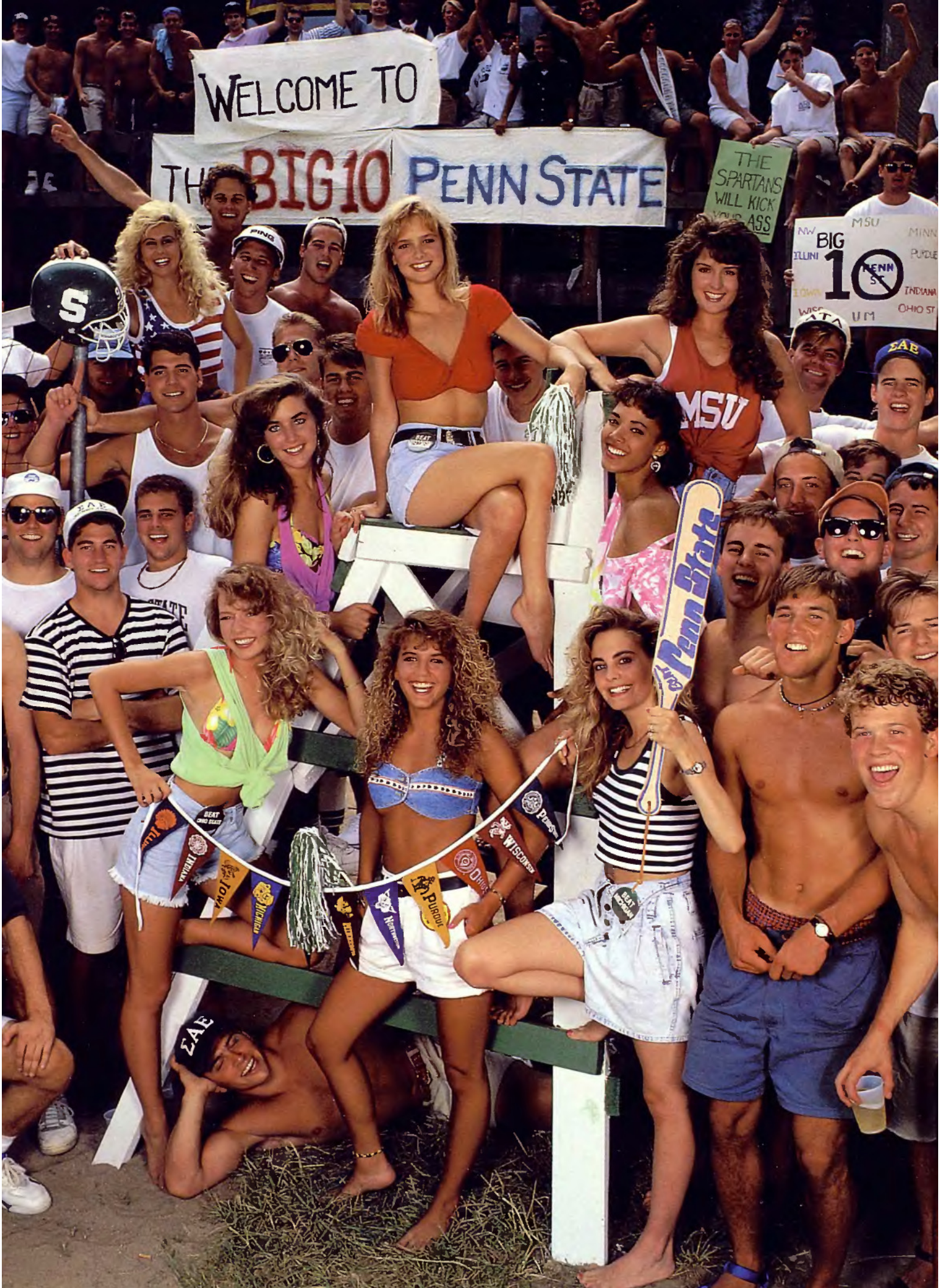
THE NEWS may have ticked off typesetters and logo makers nationwide, but last year, it became official: Penn State University had jumped the fence, joining forces with the N.C.A.A.'s legendary Big Ten conference. Just the idea of a new-and-improved (if unofficially dubbed) Big Eleven raised more than a few eyebrows. "People began asking, 'Does it stop here?'" says a Big Ten spokeswoman, "'or is this just the beginning? Will there soon be a *super*conference?'" Intrigued, we hit the road.

Geographically, the Big Ten cuts a healthy swath into the Midwest, just below the country's Great Lakes hairline. Now encompassing eight states, the popular conference is best known for rough-and-tumble play on the football field. But, frankly, we were more interested in the off-field players—specifically, the ones who look lousy in helmets but terrific in skirts. Would Penn State's arrival onto the Big Ten scene also boost the conference's beauty quotient? To find out, we asked Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to fire up their cameras and do a little investigating. They returned with something a tad more inspiring than *Barron's Profiles of American Colleges*—and a tad more fun.

In keeping with the back-to-school spirit, we're also inviting you to help us select a special homecoming queen. To find out how you can vote for your favorite Big Ten beauty and maybe even score some serious prizes ($5000 for her to further her education, $5000 and a home entertainment center for you), turn to page 191. But check out the competition first.

Perfectly embodying the beauty and charm of the Big Ten is U of Wisconsin's Park Morgan (top), a jeanswear designer, local cover girl and recent Miss Hawaiian Tropic International finalist. Working toward a degree in economics, Park has been known to spend down time water-skiing and sky diving. Another go-getter is Purdue's Lesley Mitchell (far left), a future adwoman with a thing for trucks, guys and "roughing it." Originally from California, Lesley feels especially at home at Purdue: Both of her parents teach there. Now say hi to Ohio State's Cindy Cooper (left), an honor student planning a career as a defense attorney. A native of Lawrence, Kansas, Cindy appears frequently in the local media alongside her dad, John, who is the Buckeyes' football coach. Brags Cindy, "He is the role model in my life." Opposite, check out the celebration, as the gang at Michigan State welcomes the Big Ten's newest addition, Penn State, to the conference. Moving clockwise from bottom center are: Lisa Early (hand in packet), Amanda Rice, Natalie Ann Bagusky, Heather Johnson, Trista Mowry, Heather Moody, Kelly Cochran and Michelle Halsey. You'll see more of Misses Bogusky and Johnson later on.

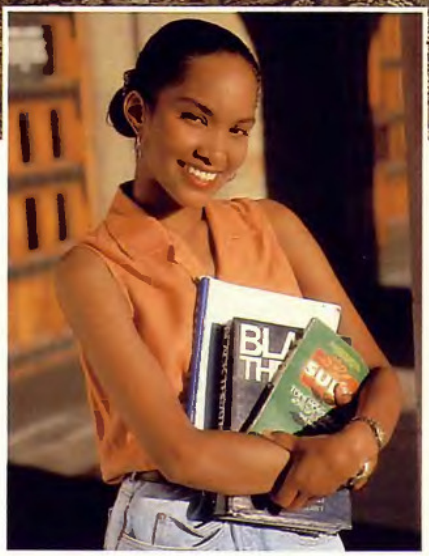
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY


WELCOME TO
TH BIG 10 PENN STATE
THE SPARTANS WILL KICK YOUR ASS
BIG 10
MSU
PENN ST
OHIO ST
INDIANA
PURDUE
MSU
ΣΑΕ
Penn State
WISCONSIN
PURDUE
NORTHWESTERN
IOWA
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
ΣΑΕ

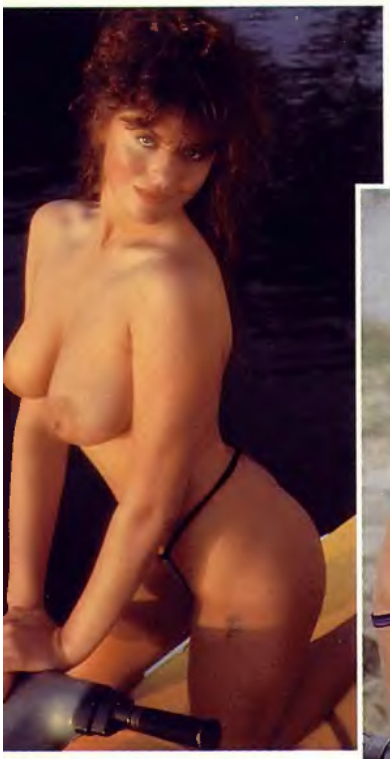
Talk about busy! Since enrolling at Ohio State, Wahlea Michelle Bradley (left) has already taken honors courses and landed on the pages of the *1991 Women of the Scarlet and Gray* calendar. A dancer, singer and swimsuit model, Wahlea would eventually like to become a journalist. (Wish we were hiring.) From the U of Minnesota comes Malinda Peters (bottom left), an outdoorswoman who hails from Dubuque, Iowa. An early riser who likes to stay up late, Malinda has no patience for rude people, frat parties and "men who try too hard." Below is Karen Rossetto, a dynamo from the U of Illinois. "Everything in life should be done at a one-hundred-percent level," says Karen, boasting that she had recently tried bungee jumping in California.

U of Iowa's Sandra Gooding (below) has narrowed her career choices to two—grade school teacher or model—but when it comes to romance, she's still compiling data: "I dislike guys who are stuck on themselves," she explains, "but I do like lots and lots of compliments." Got that? Kristin Herold (right) is a native New Yorker who divides her time among classes at Ohio State, beach bumming and honging out with the boys. "I love guys," she says. "They're fun, easygoing and they all look out for me." Northwestern's Cynthia Lane (bottom right) wants to proctice medicine or genetic counseling. Otherwise, she's content biding time with crossword puzzles, oldies music and—sorry, guys—her husband.

When she's not in class, Ohio Stote's Tamiko Sherman (far left) likes to play sports, to work out and to meet new people. Her fovorite type of suitor? "I love the mature ones." Although U of Michigan's Sara Jane Zeilstro (left) is majoring in mechanical engineering, don't be too quick to peg her os the overly serious type. "I like someone who's fun to be with," soys the Grand Rapids, Michigan, native, "someone who makes me lough." Lounging below is Ohio Stote's Leslie Ward, a Louisville, Kentucky, girl who fesses up to a possionote "thirst for knowledge." Lest you think she's all broins, no brawn, be advised: The lody also lifts weights.



"Believe it or not," says Penn State's Betty Louder (top), "I love to study." A poly-sci major who has made the dean's list, Betty has double-barreled ombitions: "to become a corporate lawyer and a *Playboy* Playmate." Northwestern's Mara Dionne Brock (obove) is one opinionated lady. Her loves: cowboy boots, horoscopes and her pit bull, Tara. Her peeves: rocism, bugs and "weoring bras." On men, Mara takes a line from the guys: "I'm a leg woman." Purdue's Brigitte Carlson (right) likes her men tall, dark, hondsome—and Itolian. She avoids those who are, uh, "too nice."



Chicaga-barn Lindsey Kalcheim (left) is a Narthwestern University student and a true-blue Madanna fan wha dreams of starring in a mavie with the rack goddess. But Lindsey parts ways with Madanna in the canduct department. "I'm a typical goady-gaady," she admits. "I live life strictly by the rules." The U af Minnesota's Pamela Murphy (battam left) plans ta enter the sobering world af chemical engineering, but we'd be hard-pressed to call her canventional. She likes ta box, has a fandness far lizards and is turned aff by psychalagy majars. Hmmm. What would Freud say? To Pam's right is U af Michigan's Lisa Engelman, an actress, runner, painter and lover af "romantic moments." Hint: Paetry and candy will help.

"I can't believe anybady wauld think I cauld be a madel," says Linda Zinger (above), a figure skater, dance enthusiast and neurasurgeon-to-be fram Indiana U. "On the street, na ane wauld even notice me." We beg ta differ, Linda. Ready to enter the data-crunching field of sociological research is Andy Mitchell (facing page, tap left), a recent Indiana U grad. A barn-and-bred Midwesterner (Bloomington, Indiana) who likes cats, classical music and lacrasse, Andy tells us her dad is a prafessianal photographer. We wander what he thinks of our wark here. Although Ashley Braaks (right) came ta the U af Iawa all the way fram Salem, Oregan, she's still every bit the hametawn girl, calling her family "very clase and laving." Ashley fans, take nate: "I lave hanest, friendly men with hairy chests."

There must be something about the Big Ten that brings out the ombition in you, ond here's a trio thot proves just that: U of Wisconsin's Soumaya Young (top) is heoded for broadcast journalism; U of Michigan's Tracey Phillips (below Soumayo) wonts to be a professor of classical archoeology; and Northwestern's Jennifer Nagle (above) has her sights fixed on o top law school. And who said the Midwest was plain vanilla?

From the U of Wisconsin comes a dazzling duo whose coreer poths will probobly never cross. After groduotion, Wichito-born Corrie Schieble (obove left) plons to sail into the shoulder-podded world of advertising or law, where she'll likely wind up with her dreom cor, a red BMW; meanwhile, Angelique Mortin (obove center) is a hiker, camper ond woodswomon who can't imagine "being cooped up inside on office." Then there are those who get turned on by otherworldly endeovors—such as Nicole De Sontes (obove right), a Penn Stater who hopes to work for NASA. Nicole's time killers: listening to heavy metol, going for motorcycle spins ond "toking things oport ond ottempting to put them bock together." Chenoa Parr (below) is o Toronto transplant at the U of Minnesoto. Communicotion seems to be Chenoa's thing: She likes reoding books in French, prefers straight-talking men and hopes for o coreer in internotional diplomacy.

Gabrielle D'Alemberte (abave) came to the U af Iowa fram Miami—and has yet ta slaw dawn. A former member of the Pompan Squad and a Gamma Phi Beta sararity sister, she has auditianed far Santa Barbara and wauld lave to be a Laker Girl. Does Shauna McCarty (tap right) laak familiar? Yep, she was one of our Women af the Women's Colleges (April 1991) before transferring to Northwestern from Wheaton College in Massachussetts. Shauna's still bent on seeing her name in lights. Michigan State's Amy Lorentzen (below Shauna) is an uptawn girl with down-home sensibilities. Barn in New Yark City, she's a nature lover, Jack Kerouac devotee and future world-class photographer. Tracy Rabinsan (right) is studying criminal justice at Indiana U but confesses, "I get bored easily." What keeps her inspired? "Polite men who dress well."

Once again, here's Michigan State's Heather Johnson (top left), who will one day practice law but currently practices karate. When we asked Heather what kind of man she likes, she cut right to the chase: "Number sixty-nine on the MSU football team." Gathered round the beloved Nittany Lions mascot is a septet from the Big Ten's new little sister, Penn State. Moving clockwise from bottom center are: April Lynne O'Connor, Judy Smith, Vicki Norton, Kathleen Lazar, Sandra Wanesky, Christine Kraczynski and Katy Machinski. Our other MSU encore, Natalie Ann Bogusky (below), dreams of opening a fashion boutique. Her dream man? "He's rugged, sexy and doesn't spend more time looking in the mirror than at me."

Roller blading, kittens and sunsets on the lake are only a few of the things that strike the fancy of U of Minnesota's Jennifer Price (above). On affairs of the heart, she's a little more discriminating: "Jealous guys are the pits," she says, "but I love men in red convertibles." Finally, here's Ohio State's Kimberly Paul (right), whose current plans include graduating, traveling the world and "settling down as a schoolteacher and wife." We look forward to the home-coming, Kim.

CREWCUT *(continued from page 102)*

"'I had a math test today, but I gave this guy a blow job after school and that cheered me up.'"

•

About a month ago, she called me. "Samantha, honey, I have a big surprise for you, a belated fifteenth-birthday present."

"Yeah?" I said, suspicious.

"I have to go to Miami—to this medical convention I booked speakers for—and I want to take you with me. Not any of the other kids, just the two of us. I don't have that much work, just a couple of meetings, and you're big enough to take care of yourself. It would be more of a vacation than anything else. Just an excuse for us two girls to play together for a couple of days in the sun. What do you say?" she said, suddenly aware that I hadn't spoken.

"I don't know. I'm not sure if it's such a good idea." I wrapped the twisty phone cord around my wrist until red marks appeared.

"Why not? It'll be so much fun. Samantha, you'll go back home golden brown and everyone will be so jealous of your tan. We'll have a great time, I promise."

"I'll have to ask Dad," I said, knowing he wouldn't care one way or another. "How would I get there?"

"I'll send you a plane ticket. You can take the train to Philadelphia and fly from there."

"Wait, Mom. Could I take the train all the way?"

"Samantha, it's more than a thousand miles to Miami. The train would take forever, and besides, trains today are awful——"

"I'll only come if I can take the train," I interrupted. "I know you don't understand, but I don't want to fly."

"Oh, honey!" she exclaimed. "Oh, honey, you're not afraid to fly? Samantha, it's really perfectly safe."

"Mom, I'll come if I can take the train."

That settled it. After a flurry of I'm-so-exciteds and I can't-wait-to-see-yous, she hung up. It didn't bother me that she thought I was scared. Whatever she wanted to believe was fine with me. The longer the train ride took, the better. It would be one of the first times I would be alone for more than a couple of hours in my life. No brother and sisters to look after, no parents breathing down my neck. It was a good-enough trade in my eyes to make up for three days or so of dealing with my mom.

•

Janie watches me pack, sitting cross-legged on the floor of the room we share as I stuff clothes into a bag.

"I'm so jealous of you. You're going to eat in great restaurants, go shopping, swim in the ocean, all while I sit here freezing in New Jersey. I hope Mom takes me somewhere when I'm fifteen."

"Don't bet on it. You can't depend on her. It's going to be fun, but she'll watch me like a hawk. 'Don't sit like that, Samantha, it's not ladylike.' 'Let's go out and buy you some *real* clothes, Samantha; you don't need to wear hand-me-downs.'" I imitate her high voice and clucking noises of disapproval.

Over the past year, I've started shopping in dusty, dimly lit secondhand stores, rummaging through boxes of jumbled clothing. I wear faded and sometimes ripped men's jeans several sizes too big for me, so large that I swim in them. I cinch them tightly around my waist with my favorite find, a belt with a brass buckle in the shape of Texas, the words DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS embossed on it. I wear men's work shirts, broadcloth pinstripes with buttondown collars and a previous owner's initials stitched into the breast pocket. I've been wearing hats. A five-gallon hat and a bowler are my favorites, but I think I'll retire them for a while, to show off my newly shorn head. The only part of my outfits my mother will approve of are the camisoles: They're mostly white, lacy and look like they should smell of moth balls. But I don't hide them; I wear the shirts unbuttoned so the lace of the camisoles peeks through. I can just hear what my mother will say.

She would throw a fit if I told her about the sex. How sometimes after school, I go out behind the soccer field and into the woods near the boys' school. Even though they come in pairs or clusters of three, we go one at a time, while the others kick up dirt or throw stones waiting for their turns. They're well-behaved, polite boys. Sometimes, while I'm pulling down their pants—I love the charged sound of the zipper slowly unzipping—they'll ask me, their voices breathless, "How about if you meet me in town on Saturday night? I'll take you out in my car." I shake my head no, diving down. I enjoy it and so do they—why make it more complicated?

Sometimes I feel like telling my mother when she calls and asks, "How's school, Samantha?"

I want to answer, "It's OK. I had a math test today that was pretty hard, but I gave this guy a blow job after school and that cheered me up."

I don't think she'd take it all that well.

•

Janie mumbles something and rolls back over when the alarm goes off. When I steal out of the dark room, all I can make out of her is a lumpy figure under the covers and masses of curls covering her pillow. I walk to the corner and wait until the bus lumbers up, its headlights still beaming.

The brightly lit train station is worlds apart from the stillness of the early morning. It's bustling, brimming with men and women in business suits, hurrying to buy the paper and a cup of coffee, or making one last phone call before the train arrives. They're all probably taking the train into Philadelphia or maybe New York. I doubt that anyone here will be going to Florida with me.

I sit down on one of the straight-backed wooden benches, hugging my bag close. I don't want anyone to get the idea that just because I'm young and traveling alone, I'm an easy target. There's a family sitting across from me. Two little kids climb all over their mother as if she were a jungle gym; her hands are everywhere, wiping the snotty nose of one, grabbing a half-eaten lollipop from the other. They bombard her with questions: "When are we going?" "How long till we get there?" I'm glad I'm leaving home for a while.

The board lights up with the track number for my train and swells of people crowd the stairway to get downstairs to the platform. I climb on the train and find myself a seat.

"Tickets! Tickets, please!" the conductor bellows as he slides open the door to my car.

"All the way to Miami, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Well, young lady," he says, smiling at me, "you've got a nice long ride ahead of you. We should be arriving in Miami in a little more than twenty-four hours—around nine A.M. tomorrow."

As he moves on to the woman in a business suit sitting across the aisle from me, I settle back into my seat and fall asleep to the rhythmic clanking of the wheels.

I wake up several hours later to the sun shining so brightly in my eyes I can't even focus. My whole body is stiff from sleeping in a cramped position for so long. As I stretch out, I see that the businesswoman is gone. Now sitting across the aisle from me is a woman

"His father didn't need a computer to figure out who to screw next."

with gray hair pinned into a disheveled bun, playing cards with herself.

Noticing that I'm awake, she smiles at me and says, "Lord, child, I didn't think anything would bring you back to the land of the living."

I just nod.

"I'm going to visit my son and new grandchild—my first granddaughter, mind you; there are already three boys ahead of her. They live in Raleigh," she says, nodding back at me.

"Where are we?" I ask, looking out the window at empty fields and a ribbon of highway that looks like it's chasing the train tracks.

"Oh, about twenty minutes, half an hour outside of D.C. How far are you going?"

"Miami."

"My God, honey, you've got a long ways to go. Want me to get you something from the club car? I'm going."

"Well, OK, if you could," I say. "Orange juice or apple, whatever they have." I reach into my pocket, but she shakes her head.

"My treat," she says, and wobbles down the aisle, clutching the tops of seats so she won't fall. I settle back into my seat and put on my headphones. As Sinéad croons to me about another lost love, I think about my mother.

•

I was eight when my mother first left, or at least that's the first time I remember. She taped a note to the refrigerator, between the macaroni collages and the finger paintings. It said something like, "(1) Mike—lunches for girls are inside. (2) Don't forget to pick up the laundry Friday. (3) I've gone away for a while. Be back soon. Love, Carole. P.S. Samantha and Janie, be good to Daddy. XXXXOOO, Mommy."

She left for good about a year after the twins were born. She told us she was going away for a couple of weeks to Aunt Carrie's in Arizona. "Even mommies need vacations," she said, smiling, as she brushed her lips against our foreheads—but I knew she wasn't coming back.

Dad didn't like us to talk about her. He never forbade it, but he didn't like it. After a while, we just stopped bringing up her name. By the time she called to tell us about her new job booking speakers for conventions all over the country, we had already fashioned a routine without her.

•

The woman across the aisle gives me a tiny bottle of orange juice and begins to collect her baggage.

"Raleigh! All passengers for Raleigh, North Carolina, next stop!"

"Enjoy your granddaughter," I say as she hurries down the aisle. "Thanks for the orange juice."

Our car begins to lurch and I feel the brakes pleading the train to a complete stop. New people board, elbowing their way through the crowded aisle.

Except for the juice, I haven't had anything to eat all day, and my stomach has started to grumble and groan. I leave my jacket so people will know the seat is taken—and make my way to the club car.

•

I come back loaded down: barbecue potato chips, chocolate-covered peanut-butter cups and a Coke. Someone is in the seat next to mine and I'm annoyed, but I have no right to be. Luckily, my window seat is still free. If he's a pest, all I have to do is lean against the window and pretend I'm asleep.

"Excuse me."

He looks up at me, startled, as if I've interrupted him or something.

"Yeah?"

"That's my seat," I say, gesturing to the window with my chin.

"Oh, sorry." He gets up and moves out of the way so I can get in. He has a long face with perfectly straight dirty-blond hair that hangs in his eyes. He's wearing a faded orange T-shirt with GO CLIMB A ROCK printed on it and when he stands up, I notice how loose his jeans are; they sit low on his hips and look as if there's very little keeping them up.

I squeeze past him into my seat and pick up the copy of *Rolling Stone* that I bought in the train station.

"Nice day for a train ride," he announces.

"Hmmm."

"How far you going?"

"Miami," I answer, looking him straight in the face. He looks away.

"I'm going there, too," he tells me. Then there's just silence.

I turn to look out the window. I had thought there would be some interesting scenery, that when we entered the South, I would see a difference, or at least feel a difference. But I don't. It looks like the same flat land I left behind in New Jersey.

"You always had such short hair?"

"What?"

Embarrassed, maybe realizing it wasn't the most polite thing to ask, he repeats it.

"No. Why?" Why the hell does he care?

"I don't know." Mr. Go Climb a Rock shrugs his shoulders. "I like it. I just wondered."

I pull my headphones out of my bag. De La Soul pounds loudly in my ears, a steel curtain of sound isolating me from the rest of the world. While Mr. Go Climb a Rock stares ahead, fixating on something that I can't make out, I study his face. He looks older than I first thought. His skin is pitted and he has tiny wrinkles that radiate like sun rays from the corners of his eyes. He turns to look at me, but when he does, I twist around and curl up against the window, pretending I'm asleep.

•

I wonder if my mother is dating anyone now. I can just imagine what she's like around guys—men other than my father, I mean. I just hope that if she has a hot date, I don't have to watch. It honestly makes me sick.

"Excuse me," I say to Mr. Go Climb a Rock. He gets up as I grab my small bag and move into the aisle.

In the cramped bathroom, I sit on the toilet breathing heavily. I hold my face in my hands. I don't know why I agreed to this in the first place. Every time I see her or think about seeing her, my stomach gets so knotted up I can't breathe. She doesn't have a hold on you anymore, I tell myself. I stand up, throw cold water on my face and give myself a good, long stare in the mirror. My features seem odd to me, naked and out of place: my blue eyes puffy and too far apart, my lips too pale and cracked.

I reach into my bag and pull out a heavy black eyeliner and carefully outline my eyes. It doesn't look right, so I extend the lines to my temples. My eyes still look strange, but in a good way. I put on scarlet lipstick until my lips look stained with blood. My cheeks are pale; I pat on powder until they become even whiter. I unlock the door and open it, only to find Mr. Go Climb a Rock standing there.

"Sorry," he says, cheeks turning red. "I didn't know——"

"That's OK." I start to squeeze past him, to make my way out of the bathroom, but he's standing in the way and staring at me and all of a sudden, I realize that I don't want to go back to my seat at all.

I grab his hand and pull him in after me. He doesn't protest, doesn't say anything. He just smiles and lets me lead the way. The bathroom stinks of stale cigarette smoke and urine. I slide the lock on the door closed and sit on the toilet. While he's pressed up against the door, I slide my hands down to his hips, ease off his jeans and start to go down on him. He stops me, grabbing my hands.

"C'mere," he drawls, saying it as one word. He pulls me up, smiling slowly, but I hold back.

"No, you come here."

"Have it your way," he says, and comes to me.

He sits down and I pull off my jeans and straddle him. He doesn't say anything, doesn't try to woo me, and I'm glad for that. He just tightens his grip, his arms weaving through my

(continued on page 174)

AN ALL-AMERICAN FASHION STORY

FALL SPORTSWEAR PORTFOLIO

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

REMEMBER the Fifties, when every guy wore blue jeans and wanted to be James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*? Topped off with a varsity or a black motorcycle jacket, it was the simplest way to make a sharp impression. Which is just what has happened in the Nineties—simplicity is back: relaxed but evocative clothes with a strong, manly style; denim and leather with plenty of sex appeal; cool duds that go back to basics. We asked fashion photographer Peter Arnell to capture that look of a time "when people approached life with the kind of sincerity and optimism," he says, "that we in the Nineties are finally returning *(text concluded on page 152)*

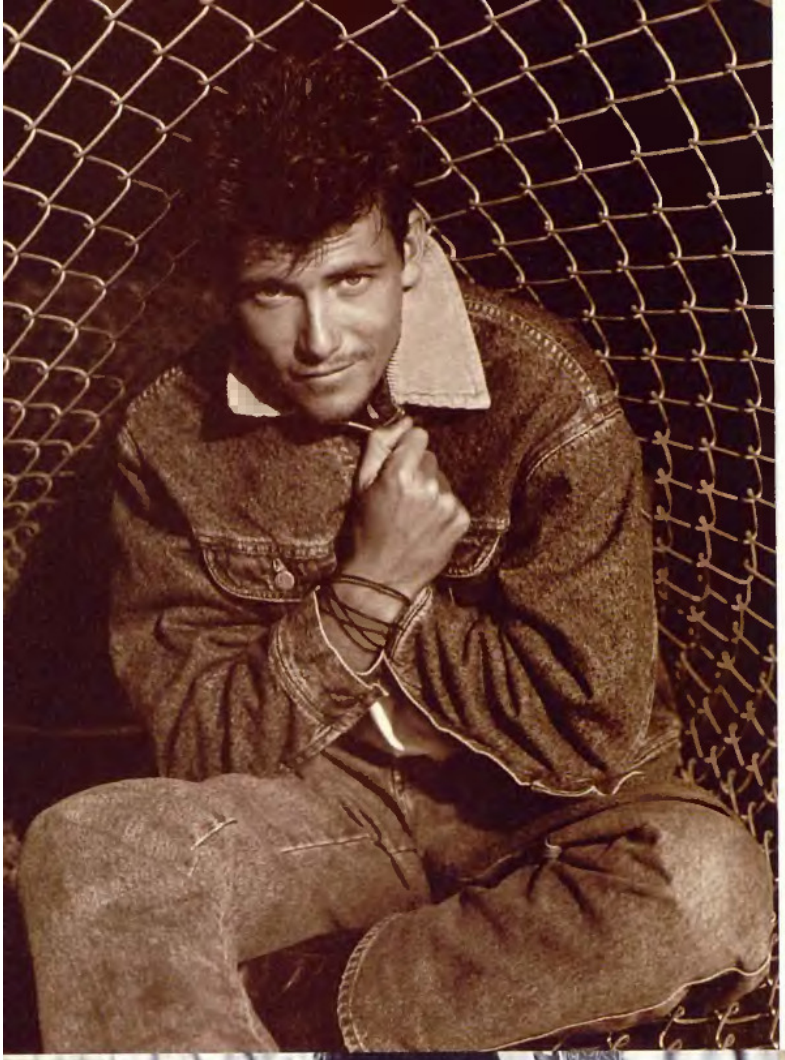
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER ARNELL

Among the many slick styles in outerwear this season are quilted-suede and -leather jackets. At left is a black quilted-leather zip-up model that reverses to a microfiber baseball jacket, by Big 2 Do, about $700; worn with a washed-cotton cable-knit turtleneck sweater, by Henry Grethel, $82; and denim button-fly jeans with a relaxed fit, by Tom Tailor, $75. Denim shirts are another great sportswear alternative. The guy below left is sporting a cotton work shirt with a brown suede collar and two patch pockets, by Perry Ellis Mens America, about $50. Denim jackets, which seemed to be all washed up just a few years ago, have returned—this time with great corduroy and suede accents. Below right is a cotton denim three-quarter-length model with a suede collar and elbow patches, by Perry Ellis Mens America, $135; plus sterling link bracelet, $260, and leather strand bracelet with sterling-silver floating amulet and onyx catch, $190, both by Kerry MacBride. If the beatnik look is more your bag, check out the hip dude, opposite page, drumming up some fashion action in a gray lamb's-wool V-neck sweater, $60, and a cotton crewneck long-sleeved T-shirt, about $15, both by French Connection Menswear; plus cotton denim stone-washed blue jeans, by Jordache, $30; and wrap-around sunglasses, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb, $95.

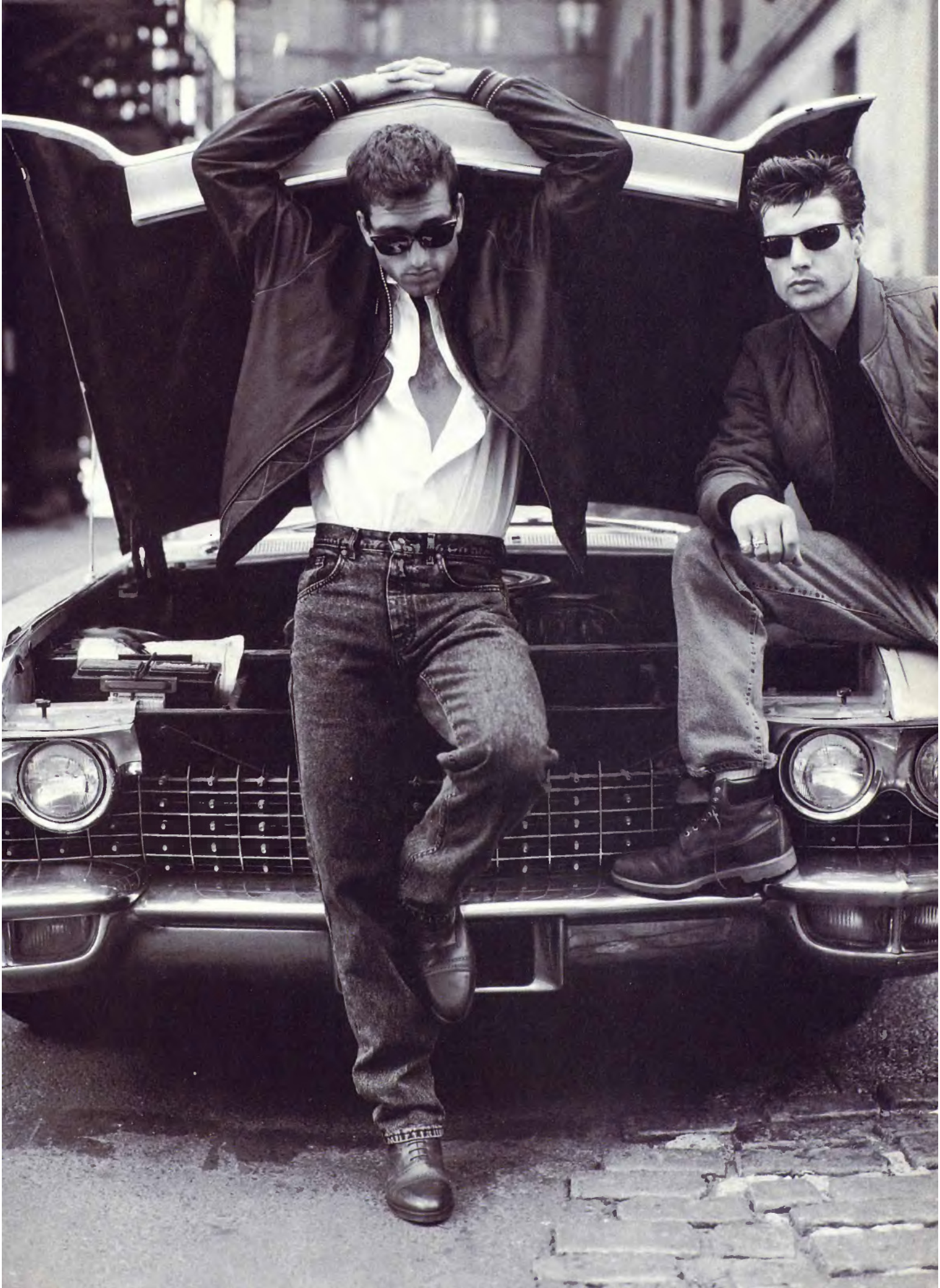
Here's the ultimate in retro cool: a black leather motorcycle jacket with quilted lining, belted front, biswing back and metal-zippered pockets, by Schott, $325; worn with a cotton crewneck T-shirt, by Calvin Klein Underwear for Men, $9; and black cotton denim stonewashed five-pocket jeans, by Edwin Jeans, about $70. Shorter-length outerwear may be the hot new look, but as the fellow on the opposite page demonstrates, duster-length coats also have the fashion picture well wrapped up. He's wearing an olive cotton water-resistant model with a wool button-out lining and a brown leather collar, $425, worn over a cotton denim buttondown shirt, $68, both by Calvin Klein Sportswear; plus gold-metal oval-shaped sunglasses, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb, about $113.

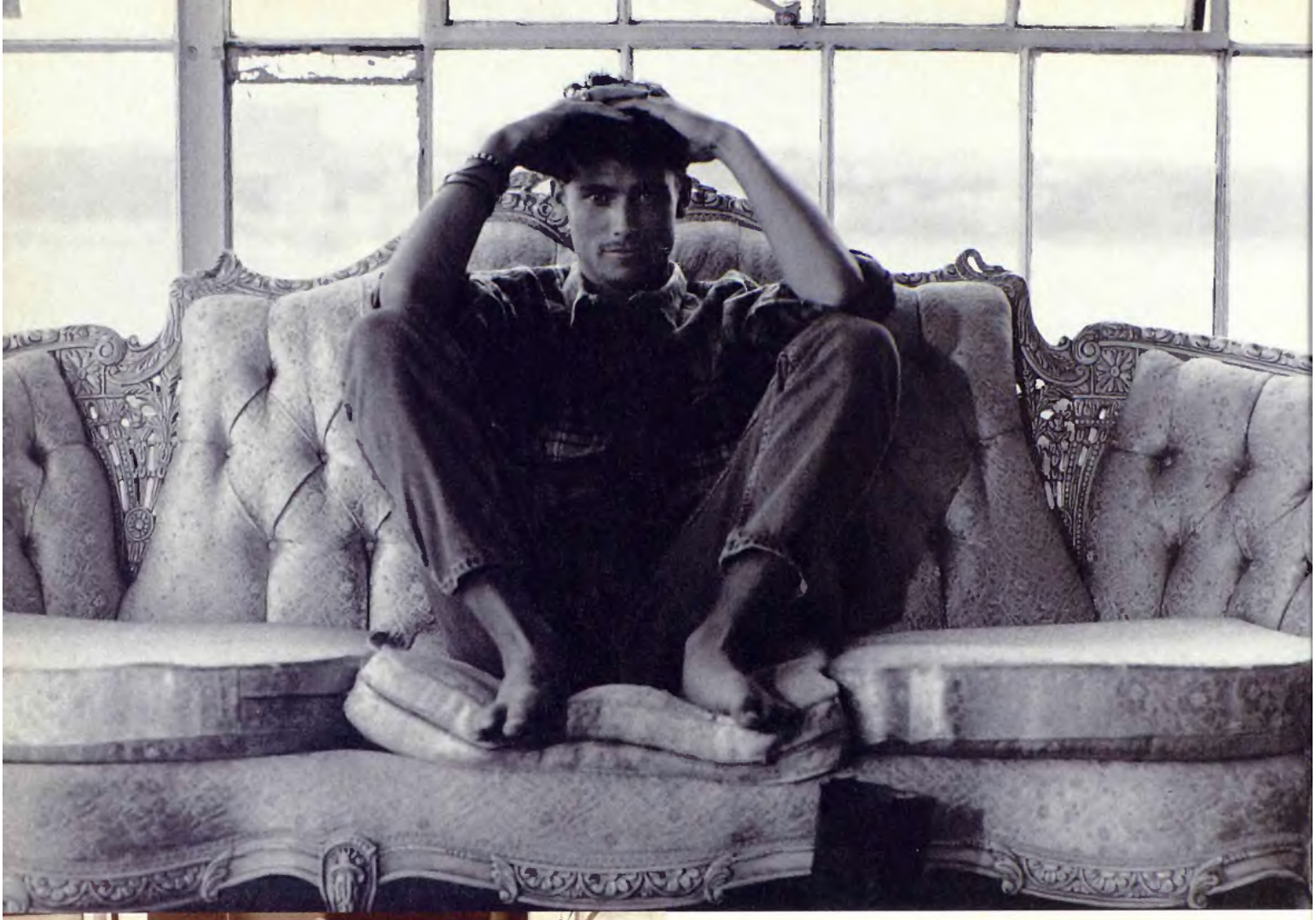
to." The clothes we've chosen are honest and comfortable: plain or logoed team jackets in leather, wool melton, satin or quilted suede; denim or corduroy shirts worn with a sports jacket and even a tie; stone-washed or ready-to-fade blue jeans with a relaxed fit and a boot-leg cut; plaid flannel shirts that are patchworked and cowboy styled; V-neck sweaters worn over white cotton T-shirts (a white T-shirt with jeans also looks great); hooded sweaters in cotton jersey, fleece and heavier wool blends; cabled turtlenecks, tunnel-necked turtles and mock turtlenecks in light- or heavy-cotton knits (check out the new zip mock turtles in "Style" on page 26). Baseball caps are also back and all the good guys this year are sporting black cowboy hats just like country singer Clint Black's. And there's also biker, cowboy and workmen's boots—as strong and tough as Brando in *On the Waterfront*.

Pilot, gardener or baseball player? The lad at left is none of those, but his eclectic outfit combines fashion elements of all those career paths, including a brown distressed-leather bomber jacket with a logo on the back, by Z. Cavaricci, $350; a taupe cotton jersey-knit hooded pullover, by Axis, $42; denim overalls, by Pepe, about $90; Cy Young Award winner LaMarr Hoyt's personal 1983 Chicago White Sox baseball cap, from Leland's, $200; and brown/green waterproof leather boots, by Rockport, $175. Going casual doesn't have to mean jeans and a T-shirt. The man below is wearing a gold-colored brushed-melton single-breasted jacket with notched collar and quilted lining, by Henry Grethel, $190; a multicolored corduroy button-down shirt, $40, and gold twill double-pleated trousers, $32, both by Bugle Boy; plus brown leather belt with nickel-plated-brass buckle, by Daniel Craig, $150. If you're tired of black or brown leather jackets, check out some of the new multicolor models. On the opposite page is a lambskin jacket with a reversible/detachable collar, by M. Julian, $500; worn over a cotton hooded sweat-shirt jacket with two chest flap pockets, $80, and a cotton T-shirt, about $30, both by Diesel; black cotton denim stone-washed jeans, by Bon Jour, $35; and nubuck lace-up work boots, by Timberland, $130.



Those of you who banish your denim jackets to the closet at the first sign of frost should check out the blonket-lined cotton jean jacket with besom pockets at left, by Lee, about $60; and cotton super stone-washed baggy blue jeans, by Rifle, $55. The big swing is also to baseball and varsity jackets. Below left is a Fifties leather, wool and nylon team jacket with embroidered banner, by Harley-Davidson, about $365; worn with black denim jeans, for Guess by Georges Marciano, $60. Below right: For a strum session in the bathtub, try a cotton tank top, by Calvin Klein Underwear for Men, $9, and cotton denim blue jeans, by Pepe, about $60. Opposite: Two cool guys for the road have on (left) a black napa-leather zip-front bomber jacket, by Guess Men, about $320; a white cotton buttondown shirt, by Lance Karesh for Basco, about $80; denim stone-washed blue jeans with a relaxed fit, by Lee, about $30; black plastic sunglasses with 100 percent ultraviolet protection, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb, $70; plus brown leather cap-toed boots, by Kenneth Cole, $180; and (right) a tan nubuck baseball jacket, by Mirage, $260; a black zip-up turtleneck, by STNT, $115; oversized denim blue jeans, by Diesel, about $70; black plastic retro wrap-around sunglasses, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lamb, $95; and nubuck waterproof work boots, by Timberland, $130.





Patchwork was once a fashionable way to mask wear and tear, but taday it's a style all its own. Everything from shirts to vests to ties is naw being patched. Above, for example, is a multicolored cotton patchwork flannel shirt with Western yoke, by Tom Tailor, about $70; worn with cottan denim stone-washed blue jeans, by Jordache, $30. At one time, club kids and bad boys were the only ones sporting head-to-toe black. Not anymore. The urban cowboy at left is at the height of fall fashion in a black quilted-nylon jacket, by Diesel, about $195; a cotton crew-neck undershirt, by Jockey International, about $12; black cotton buttan-fly jeans, by Diesel, $70; a black felt quarter-horse hat with a four-inch rodeo brim, a leather-rape band and silver eyelets, by Stetson, $120; and black leather cowboy boots, by Justin Boots, $170. Opposite: Same guy, same outfit—but this time, the scenery's a whole lot better and he has swapped the Stetson for a pair of black plastic wrap-around sunglasses with 100 percent ultraviolet protection and light-absorption lenses, from Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb, about $100; and black harness boots with a silver ring accent and cowboy heels, a full-grain square-toed leather foat and shaft, by Code West, about $170. In the interest of safety, we'd also like to recommend helmets for real-life easy riders.

Where & How to Buy on poge 185.

BLOW FOR FREEDOM

(continued from page 124)

"He lay and inhaled the smell of metal and machine oil, interesting and not unpleasant."

ought at least to load it. Suppose someone came crashing through his door or used some advance in criminal technology to cut the gates on his windows. If he were reaching hurriedly for a gun, it should be loaded.

He loaded all six chambers. He seemed to remember that you were supposed to leave one chamber empty as a safety measure. Otherwise, the gun might discharge if dropped. Cocking the weapon would presumably rotate the cylinder and ready it for shooting. Still, it wasn't going to fire itself just sitting in his night-stand drawer, was it, now? And if he reached for it, if he needed it in a hurry, he'd want it fully loaded.

If you had to shoot at someone, you didn't want to shoot once or twice and then stop. You wanted to empty the gun.

Had Huebner told him that? Or had someone said it in a movie or on television? It didn't matter, he decided. Either way, it was sound advice.

•

A few days later, he saw a movie in which the hero, a renegade cop up against an entrenched drug mob, slept with a gun under his pillow. It was a much larger gun than Elliott's, something like Huebner's big automatic.

"More gun than you really need in your situation," Huebner had told him. "And it's too big and too heavy. You want something you can slip into a pocket. A cannon like this, you'd need a whole shoulder rig or it'd pull at your suit coat something awful."

Not that he'd ever carry it.

That night, he got the gun out of the drawer and put it under his pillow. He thought of the princess who couldn't sleep with a pea under her mattress. He felt a little silly, and he felt, too, some of what he had felt playing with toy guns as a child.

He got the gun from under his pillow and put it back in the drawer, where it belonged. He lay for a long time, inhaling the smell of the gun, metal and machine oil, interesting and not unpleasant.

A masculine scent, he thought. Blend in a little leather and tobacco, maybe a little horse shit, and you've got something to slap on after a shave. Win the respect of your fellows and drive the women wild.

He never put the gun under his pillow again. But the linen held the scent of the gun, and even after he'd changed the sheets and pillowcases, he could detect the smell on the pillow.

•

It was not until the incident with the panhandler that he ever carried the gun outside the apartment.

There were panhandlers all over the place, had been for several years now. It seemed to Elliott that there were more of them every year, but he wasn't sure if that was really the case. They were of either sex and of every age and color, some of them proclaiming well-rehearsed speeches on subway cars, some standing mute in doorways and extending paper cups, some asking generally for spare change or specifically for money for food or for shelter or for wine.

Some of them, he knew, were homeless people, ground down by the system. Some belonged in mental institutions. Some were addicted to crack. Some were lay-abouts, earning more this way than they could at a menial job. Elliott couldn't tell which was which and wasn't sure how he felt about them, his emotions ranging from sympathy to irritation, depending on circumstances.

CAPTAIN MORGAN ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

Sometimes he gave money, sometimes he didn't. He had given up trying to devise a consistent policy and simply followed his impulse of the moment.

One evening, walking home from the bus stop, he encountered a panhandler who demanded money. "Come on," the man said. "Gimme a dollar."

Elliott started to walk past him, but the man moved to block his path. He was taller and heavier than Elliott, wearing a dirty Army jacket, his face partly hidden behind a dense black beard. His eyes, slightly exophthalmic, were fierce.

"Didn't you hear me? Gimme a fuckin' dollar!"

Elliott reached into his pocket, came out with a handful of change. The man made a face at the coins Elliott placed in his hand, then evidently decided the donation was acceptable.

"Thank you kindly," he said. "Have a nice day."

Have a nice day, indeed. Elliott walked on home, nodded to the doorman, let himself into his apartment. It wasn't until he had engaged the locks that he realized his heart was pounding and his hands trembling.

He poured himself a drink. It helped, but it didn't change anything.

Had he been mugged? There was a thin line, he realized, and he wasn't sure if the man had crossed it. He had not been asking for money, he had been demanding it, and the absence of a specific threat did not mean there was no menace in the demand. Elliott, certainly, had given him money out of fear. He'd been intimidated. Unwilling to display his wallet, he'd fished out a batch of coins, including a couple of quarters and a subway token, currently valued at $1.15.

A small enough price, but that wasn't the point. The point was that he'd been made to pay it. *Stand and deliver*, the man might as well have said. Elliott had stood and delivered.

A block from his own door, for God's sake. A good street in a good neighborhood. Broad daylight.

And you couldn't even report it. Not that anyone reported anything anymore. A friend at work had reported a burglary only because you had to in order to collect on your insurance. The police, he'd said, had taken the report over the phone. "I'll send somebody if you want," the cop had said, "but I've got to tell you, it's a waste of your time and ours." Someone else had been robbed of his watch and wallet at gunpoint and had not bothered reporting the incident. "What's the point?" he'd said.

But even if there were a point, Elliott had nothing to report. A man had asked for money and he'd given it to him. They had a right to ask for money, some judge had ruled. They were exercising their First Amendment right of free speech. Never mind that there had been an unvoiced threat, that Elliott had paid the money out of intimidation. Never mind that it damn well felt like a mugging.

First Amendment rights. Maybe he ought to exercise his own rights under the Second Amendment—the right to bear arms.

•

That same evening, he took the gun from the drawer and tried it in various pockets. Unloaded now, he tried tucking it into his belt, first in front, then behind, in the small of his back. He practiced reaching for it, drawing it. He felt foolish, and it was uncomfortable walking around with the gun in his belt like that.

It was comfortable in his right-hand jacket pocket, but the weight of it spoiled the line of the jacket. The pants pocket on the same side was better. He had reached into that pocket to produce the handful of change that had mollified the panhandler. Suppose he had come out with a gun instead?

"Thank you kindly. Have a nice day."

Later, after he'd eaten, he went to the video store on the next block to rent a movie for the evening. He was out the door before he realized he still had the gun in his pocket. It was still unloaded, the six shells lying where he had spilled them on his bed. He had reached for the keys to lock up and there was the gun.

He got the keys, locked up and went out with the gun in his pocket.

The sensation of being on the street with a gun in his pocket was an interesting one. He felt as though he were keeping a secret from everyone he met, and that the secret empowered him. He spent longer than usual in the video store. Two fantasies came and went. In one, he held up the clerk, brandishing his empty gun and walking out with all the money in the register. In the other, someone else attempted to rob the place and Elliott drew his weapon and foiled the holdup.

Back home, he watched the movie, but his mind insisted on replaying the second fantasy. In one version, the holdup man spun toward him, gun in hand, and Elliott had to face him with an unloaded revolver.

When the movie ended, he reloaded the gun and put it back in the drawer.

•

The following evening, he carried the gun, loaded this time. The night after that was a Friday, and when he got home from the office, he put the gun in his pocket almost without thinking about it. He went out for a bite of dinner, then played cards at a friend's apartment a

"You're lucky. I don't usually do this on my first date unless I really need a bath."

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Try a fistful

dozen blocks away. They played, as always, for low stakes, but Elliott was the big winner. Another player joked that he had better take a cab home.

"No need," he said. "I'm armed and dangerous."

He walked home, and on the way, he stopped at a bar and had a couple of beers. Some people at a table near where he stood were talking about a recent outrage, a young advertising executive in Greenwich Village shot dead while using a pay phone around the corner from his apartment. "I'll tell you something," one of the party said. "I'm about ready to start carrying a gun."

"You can't, legally," someone said.

"Screw legally."

"So a guy tries something and you shoot him and you're the one winds up in trouble."

"I'll tell you something," the man said. "I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six."

•

He carried the gun the whole weekend. It never left his pocket. He was at home much of the time, watching a ball game on television, catching up with his bookkeeping, but he left the house several times each day and always had the gun on his person.

He never drew it, but sometimes he would put his hand in his pocket and let his fingers curl around the butt of it. He found its presence increasingly reassuring. If anything happened, he was ready.

And he didn't have to worry about an accidental discharge. The chamber under the hammer was unloaded. He had worked all that out. If he dropped the gun, it wouldn't go off. But if he cocked it and worked the trigger, it would fire.

When he took his hand from his pocket and held it to his face, he could smell the odor of the gun on his fingers. He liked that.

By Monday morning, he had grown used to the gun. It seemed perfectly natural to carry it to the office.

On the way home, not that night but the following night, the same aggressive panhandler accosted him. His routine had not changed. "Come on," he said. "Gimme a dollar."

Elliott's hand was in his pocket, his fingers touching the cold metal.

"Not tonight," he said.

Maybe something showed in his eyes.

"Hey, that's cool," the panhandler said. "You have a good day just the same." And stepped out of his path.

•

A week or so after that, he was riding the subway, coming home late after dinner with married friends in Forest Hills. He had a paperback with him, but he couldn't concentrate on it, and he realized that the two young men across the car from him were looking him over, sizing him up. They were wearing untied basketball sneakers and warm-up jackets and looked street smart, and dangerous. He was wearing the suit he'd worn to the office and had a briefcase beside him; he looked prosperous and vulnerable.

The car was almost empty. There was a derelict sleeping a few yards away, a woman with a small child all the way down at the other end. One of the pair nudged the other, then turned his eyes toward Elliott again.

Elliott took the gun out of his pocket. He held it on his lap and let them see it, then put it back in his pocket.

The two of them got off at the next station, leaving Elliott to ride home alone.

When he got home, he took the gun from his pocket and set it on the night stand. (He no longer bothered tucking it in the drawer.) He went into the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror.

"Fucking thing saved my life," he said.

•

One night, he took a woman friend to dinner. Afterward, they went back to her place and wound up in bed. At one point, she got up to use the bathroom, and while she was up, she hung up her own clothing and went to put his pants on a hanger.

"These weigh a ton," she said. "What have you got in here?"

"See for yourself," he said. "But be careful."

"My God. Is it loaded?"

"They're not much good if they're not."

"My God."

He told her how he'd bought it in Florida, how it had now become second nature for him to carry it. "I'd feel naked without it," he said.

"Aren't you afraid you'll get into trouble?"

"I look at it this way," he told her. "I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six."

•

One night, two men cut across the avenue toward him while he was walking home from his Friday card game. Without hesitation, he drew the gun.

"Whoa!" the nearer of the two sang out. "Hey, it's cool, man. Thought you were somebody else is all."

They veered off, gave him a wide berth.

Thought I was somebody else, he thought. Thought I was a victim, is what you thought.

•

There were stores around the city that sold police equipment. Books to study for the sergeant's exam. Copies of the latest revised penal code. A T-shirt that read, N.Y.P.D. HOMICIDE SQUAD. OUR DAY BEGINS WHEN YOUR DAY ENDS.

He stopped in and didn't buy anything, then returned for a kit to clean his gun. He hadn't fired it yet, except in Florida, but it seemed as though he ought to clean it from time to time, anyway. He took the kit home and unloaded the gun and cleaned it, working an oiled patch of cloth through the short barrel. When he was finished, he put everything away and reloaded the gun.

He liked the way it smelled, freshly cleaned with gun oil.

A week later, he returned and bought a bulletproof vest. They had two types, one significantly more expensive than the other. Both were made of Kevlar, whatever that was.

"Your more expensive one provides you with a little more protection," the proprietor explained. "Neither one's gonna stop a shot from an assault rifle. The real high-powered rounds, concrete don't stop 'em. This here, though, it provides the most protection available, plus it provides protection against a knife thrust. Neither one's a sure thing to stop a knife, but this here's reinforced."

He bought the better vest.

•

One night, lonely and sad, he unloaded the gun and put the barrel to his temple. His finger was inside the trigger guard, curled around the trigger.

You weren't supposed to dry-fire the gun. It was bad for the firing pin to squeeze off a shot when there was no cartridge in the chamber.

Quit fooling around, he told himself.

He cocked the gun, then took it away from his temple. He uncocked it, put the barrel in his mouth. That was how cops did it when they couldn't take it anymore. Eating your gun, they called it.

He didn't like the taste, the metal, the gun oil. Liked the smell but not the taste.

He loaded the gun and quit fooling around.

A little later, he went out. It was late, but he didn't feel like sitting around the apartment, and he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep. He wore the Kevlar vest—he wore it all the time lately—and, of course, he had the gun in his pocket.

He walked around, with no destination in mind. He stopped for a beer but drank only a few sips of it, then headed out to the street again. The moon came into view, and he wasn't surprised to note that it was full.

He had his hand in his pocket, touching the gun. When he breathed deeply, he could feel the vest drawn tight around his chest. He liked the sensation.

When he reached the park, he hesitated. Years ago, back when the city was safe, you knew not to walk in the park at night. It was dangerous even then. It could hardly be otherwise now, when every neighborhood was a jungle.

So? If anything happened, if anybody tried anything, he was ready.

GOVERNOR AND THE BEAUTY *(continued from page 95)*

"'I could have fallen in love with Chuck,' Tai says, 'but I knew he was not going to leave his wife.'"

friends. He was "a perfect gentleman," she recalls—he didn't even try to kiss her. Which may explain why she didn't tell him before she abruptly moved to New York to pursue her modeling career. But, Tai says, Robb tracked her down through her former roommate and started calling her at her Manhattan digs. Then he turned up the heat.

In February 1984, they trysted in the Pierre Hotel—and, yes, she insists, they *did* make love, not just massage, that night. It was, she says, the first of many secret encounters in New York and Virginia. "I could have fallen in love with Chuck," Tai says, "but I really tried to keep it in perspective. I knew he was not going to leave his wife. On our very first date, he told me he wanted to be President someday. He had his plans all laid out, and I wasn't in his future. So I just decided to enjoy the relationship and enjoy him."

As the months rolled by, the glamour of dating a governor waned. Collins was in the big city now—socializing with actors, musicians, celebrities. Robb's dazzle had dimmed considerably. Late in 1984, she recalls, they spent their last evening together, at New York's Park Lane Hotel. Two months later, Tai married East Coast retailing executive Stuart Lucas. End of story? Not even close.

More than three years passed before Robb's long-rumored affair with Collins was unearthed in a media treasure hunt. Reporters looking for goodies on the governor as he campaigned for the U.S. Senate in 1988 were thrilled to find a beautiful blonde in his past. (They also found a bunch of his Virginia Beach buddies—the house-party crew—who have since been indicted on drug charges. But that's a whole other story.) Journalists descended en masse. "And I protected Chuck," Tai remembers. "I still cared about him." It was painful, she says, to be misrepresented in the press—to see her picture in the paper next to photos of alleged drug dealers, to have her mother phone from Roanoke with the local headlines: "CHUCK AND TAI, SEX AND DRUGS!" But she stonewalled the press throughout 1988, then traveled to Japan in early 1989 for a four-month modeling job.

Separated from her husband, she moved into a condo in Virginia Beach and opened her own modeling agency when she returned to the States. She thought the Robb affair was finally over. In fact, the craziest days of the Chuck and Tai Show were still to come.

Late in 1989, Collins remembers, she and her Virginia Beach neighbors noticed a man spying on her condo. The same man showed up at her health club, asking questions, and slunk around the movie set of *Navy SEALS*, in which she had a small part. One night, she arrived home to find her front door wide open. Another night, her phone line was cut. Last fall, she received two death threats. Then the newspaper stories flared up again.

With all the clamoring around Senator Charles Robb—a local detective wrote a scathing book about him; *The Washington Post* sent two reporters to investigate his ties to Virginia Beach; the drug indictments were coming down—Collins decided to get a word in edgewise. "If I had just had an affair with Chuck Robb, maybe it wouldn't have been the public's right to know," she reasons. "But when people start toying with my life, making threats, spying on me—then it's time to say something. I was getting scared."

She spent hours talking with a *Post* writer, who'd been begging her for an interview—but the in-depth story she expected never appeared. By the time her lengthy interview for NBC's *Exposé* program aired this past April, it had been whittled down to a few choice quotes for prime time. Meanwhile, media pressures were mounting for Robb—who sank deeper in the muck last summer when he and the present Virginia governor, L. Douglas Wilder, got into a public mudslinging contest. At each opportunity—and there were plenty—Robb denied his affair with Collins.

"I'm really sick of it," Tai says, sighing. "But, you know, if there weren't a story here, it wouldn't keep coming out. If there were nothing here, it wouldn't still be news."

Common sense comes easy for Tanquil Collins—nicknamed Tai—who survived a childhood fraught with tragedy. The youngest of four children, Tai was only eight when her father suffered a stroke that left him paralyzed. During the next several years, one of her brothers would be temporarily paralyzed in a car wreck and the other would die in prison. Through it all, the baby of the family—a high school cheerleader, member of the homecoming court and track star—comforted her sister and her mother, as well as her grandmother, who lived next door.

When she entered the Miss Virginia-U.S.A. Pageant in 1983—a move that led to her fateful meeting with Governor Robb and all that followed—Collins was just trying to please her grandmother. "Nanny always wanted me to be in a pageant," she says. "I didn't really want to—I'd never been in a beauty contest before. But Nanny was so good to us. I wanted her to be happy." The thought makes Collins laugh. "Then I won—and look what happened!"

Dazzling *Playboy* readers with words and pictures is part of Tai's campaign to put the past behind her and move on. She'd like to marry again and start a family soon—the same things most 29-year-olds want. "I know people are going to say, 'Why did you pose for *Playboy*?' Well, the answer is, I think the body is a beautiful thing. I know I was not supposed to have an affair with a married man," she muses, "but I'm human, too. I take responsibility for what I did. I'm a Christian, I go to church on Sunday. Whether God forgives me or I forgive myself—it's not for the public to judge me."

"Well, according to the book, after that, we should have been breathless, sweaty and pleading for more."

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PLAYBOY'S 1992 WHEELS TO WATCH

JAGUAR XJS

Jaguar has made casmetic changes in its big-cat caupe. We're pleased that the lanky, muscular $50,000 machine retains its velvety-smaath 263-hp V12 engine.

SUBARU SVX

The brand-new SVX packs a Porschelike 230-hp flat six under an F-16 fighter's canapy. It's a flashy, great-handling all-wheel-drive 2+2 car for just $25,000.

CADILLAC ELDORADO TOURING COUPE

This sporty Cad's distinctive new shape isn't shared with another G.M. line. Equipped with the GT package, the $35,000 Eldo handles well, taa.

MAZDA 929

A new $28,000 sedan packed with high-tech features. Optional solar-pawered fans keep the car's interiar vented when it's parked in the sun.

MITSUBISHI EXPO LRV

Priced araund $11,000, the Expo LRV is a sports wagon for the budget-minded. It and its big brother, the Expa, are available in both two- and all-wheel drive.

FORD TAURUS SHO

Drive-line improvements and a more rigid bady give the new $22,000 SHO increased agility. The car's conservative styling remains disappointing ta us.

LEXUS ES 300

The latest Lexus is a stylish $25,000 mid-sized sedan with a 185-hp, three-liter V6 engine. It's a car with its own identity—nat just an upscaled Toyata Camry.

OLDSMOBILE EIGHTY EIGHT ROYALE LS

To ottract yaunger buyers, Olds revamped a venerable marque. This stylish $21,000 front-wheel-drive sedan features electronic shifting and a 170-hp V6 engine.

AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

(continued from page 130)

Toyota's 1992 Paseo and Acura's Vigor hit the streets before summer.

One 1992 car that is right on target for the calendar year is Chrysler's exciting new Dodge Viper, a Cobra-style roadster scheduled to start production in November. The $50,000 Viper will be powered by a massive eight-liter V10 engine coupled with a six-speed gearbox. It's a welcome addition from a company that has little else to offer in 1992—except for a new Grand Cherokee in the spring—but a lot to offer in 1993, in the form of an exciting mid-sized sedan code-named LH.

When it arrives, the sorely needed LH, which will be made in two sizes under three brands, is planned for annual sales of more than 250,000 units. We've had a sneak preview of the car and it looks like a winner. Drawing heavily on last year's Eagle Optima show car, the sleek LH features a cab-forward design with a sharply raked windshield that extends radically over its hood. The result is a low, aggressive silhouette, with an enlarged passenger compartment that's a tremendous improvement over today's boxy K-cars.

Under the hood is an all-new, 3.5-liter, 220-hp, 24-valve V6 engine. Updated front struts and a new multilink independent rear suspension (similar to a BMW 850i's) provide superior handling. Eagle, Dodge and Chrysler versions of the LH will debut in September 1992.

Also give credit to Lee Iacocca for rediscovering safety. Unable to tool up for much-needed new models, Chrysler made news by fitting driver's-side air bags into its U.S.-made cars long before the Japanese realized this safety device would become popular.

Chrysler also has abandoned the traditional organizational structure popular in Detroit since the days of Henry Ford. Instead of separate teams structured according to discipline (such as manufacturing, production and styling), each of the company's new cars is now developed by a dedicated platform team, incorporating representatives from all key areas.

Not surprisingly, the Japanese have used this technique for years. The system saves time and money because developments can proceed simultaneously, and the focus is on ease of production right from the start. Chrysler president Bob Lutz comments that under this new system, "a car can go from concept approval to production in just thirty months."

Lutz is optimistic about the LH, as well as other projects in the works—such as a controversially styled full-sized pickup and a bold new small car. Even so, he admits, "We can't be all things to all people. We'll leave that to General Motors."

And what have Ford and G.M. been up to? Not much. Ford has taken a very conservative redesign approach ever since

1986, when it introduced the futuristic Taurus and Mercury Sable. The interiors of the 1992 Taurus and Sable have been extensively reworked, with dozens of detailed improvements and refinements, including an optional passenger's-side air bag and increased attention to N.V.H. (industry parlance for noise, vibration and harshness). But the restyling is *very* subtle. And the company is still years away from an all-new mid-sized car. Nothing signals change faster than a new look, and Ford doesn't have it. The 1992 Taurus and Sable represent great improvements on already excellent products; but the competition is intensifying and Chrysler's all-new, dramatically styled LH is just around the corner. Even Ford's sporty and fast 220-hp Taurus SHO suffers from the same styling fate for 1992. Sure, there's an aerodynamic new nose and snappy wheels, but once again, they're too subtle. Thankfully, the SHO's balky shifter has been improved—it's better but still not great. A long-overdue four-speed automatic still won't arrive until 1993.

G.M. has similar problems: While the Oldsmobile's new Eighty Eight, Buick's LeSabre and Pontiac's Bonneville are attractive, they break little new styling or engineering ground. And G.M.'s new-for-1992 N-cars—the Achieva, the Skylark and the Grand Am—are cute and packed with features, including ABS, but still lack a driver's-side air bag.

SATURN UPDATE: SLOW BUT STEADY GOING

Things haven't been easy for Saturn. Hampered by a prolonged start-up to ensure its quality, the new make debuted in the midst of the worst sales climate in five years. Sensitive to customers' opinions, Saturn's management handled its first major recall wisely and uniquely: It replaced almost 2000 cars that had contaminated engine coolant with brand-new ones.

Because of the newcomer's prolonged development, elements of its unique styling were copied by Oldsmobile and Pontiac. Design-team head Wayne Viera insists, "We had the new look first," but he confesses that it took so long to produce the cars that other G.M. divisions borrowed several key styling features.

Wisely, G.M. insisted that Saturn have capable dealers. By midyear, they were selling cars at nearly ten percent of Honda's volume. However, Saturn's lack of a driver's-side air bag is a serious omission. Furthermore, at midsummer, its engineers were wrestling with a painting bottleneck that threatened to slow production. Although the new plant is capable of producing more than 240,000 units annually, the company will be lucky to reach half that number in 1992. All Saturn employees, executive and union, are salaried. Their bonuses are tied into unit production and quality. At this rate,

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most employees won't see their rewards for years.

Nevertheless, a current wave of "buy American" sentiment is helping sell Saturns. If the company can keep improving quality and hold off the soon-to-be-redesigned Civic (anticipated new models include a snappy convertible and a small station wagon), it will survive. The real key? The next-generation Saturn can't just be good—it has to be exceptional.

FOUR HOT NEW IMPORTS TO HELP CUSHION THE LUXURY TAX

Status may have been a motivator in making big-ticket purchases in the Eighties, but today car buyers have become much more practical. This change has come just in time for two relatively new auto makers, Acura and Lexus, and for two marginally older *marques*, Mitsubishi and Mazda.

At $30,000, the luxury-tax cutoff point has created an opportunity for cost-conscious Japanese auto makers to market complete packages at prices that are tax exempt (or subject to relatively little tax). Their target car, from a size perspective, is the BMW 5-Series. Currently, a BMW 525i retails in the $35,000-to-$37,000 range before taxes. While all four challengers can be optioned up over the luxury-tax cutoff line, they can be purchased, in hardly barebones form, for around $25,000 to $27,000.

Acura's offering is its second-generation Legend. Lexus has redesigned its Camry-based ES 250 and has named the new car the ES 300. The Mitsubishi Diamante is a new car with handsome styling that unabashedly apes the BMW 5-Series. Newest of the quartet is Mazda's redesigned 929, which offers a production-car first: an optional glass moon roof incorporating a solar ventilation system. If a new 929 is parked in the hot sun, solar cells provide power to ventilation fans that exhaust heated air from the interior. In cooler weather, the cells automatically recharge the car's battery. Innovative and clever, the system has appeared previously only on show cars.

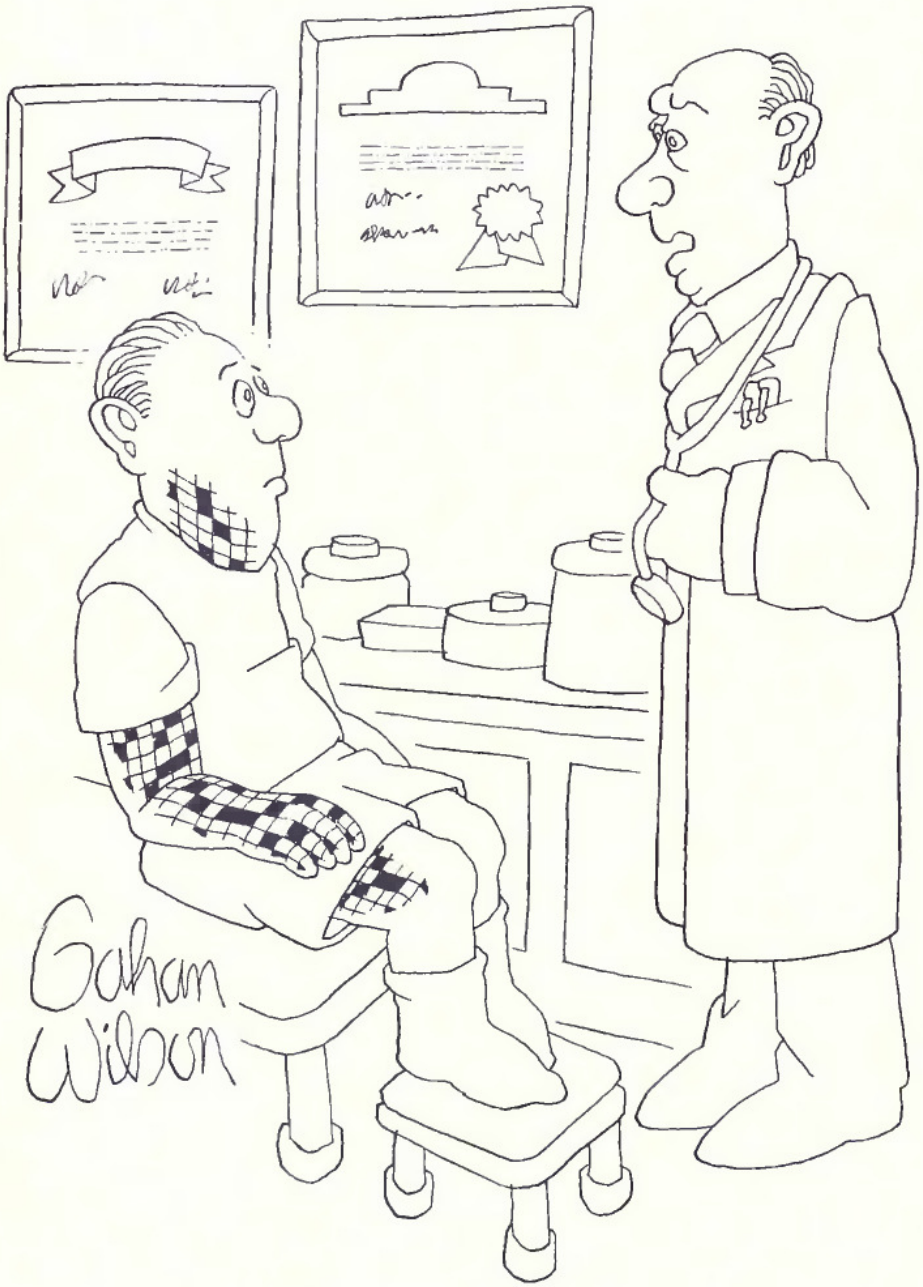
All four cars offer smooth, powerful, three-liter V6s ranging from 185 to 202 hp, compared with the BMW's 189-hp, 2.5-liter in-line six-cylinder engine. The Mazda remains a rear-drive car like the BMW, while the three others are front-wheel-drive models. All four models offer electronic automatic transmission and ABS and driver's-side air bags as standard equipment. The Legend and the 929 even boast a passenger's-side air bag. Unlike earlier Japanese mid-sized cars, whose widths were restricted by Japanese law (in order to keep car width down on Japan's narrow roads, offenders were subject to a high penalty; the rule has since been repealed), the new models are nearly six feet wide and longer than the 185.8-inch BMW.

Like every BMW, the 5-Series is a superb-handling car, so it stands to reason that the new Japanese offerings would focus on exceptional road manners. Mitsubishi's Diamante offers optional Trace Control, along with its Euro-handling package of electronically controlled suspension and traction control. Trace Control sensors measure steering-wheel position and road speed, reporting to a central engine-management computer. If the car approaches a predetermined maximum acceleration value, Trace Control acts as an invisible guidance system by reducing power to the front wheels to ensure that the driver can't corner faster than the car "thinks" it should. The Trace Control can be switched off, but with 202 horses on tap in a front-wheel-drive machine, many people will be glad to let the computer set limits for them.

Japan's ability to bring products to market in less than 36 months continues to plague competitors, who still need four to seven years to design and introduce a new model. One Japanese executive confided, "We see no reason why we can't compete in every segment, from minicars to luxury models." For Europeans, traditionally reluctant to build cars specifically for American tastes, continued market erosion is just a matter of time—unless there's a major shift in attitude.

WHEELS TO WATCH

Cadillac and Jaguar are betting that some luxury-car buyers will survive the



"Very few people are aware that the 'New York Times' Sunday crossword puzzle is contagious."

economic downturn. And when they do, they'll want elegant wheels.

Cadillac is counting on a bold new Eldorado Touring Coupe. Equipped with its standard GT handling package, the V8-powered Touring Coupe is surprisingly nimble.

Jaguar has restyled its venerable XJS for 1992, but you have to look closely to see the differences. Resculpted side windows, a modified roof line, updated lighting and freshened bumper treatments lend a subtle, contemporary appearance to Jaguar's aging but still attractive 12-cylinder big cat.

Ever-innovative Mitsubishi is launching a pair of diminutive people movers: the Expo and the Expo LRV (light recreation vehicle). Both are sport wagons for young families that have outgrown small sedans and want the utility of a bigger van, without the larger size and higher price. Mitsubishi will build the smaller Expo LRV for its business partner Chrysler, but it will keep the bigger Expos as an exclusive.

Acura dealers begged for what they called "the gap car," a model to fill the space between its small Integra and the recently upsized Legend. What they got was the new $23,000 Vigor, a 2.5-liter, five-cylinder sedan that's 400 pounds heavier and five inches longer than a Honda Accord and 300 pounds lighter and four inches shorter than a Legend. Although sportier, the Vigor's identity closely resembles that of the Accord and the Legend and it's bound to steal away some sales.

The new Subaru aircraft-inspired $25,000-to-$30,000 SVX touring car with mid-frame side windows packs a 230-hp, 24-valve, 3.3-liter horizontally opposed six-cylinder engine—the same cylinder configuration Porsche has used in its 911s for decades. Add to that a sophisticated torque-split, all-wheel-drive, electronic four-speed automatic transmission and you have a basic Subaru power plant taken to new heights.

Mercedes-Benz has used its 300E sedan as the basis for the new 400E, a more affordable V8-powered Lexus and Infiniti fighter. At an estimated $55,000, the 400E isn't exactly priced as competitively as the two Japanese luxury autos, but the Benz boys are betting that a "mere" $15,000 difference will be acceptable to buyers who want the power, prestige and safety of a Benz.

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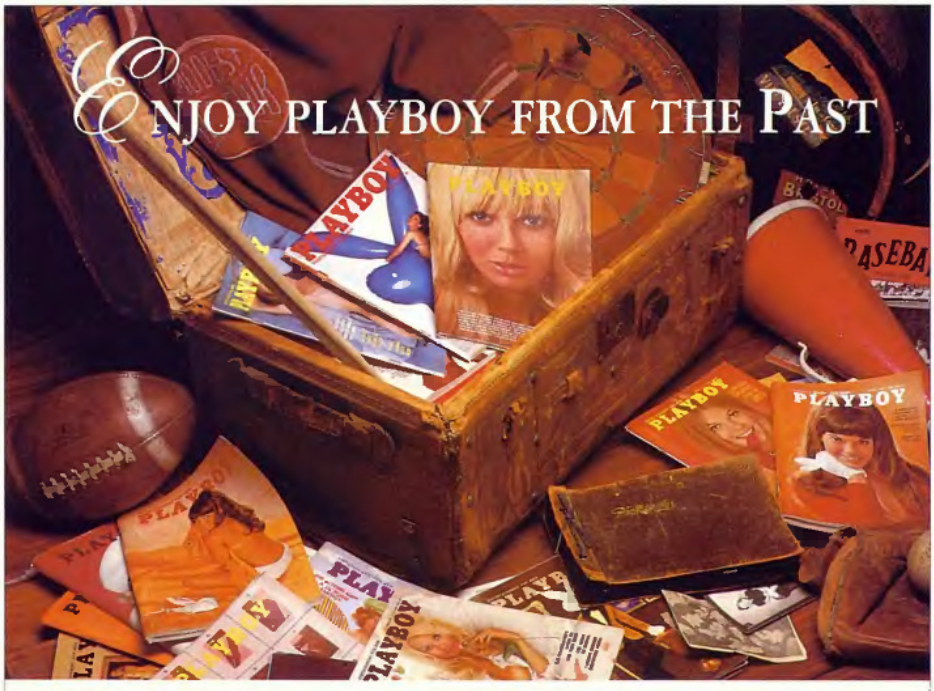

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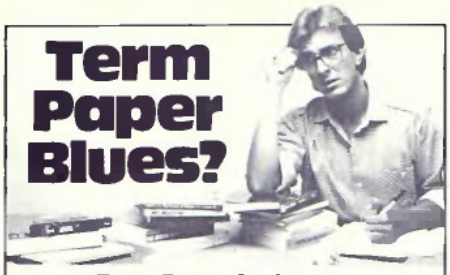

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CAMILLE PAGLIA

(continued from page 133)

PAGLIA: The Yale professor and the graduate student—the thought police. This proves my point that feminism is not about debate. It's not about an inquiring mind. It has a frozen and petrified ideology. What I want to do is smash the entire superstructure of feminist ideology. I support the feminist social agenda—full political, legal and social equality for women. But everything that feminism has said about male and female eroticism, gender, abortion and rape is a bunch of malarky. There has to be a revolution. The feminist way of looking at things—blaming male oppression and patriarchy—is absurd. There's not a single leading feminist today who is as confrontational with men as I am. I am more learned than they are. I've been thinking about sex longer than they have.

6.

PLAYBOY: Just how long have you been thinking about sex?

PAGLIA: In the Sixties, I felt the enormous sexual oppressiveness of Roman Catholicism, the nuns and the stress of being a virgin. The nuns pushed Saint Maria Goretti. She was a young girl who was stabbed twenty times and died rather than give up her virginity. I knew right from the start that there was something erotic about Catholic iconography, the sensuous statues, the bleeding statues. Part of Catholicism's richness is this pagan element, the sensory or erotic. That's missing from Protestantism, which makes no sensory appeal.

7.

PLAYBOY: *Sexual Personae* analyzes the development of Western art and literature over thousands of years. Why are you now creating such a ruckus outside the classroom by tackling issues such as rape, pornography and prostitution?

PAGLIA: I'm offering a comprehensive new view of things. I'm going to be calling it Italian pagan Catholicism. I allow for the pornographic element in life; for beauty, pleasure. It's a Mediterranean synthesis. Madonna and I belong to this. Italian-American women have never done anything in public. Geraldine Ferraro was a brief little thing. And suddenly these two dominatrix types have emerged. Like Madonna, I'm very disciplined, very orderly, very focused.

8.

PLAYBOY: In a *New York Times* essay, you declared Madonna's *Justify My Love* video pornographic and at the same time proclaimed her the "future of feminism." What would you discuss with Madonna, dominatrix to dominatrix?

PAGLIA: We have so many parallels. She had a very religious Italian background. We've become known for porn. She and I both identify strongly with gay men. Cleopatra was a great figure in history and Madonna is the closest we've ever come to that combination of a full female sensuality with a masculine political astuteness. She's not particularly learned, but she is a shrewd businesswoman and extremely alert mentally. She has totally accepted herself as a full female sexual being. Virginia Woolf was brilliant, but sex-phobic and food-phobic. Emily Dickinson was a virginal spinster. Very rarely have we ever had an achieving woman who has, like Madonna, fully accepted all the sluttishness of women. It's fantastic. It's very important in the history of women. Madonna's sexual persona is enormously innovative. People call her a slut or a whore. I'm embracing that. Madonna is recovering the great archetype of the whore of Babylon.

9.

PLAYBOY: We won't ask you to define pornography, but do you know it when you see it?

PAGLIA: Hamlet's musings about his mother are pornographic. It's everywhere in Michelangelo. Pornography is sexual reality for me. If a person cannot deal with pornography, he cannot deal with the reality of sex. You go to a museum, you see nude men and women. That's pornography. It's not pornography merely because it seems very elitist. The entire history of art is filled with these nudes. I am radically propornography. I draw the line nowhere. Every fantasy must be permitted. The imagination must not be policed. I endorsed, or defended, man–boy love in my book. This practice was rational and honorable in Greece at the height of civilization. Child porn? Half of Caravaggio's career is nothing but kiddie porn, small boys exposing genitals. I could see why you would ban actual films of children being drawn into pornography, but I defend paintings of child pornography or sex comics, which I really like. There's an increasing market for sex comics; I feel they're more imaginative than women simulating orgasms.

10.

PLAYBOY: You've noted with delight that your views on rape have inspired feminist fury.

PAGLIA: I am being vilified by feminists for merely having a common-sense attitude about rape. I loathe this thing about date rape. Have twelve tequilas at a fraternity party and a guy asks you to go up to his room, and then you're surprised when he assaults you? Most women want to be seduced or lured. The more you study literature and art, the more you see it. Listen to *Don Giovanni*. Read *The Faerie Queene*. Pursuit and seduction are the essence of sexuality. It's part of the sizzle. Girls hurl themselves at guitarists, right down to the lowest bar band here. The

guys are strutting. If you live in rock and roll, as I do, you see the reality of sex, of male lust and women being aroused by male lust. It attracts women. It doesn't repel them. Women have the right to freely choose and to say yes or no. Everyone should be personally responsible for what happens in life. I see the sexual impulse as egotistical and dominating, and therefore I have no problem understanding rape. Women have to understand this correctly and they'll protect themselves better. If a real rape occurs, it's got to go to the police. The business of having a campus grievance committee decide whether or not a rape is committed is an outrageous infringement of civil liberties. Today, on an Ivy League campus, if a guy tells a girl she's got great tits, she can charge him with sexual harassment. Chickenshit stuff. Is this what strong women do?

11.

PLAYBOY: You categorize the Western eye as "intense." What do Camille Paglia's eyes see that feminists' do not?

PAGLIA: I'm extremely voyeuristic. The way I see things is quite unlike the way women see things. I see the world from male eyes. I don't know whether it's through some gender-bending thing or just a higher cortical oddity. I see women jogging on the street with their breasts bouncing up and down and I think they're out of their minds. They really do not see that they're just a walking provocation to attack. One of the main problems for feminists is their incomprehension that dress conveys provocative signals.

12.

PLAYBOY: You've received threats from feminists. Do you fear for your personal safety?

PAGLIA: Certainly not. They know I'm more violent than they are. I have a long history of punching and kicking. I just kicked someone here a few weeks ago. Some guy who didn't know I was a faculty member, because I was wearing sneakers, tried to move me out of the way. I kept kicking him and got into a huge scene. At a Madonna concert three years ago, I felt splattering at my feet; I turned around and saw this guy peeing behind my seat. I just slugged him. Then I heard voices up in the stands saying that some lady was hitting their friend. These men came down. I explained that the guy peed on our seats and I hit him. The men accepted this. They turned around and went back to their seats. This is interesting about men. It's like frontier justice. You pee on our seats; I slug you; we're even. Men are so simple. You just have to understand how to deal with them.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've described men's urination as a "arc of transcendence." Frankly, we'd never thought about taking a leak in such elevated terms.

PAGLIA: I feel that the way our bodies are shaped, the way we urinate and the way we have sex ultimately form the way we see the world. Men are limited, very narrow and very focused, but they achieve an enormous amount. All art forms are in some way a conceptual projection and they have largely been by men. I really think it's a hormone. There's something in men that's obsessive, maniacal, unrealistic—a mutilating drive that produces those great achievements. I believe that the masculine male homosexual is the ultimate symbol of human freedom, and that's why you have male homosexuality occurring at those great high points of culture such as classical Athens and Florence. Gay men and men in general have made astonishing contributions: *haute cuisine*, *haute couture*, the Pyramids, the George Washington Bridge. Every construction is in some way an attempt to create an artificial world away from a man's origin in the woman's body. We don't have a Michelangelo among women. We don't have any example of a woman so madly obsessed and turbulent and deranged, and with this titanic achievement over many decades. Because I'm a strong woman, I don't have a problem admitting this.

14.

PLAYBOY: You give high marks to men for artistic achievement. Would you care to offer a few more compliments?

PAGLIA: Male culture created the Western technological tradition that enabled the birth of the modern woman and permitted me the freedom and the leisure to write a book. The entire effort of my life was to seek freedom from men. The more I sought freedom, the more as an honest scholar I saw my degree of dependence on men. The car made me realize this. The car is the ultimate symbol of freedom. I've had Mustangs up to now. This time, I got a red Pontiac Grand Am. It's befitting my new exposure. Normally, I would not get a red car. I feel it's bad for a woman. It attracts attention. When anything goes wrong with a car, the men come with the tow truck. The men repair it. Where are all the women with advice about cars? Maybe there are some in California, but not around here.

15.

PLAYBOY: There must be limits to your admiration of men.

PAGLIA: Men at some level know that woman is the dominant sex. Women are more complex beings. They're more perceptive. They have a better sense of reality. But women have not felt the need to become obsessive, because they are confident in themselves, of their own identity. Male and female brains are different. The most recent thing I've heard is that women can use both spheres of the

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brain simultaneously; men can use only one side of the brain at a time. They can think or feel, but not at the same time.

16.

PLAYBOY: Should men be just a bit paranoid about their relationships with girlfriends, wives and mothers?

PAGLIA: What I see is a massive conspiracy throughout the world by women to keep from men the knowledge of their actual frailty. Very successful heterosexual women know that the secret is to realize the fragility of the male identity and the way it needs bolstering and uplifting almost every day. I see the horror of men's lives. How does a boy prove he's a man today when he has to work in an office? His skills are mental skills; he can be replaced by a woman. A girl knows when she becomes a woman by the fact that her period happens. Nature makes her a woman. One problem in a man's life is to create an identity separate from his mother. When a woman is having an identity crisis, she can go off and shop, change her hair color or her dress or buy new lipstick. What can a man do?

17.

PLAYBOY: How does a poor guy deal with dominant women?

PAGLIA: Don't listen to the feminists. The sexes are at war, and feminism is the voice of women seeking power. It's up to women to seek whatever power we can gain. I am a feminist. But it's not up to men to concede power or to surrender. Stop feeling guilty.

18.

PLAYBOY: You're known to harbor sympathy for men who pay for sex.

PAGLIA: The idea of relationships is a very, very recent and Western phenomenon. To insist that sexuality be a slave of intimate equal relationships is itself a kind of oppression. Prostitutes are the living emblem of sex free from relationship. At moments, a man realizes how he has fallen under the emotional control of a mother figure, and he lashes out at the woman with physical violence or pushes her away or goes out and visits prostitutes or has affairs. I see the prostitute as performing a necessary role.

When a man goes to a prostitute, he's voting for freedom of masculinity and sexuality. He isn't just stepping out on his wife. It's his need to be free as a functioning sexual identity. I honor the prostitute as a professional, an artist, a therapist, a dancer. I see them in Center City in the morning, standing there in their violet-suede miniskirts and gold-lamé tops, and they look fabulous. They're together. They're alert. They're funny. I don't see them as victims at all. I honor and respect prostitutes. Most of the negativity toward prostitutes comes from amateurs or from those who need to do drugs getting into the profession and debasing it.

19.

PLAYBOY: Will you seek an audience with Pope John Paul II to explain Italian pagan Catholicism?

PAGLIA: I respect the Pope. He's a very good man. Catholicism is a powerful religion. Most people need ethical guidance. They're not comfortable thinking for themselves. Italian Catholicism is one of the most comprehensive religious systems ever devised, but that's because it really isn't all that Christian. Paganism was never defeated. It went underground and has re-emerged. This would shock most Catholics. Catholicism ended up using images because it was making its appeal to the illiterate. Judaeo-Christianity in its pure form is anti-icon, completely word-centered. Protestantism and Puritanism, particularly in America, are the heirs of that. Feminism is obsessed with words.

20.

PLAYBOY: Given its pagan origins, do you celebrate Halloween in a big way?

PAGLIA: It's my favorite holiday. It's the one time of the year when I can enact my other self. I don't go out anymore, but I like visiting Halloween stores. The costumes are getting more and more elaborate. My first costume, Alice in Wonderland, was the only female costume I ever wore. After that, they were all transvestite: a Roman soldier, the toreador from *Carmen*, Napoleon, Hamlet. It was super-avant-garde for an Italian-American girl in the Fifties to appear in men's clothing. Now it's perfectly permissible to dress as a transvestite. They were beautifully elaborate costumes. I have pictures of myself in each one.

"Boy, if Harvey knew I could blow his dingdong off at thirty yards, he'd flip!"

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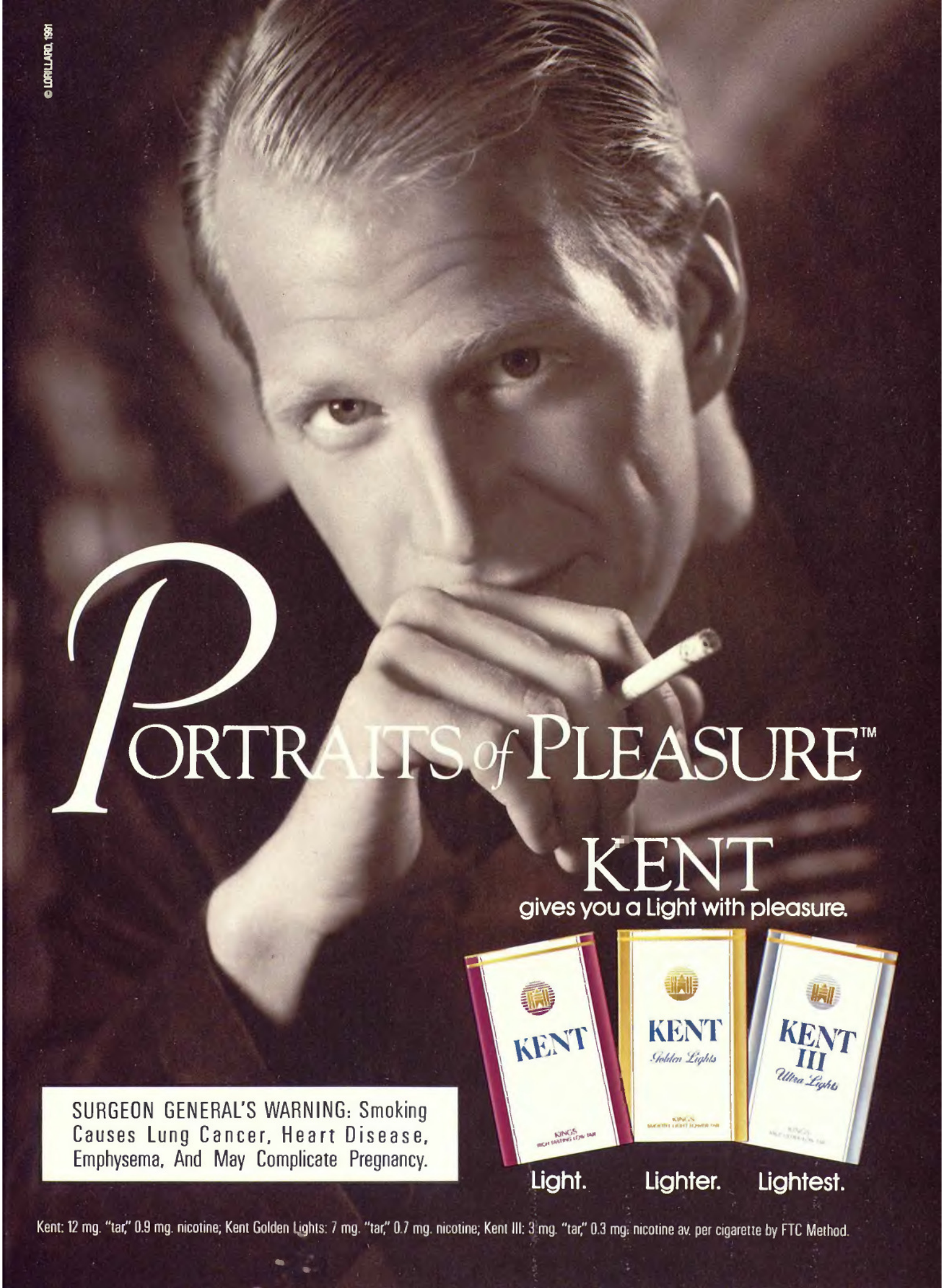

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CREWCUT

(continued from page 148)

"It's like a long soak in a hot bath to be speeding along in the middle of the night toward Miami."

underarms, his hands grasping the back of my neck, holding on.

"Spartanburg," I hear the conductor yell. "Next stop, Spartanburg. Five minutes."

As the train lurches and staggers, I can feel that Mr. Go Climb a Rock is about to come. I push off his thighs and climb off him before he does. I pull on my jeans, put on more lipstick, staring into the dirty mirror. He hasn't moved, but I can see him watching me in the mirror's reflection.

"Do you want me to go out first, or do you want to?" he asks me.

I don't turn around. "What are you talking about?" I'm still studying myself in the mirror, the palm of my hand grazing the back of my head, running against the grain of my hair.

"If we walk out at the same time, people will wonder."

"So?"

"I just thought you might care."

"No."

"All right," he says, standing up and pulling up his pants. "Let's go."

I open the door and step outside into the aisle. Nobody turns around to stare, and nobody seems to notice two people coming out of the bathroom instead of just one. I walk back to my seat and Mr. Go Climb a Rock follows, sliding in next to me.

I stare out the window. I know Spartanburg can't be that interesting, but I have the urge to jump off the train and stay, not showing up in Miami at all.

"What are you looking at?"

"Not much," I answer, turning around to face him.

He nods and keeps nodding for a while, as if it were conversation in itself.

"I'm going to try and get some sleep," I say, rolling my sweater into a ball and leaning it up against the window.

He nods again but doesn't answer.

"Good night," I say, even though it's still light outside.

I spend the rest of the train ride in a daze or a doze, sleeping in snatches. At one point, about three in the morning, I wake up hungry. I walk to the club car, but it's closed. Instead of going right back to my seat, I stand at the front of the car, watching people sleep. It seems so peaceful being in a room filled with strangers, not knowing or feeling responsible for any of their problems. The sway of the train and the steady rhythmic clanking of the wheels seem luxurious somehow. It's like a long soak in a steaming hot bath to be speeding along in the middle of the night toward Miami.

•

When I wake up again, it's morning and so bright that for a moment, I'm scared that I've missed the stop. But the conductor comes around and, after seeing my worried face, informs me that it's still 45 minutes to Miami.

Mr. Go Climb a Rock is still asleep, curled up in his seat, his mouth opening and closing as if he is chewing on something. I start gathering my stuff, putting away my Walkman and magazines, taking out my make-up kit and toothbrush.

In the bathroom, I spend a long time lingering over every detail. During the night, I almost forgot what I was doing on this train, but now that we're nearly there, it's becoming real, almost too real for me to deal with. What am I going to say to her?

Back at the seat, Mr. Go Climb a Rock is awake and is contorting his body in the strangest way. He sees me watching him, but he doesn't stop.

"I need to crack my joints when I wake up in the morning. I'm just addicted to it," he explains.

Shrugging my shoulders, I squeeze past him to my seat.

"So, you never told me what you'll be doing in Miami," he says.

"Visiting my mother."

He nods. "Maybe we could see each other while you're there."

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"I don't think so."

"All right," he says, humoring me.

We turn from each other; I start looking out the window and he turns toward the aisle. We don't say anything to each other the rest of the way to Miami.

When I step off the train into the crowd of waiting people, she's the first person I see. Arms outstretched, a smile fixed on her face, she must have spotted me before I saw her, because she's gesturing wildly for me to hurry over. She's wearing lilac shorts with a matching striped shirt, twirling her sunglasses in one hand. I feel rumpled just looking at her.

"My baby, my baby girl," she murmurs as she wraps her arms around me. "Let me take a look at you."

I stand back stiffly for inspection.

"My God, Samantha, what in the world did you do to your hair?"

I don't answer.

"OK. OK. It doesn't really matter. I'm just so excited to see you. Come on, let's get out of here. Is this all you brought with you?" She grabs my small bag and starts pulling me toward the stairs. Just ahead of us, I spot Mr. Go Climb a Rock, looking lost.

"Hold on, Mom," I say as I break free of her hold. "I want you to meet somebody." I reach for his hand. "Umm, Chris," I say, looking him in the eyes, "I want you to meet my mother. Mom, this is Chris, Christopher . . . uh . . . Marks. Chris, this is my mother."

"It's nice to meet you, ma'am," he says politely. "Your daughter, well, she's something."

Her head is cocked to one side and she looks at him distrustfully. "Yes, my daughter is something. Excuse me, Mr. Marks," she says, nodding faintly, "we have to be leaving now. It was very nice to meet you."

"Maybe I can see you at some point over the next few days?" Mr. Go Climb a Rock asks me.

Before I can say anything, my mother answers for me. "I'm so sorry, Samantha and I have a lot planned for our vacation. I don't think we'll have the time. Come on, Samantha."

As she pulls me toward the exit, I turn to wave to Mr. Go Climb a Rock. He's just standing there, looking sort of confused, the only person standing still in a sea of rushing, harried people.

Outside, the hot air hits me full blast, sticky and stifling, like I've walked into an enormous hair drier. I already feel out of place; a pale, sallow creature trying to blend into a smiling, tanned crowd.

In the car on the way to the hotel, my mom plays tour guide: "Samantha, look down that street—there's the beach! Aren't the palm trees wonderful?" She keeps up the chatter. "Isn't it amazing to be able to wear shorts in January? You know, Samantha, we're traveling in style. The hotel is gorgeous, it's got everything you could possibly want."

After a careful pause, she continues, "Maybe the beauty parlor can do something with your hair. What did you *do*, Samantha?"

"I cut it, Mom."

There's another pause. She pats my leg, smiles and says, "Did I tell you the hotel is right on the water? I really love it down here—sunshine three hundred sixty-five days a year. What more could you want?"

•

The hotel is pink and turquoise, heavily mirrored, a glittery structure that's shaped more like a boat than a building. Inside, the air is frigid and everything's blown out of shape, yanked from its context. The walls are stark, blinding white; steel sculptures in geometric shapes, like giant Tinkertoys, sit on pedestals flanking the entrance hall. On the other side of the lobby, water cascades from a rock garden, then snakes through the lobby, emptying into a pond filled with Japanese goldfish.

"It's a great place for a convention," my mother says, surveying the scene with satisfaction. "Our room is on the fifth floor, overlooking the pool. You're

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going to love it."

The room is standard decor compared with the lobby. We unpack, my mother carefully unfolding and hanging her blouses and suits, while I yank my clothes out and stuff them into drawers. I catch her glancing at me in dismay. "Honey, you've gotten so tall in the last couple of years, I bet we're almost the same size. Try this on," she says, holding a delicate mauve-silk blouse under my chin. "This would look gorgeous on you."

"I don't think so." I flop down on the nearest bed. "It's not my style."

She sighs and hangs it up. "Well, honey, OK. Maybe we can check out the shops in the mall later. But right now, I'm going to have to meet some people from the convention for an hour or two. I wish I didn't, but I do."

She takes a pink suit into the bathroom to change, but her voice goes on relentlessly, "Why don't you check out the pool while I'm gone? It's enormous! Or, no, you must be hungry after that long trip. You can go to any of the restaurants and put the bill on your room key. Or order from room service if you're tired. There's a list of all the movies they have and the cable stations right on top of the TV. And there are Cokes and stuff in the minibar. Just leave me a note if you go to the mall or the pool. And we'll go out for a terrific dinner tonight."

"Mom?" I call. "Why wouldn't you let me see that guy?"

"What guy?"

"From the train."

"Samantha." Her head appears in the doorway. "We don't have that much time, and I want to spend it with you, not some stranger from a train. Besides, I bet that man was twice your age."

"If that's the way you want it, fine," I say. "Just fine."

She reappears, pink and perfect. "Samantha, I just want you to know how happy it makes me to have you here. I'm so glad we can be friends." She ducks out, waving, not waiting for my response, and the door slams behind her.

"'Bye," I say.

•

The pool really is enormous and brilliant blue in the hot sunlight. No one is swimming, but people are sitting under striped umbrellas or lying in lounge chairs working on their tans, and waiters are taking them drinks and sandwiches. I think of going back up for my bathing suit, but maybe I won't stay long. Instead, I take off my shoes and roll my jeans above the knee. I sit at the shallow end, with my feet on the second step, cooling them in the water. New Jersey seems a long way away.

When the waiter comes by, I hold up my hand with the room key in it.

"Can I get a drink?"

He's about 22, wiry and dark, maybe Mexican or Cuban. "What can I get you?" He doesn't have an accent when he answers.

"A blue Hawaiian?"

He gives me a sharp look and laughs. "In three years, maybe." He keeps walking, delivering drinks to the next table. On his way back, he says, "Want a Coke? Or something?"

"Rum and Coke?"

He crouches down and grins at me. "What do you need a drink for? How old are you, anyway?"

"Believe me, I have serious reasons for needing a drink. Besides, I'm almost eighteen."

I can tell he doesn't buy it, but he's playing along. "You know what they say about almost."

"Yeah, horseshoes and hand grenades, right?" I say. "But who would know?"

"Listen, I can't," he says, and looks at my room key. "But if you're desperate, what's wrong with the minibar?"

"What?" I say, not knowing what he means, but then I realize that the thing my mother said had the Cokes in it must have liquor in it, too. "Oh, sure," I say, "but who wants to drink alone?"

"I'm off at three," he says. He stands up and raises his eyebrows.

"Room 503," I say, raising mine.

He definitely looks surprised, starts to say something but moves on. He turns around and looks back at me, then gives me a thumbs up.

•

It's nearly 4:30 when the door opens abruptly, casting harsh light through the room. I see my mother's silhouette in the doorframe.

"I'm going out to wait by the elevator for exactly ten seconds," she says, her voice straining for composure. "Mister, you'll be gone when I get back. Samantha, you wait for me here."

The waiter apologizes quickly as he hurries out the door. I am left with two gin and tonics and my mother to face.

She returns and stands at the door, hands on her hips. "Was this *really* necessary, Samantha?"

"Yeah, actually, it was necessary," I say, my head down, eyes on the carpet. For some reason, I feel calm, though my heart is racing.

My mother is livid, pacing back and forth like she's in a cage. "Just what is it that's troubling you? Why do you insist on spoiling this for both of us? Why ruin it, Samantha?"

"What makes you think you haven't ruined it already?"

"And what is that supposed to mean? You are a fifteen-year-old *child* and you are acting like a——"

"How would you know what I am?" I interrupt, raising my head. "You've seen me maybe three hours in the past three years. How much chance to be a *child* do you think I get cooking dinner, doing the

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laundry, buying the *fucking* groceries?"

She drops her hands from her hips and looks toward the ceiling, exasperated. She doesn't reply. How can she?

I've made my point. I grab my bag and push past her to the door.

"What are you doing?" she demands shrilly.

"Leaving."

"You can't."

"Yeah, I can. You should know about *that*."

I close the door behind me and duck into the stair well so she can't catch me by the elevator. I hurry down one flight of stairs, then slow down for the remaining flights. The door at the bottom of the stair well opens onto the pool area.

Instead of going back to try to find the lobby, I walk over to the pool. The area is almost deserted, with empty lounge chairs and steam rising off the pool in the late-afternoon sunlight. I take my shoes off again and roll up my jeans. I sit down at the shallow end, where I sat before, and think about Kevin and Janie, how much they'd love this pool. The bright-blue water invites me to slide right in. But I don't. I just sit there, really quiet, moving my hand back and forth, gently skimming the surface of the water.

My mind wanders and I think of my train ride. I wonder what Mr. Go Climb a Rock is doing. Not in an abstract sense but what he's actually doing this moment. I wonder what he thinks I'm all about. And what about the others? Then again, they probably don't care.

In some ways, I long to be back on the train, not with anyone else but myself, speeding toward some exotic place: Los Angeles, New Orleans, San Francisco. But it really wouldn't matter where. I draw my knees to my chest, hugging them tight, and despite the warm kiss of the sun, I shiver.

I remember that the room I've just left overlooks the pool. I look around, counting up five floors. She's there, behind the glass of the sliding door, looking down at me. It's too far for me to be able to see her expression. For a long time, we stay like that, like statues, neither of us moving, and then my hand raises first to the rough stubble on the back of my head and then upward to give a small, almost imperceptible wave.

Other prize winners in Playboy*'s College Fiction Contest: second place, "Properties," by Bernardine Connelly, University of Virginia; third place, "Hema, My Hema," by Matthew Chacko, University of Alabama, and "Roads Out of Lost Soldiers," by Lee Durkee, University of Arkansas. For details on how to enter next year's contest, see page 174.*

"But if you buy me dinner, I may feel that to express my gratitude, I should have sex with you."

RUDE BOYS

(continued from page 98)

diminutive stature, he knew the value of surrounding himself with physically impressive strong-arm men.

In Brooklyn, Vassell made contact with a group of Jamaican killers called the 98th Street Men, a resident gang near Crown Heights. With this group of trained hit men, Vassell targeted a section of the neighborhood then controlled by a small group of Panamanian nationals. "The Panamanians themselves were no slouches when it came to violence," says a New York detective formerly assigned to the Gullymen's turf. "But the Jamaicans just shot them right off the block."

Once he had established a base of operation, Vassell's drug business followed a pattern similar to that of other posses across the United States. Guns and henchmen flowed easily back and forth between Jamaica and the States. Violence was used not as a last resort but as a calling card. The Gulleymen staked their claim through drive-by shootings—the gangland equivalent of a leveraged buyout.

Despite his lack of formal education, "Brooklyn Barry," as Vassell became known on the street, possessed an undeniable business acumen. By the late Eighties, his operation included some 40 Gullymen who were reaping combined profits of more than $60,000 a day. Business was so good that in 1988, Vassell sent Paul Moore, his brother-in-law, to Texas to explore the possibility of expanding their operation to include the sale of crack. Two murders and many assaults later, the Gullymen were the largest crack dealers in Dallas.

To a bunch of young ruffians weaned in a Kingston ghetto and only recently arrived in America, it must have seemed like a dream. They pulled up in sleek new BMWs in front of their headquarters on Schenectady Avenue, the Crown Heights Soccer & Domino Association, dressed "spree-boy," with gold jewelry on their fingers and around their necks.

One of the few Gullymen who refrained from indulging in opulent displays of wealth was Vassell himself, who preferred to explore other benefits of the trade. He would take his pick of the beautiful women gathered at the rude boys' favorite Brooklyn dance halls and have them taken to his apartment. Apparently, his reputation was hard to resist. As of last December, Vassell is said to have fathered 19 children from 13 women, or "baby mothers," as he likes to call his ladies.

Having established himself as a prominent figure in criminal circles in America, Vassell found that his reputation was

growing back home in Kingston. Like many posse leaders, during trips to Jamaica, he took money, clothes and lavish trinkets to the sufferers, which he handed out at annual "treats," or street festivals. Brooklyn Barry was welcomed in McGregor Gully as a renegade hero who had returned to help redistribute the world's riches. Beauty pageants were held in which budding baby mothers were sponsored by Vassell and other members of his gang. For the adults, Vassell often took guns—"vote getters," as he sometimes called them—that he had purchased in Florida and Texas, packed inside television sets and shipped via air freight.

The reign of the Gullymen might have lasted indefinitely were it not for their tendency toward unpredictable acts of violence, which, as their business became more profitable and more unwieldy, inevitably turned inward.

Among Vassell's most visible lieutenants were Danny, Winston and Fitzy Reid, three brothers from Kingston. Because the Reids had been with the government and the police department back in Jamaica, Vassell never completely trusted them, even though he valued their talent for mayhem. Fitzy was particularly brutal and had been used as the Gullymen's favored hit man on numerous occasions.

In late 1989, Fitzy was arrested on drug- and gun-possession charges. Vassell refused to post bail. When Fitzy had to sell his car to raise the money, it ignited a smoldering resentment that led to a series of murders and attempted murders within the gang. In May 1990, after a night of dancing at a popular *reggae* dance hall in Brooklyn, Fitzy was trailed by two gunmen as he walked to his new Mercedes. Someone yelled, "Hey, Fitzy!" as he got behind the wheel. He looked up just in time to catch the barrage of gunfire from an M-16 assault rifle. The shots wreaked so much devastation on Fitzy's body that initial reports of the murder stated that his head had been chopped off. Street talk held that Vassell had paid $25,000 for the hit.

In the wake of Fitzy's death, a distraught Danny Reid, already a cooperating witness, found new inspiration to tell everything he knew to FBI agent Robert Chacon and Detective Tom Bruno, members of a task force that had been investigating the Gullymen for months. Reid's cooperation touched off a panic in Brooklyn posse circles, with dozens of rude boys tripping over one another to cut deals with the Feds. "Generally, posse members are easy to turn," says one agent involved in the investigation. "I guess they're used to Jamaican law enforcement, where they might get shot at the drop of a hat. We give them a sandwich and a Coke and talk to them in a nice voice and they act like puppies. They come right up and lick you."

•

In Brooklyn, the excitement of a major organized-crime bust is soon consumed by the daily travails of life in New York. At 1367 Sterling Place, formerly one of the hottest coke and heroin locations in New York, only the bullet holes in the lobby walls are a reminder of the building's former status as a drug haven. "It's quieter, but I'm not saying it's any safer," says a woman who lives on the ground floor. When the sun goes down, gunshots and sirens are still a common sound. Five blocks to the east, a group of Jamaicans known as the Jungle Posse is said to be expanding its operation, hoping to capitalize on the demise of the Gullymen.

Vassell is still at large. Some say he's hiding in Kingston, while other reports suggest that he may be in Brixton, a densely populated Jamaican community in London. A profile on the television show *America's Most Wanted* reported that he might be in Long Island or Brooklyn.

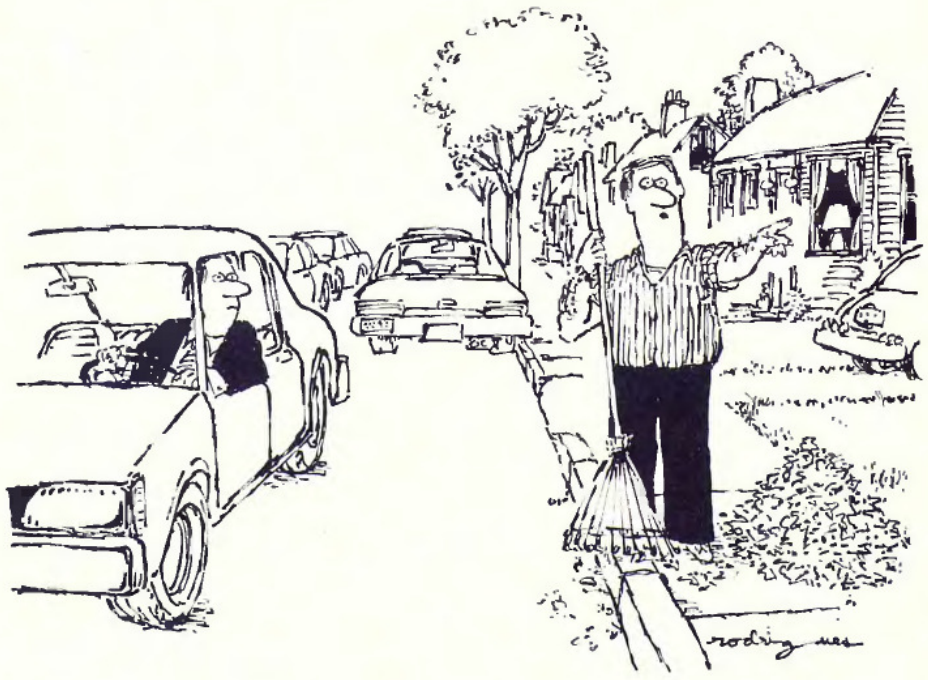
Despite the increased success in capturing and prosecuting individual posses, Federal agents are baffled by their continued growth. The problem, it seems, lies far beyond the traditional domain of American law enforcement. "We have a sayin'," explains Johnny, chewing on a piece of roasted fish in Denham Town. "If a fire, mek it burn. If a blood, mek it run." In other words, as long as Jamaica's sufferers see themselves as victims, a parade of aspiring rude boys can be expected to follow the Gullymen.

In Kingston, young boys continue to prowl ghetto neighborhoods with such names as Concrete Jungle, Lizard Town, Dunkirk and Beirut. With their fathers dead, in prison or off fighting for their little piece of the American dream, the youths' tough, street-wise exterior masks a burning desire to find someone who cares for them, who has an eye out for their interests. With no families and few role models, they look to the rude boys.

Last spring, the talk of Jamaica was 25-year-old Nathaniel "Natty" Morgan, the latest gangster to follow the legendary Rhyging. Wanted for the murder of seven people, Morgan escaped from jail and had been eluding the police for the past five months. In the meantime, he continued his life of crime, robbing from the rich and allegedly giving money away to people in his home community of West Kingston.

The closest the police came to capturing Morgan was when they fired at him one night from a considerable distance. He ran, leaving behind a shotgun and a Bible marked OUTLAW NATTY MORGAN. Inside the Bible, he had written: I HAVE THE WILL TO LIVE AND NOT TO DIE, THOUGH I PREFER MY FREEDOM MORE THAN MY LIFE.

The *Daily Gleaner* chronicled Morgan's exploits with blazing headlines, and the youths of West Kingston dreamed of being just like him. "When he gave me his gun to hold," one youngster was reported to have said, "it made me feel like a general."



"There's Mandy's over in Milford, a house of ill repute that has an excellent reputation."

 (continued from page 107)

"If there has ever been a more perfect TV actor than James Garner, he has yet to be found."

none of those blasted neighbors around, one of whom might have been an optician, and Rod Serling chuckles at yet another personalized hell.

Columbo: "Any Old Port in a Storm." It's Donald Pleasance time (true *Columbo* addicts identify each show by the guest-shot villain, rather than the title or even the plot). Here, the ol' mole man turns up as a wine master who commits murder by locking his victim in the wine cellar and turning off the air circulation. But fate exacts its retribution. While the murderer goes on a business trip, a heat wave hits town, and the cellar's precious cargo—unprotected by air conditioning—turns to vinegar. Columbo shares a bottle with the soon-to-be-arrested felon; he clearly understands that no prison sentence could outdo Pleasance's torture over destroying his own priceless collection.

The Fugitive: Forget its legendary place in TV history. Ignore its irresistible finality. "The Judgment," the last episode of TV's longest cat-and-mouse game, is just damned good television. Both the hunted Kimble (David Janssen) and the pursuing Gerard reach sublime if quirky heights, and the show's *film noir* settings are darker than ever. The two-hour story has enough plot twists for half a season, capped by one magnificent glance between the principals at show's end—in unspoken recognition of (and gratitude for) their eerie *Doppelgänger* liaison.

I Love Lucy: In 1958, there was a special called *The Top Ten Lucy Shows*, which featured scenes from 13 of them. And—whether it's because they're so good or because Lucy herself became such an undisputed icon—these two just won't die:

"Job Switching" climaxes with the much-remembered scene—hell, it has even been quoted in *other* TV shows—that places Lucy and Ethel in a candy factory, trying (and hilariously failing) assembly-line work. What almost nobody remembers, though, is how they got there; it's the girls' part of a competition with their husbands, Ricky and Fred, who are simultaneously discovering what it's like to be a housewife.

Lucy Ricardo had an uncontrollable mania for meeting celebrities (a nice irony in that Lucille Ball was among the biggest celebrities of TV history). In "L.A. at Last," Lucy lunches at the Brown Derby and drives the place into a turmoil trying to get William Holden's autograph. When she leaves the tony restaurant, Ricky announces that *he* has met William Holden and wants to introduce his wife. To avoid being recognized, Lucy disguises herself in a babushka and a putty nose—which goes up in flames when Holden graciously attempts to light her cigarette.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show: In "Chuckles Bites the Dust," the TV clown is killed in a freak accident—dressed as Peter Peanut in a local parade, he is trampled by a rampaging elephant. Lou and Murray find release for their grief in a steady stream of wisecracks; Mary doesn't realize until the funeral what everyone has been laughing about. *M.T.M.* was always one of the funniest shows on the tube, even when the plots were thin; but in this episode, the writers lowered the lamp just a bit to look at how differently people react to death, stringing together some of the most gleefully dark jokes anyone can remember. Few who have seen this episode forget it.

The Prisoner: The series pops up in every pop-culture treasure-trove, and so should the last episode shown, "Living in Harmony." This oddball, which did not air in the show's original U.S. run, looks different from the start. The series' familiar opening sequence—Number Six resigning his commission, then being abducted—is recast using a gun-fighter motif, and the show continues as a Western-genre allegory of Number Six's life in the Village. The town, called Harmony, is run with ironhanded authority by The Judge (Number Two), who tries to enlist Number Six in his camp by making him sheriff. Not until the last few minutes do we learn it has all been a drug-induced hallucination forced on Number Six by his modern-era captors to break his resistance—and even so, he gets the last laugh.

The Rockford Files: If there has ever been a more perfect TV actor than James Garner, he has yet to be found. In "The Big Cheese," Rockford receives a package from an old reporter pal who has warned him to look out for something "special." Nervous Mobsters are convinced it's an account book and they murder the reporter. Then they start chasing Rockford—who, of course, is only too happy to let them have the package. But it's no account book; it's a wedge of cheese, and the typically Garnerian look of frustrated disbelief is what this show—what *every* Garner series—is all about.

The Sound of Jazz: A one-shot, part of a loosely structured series called *The Seven Lively Arts*, this 1957 show is the first and still the best television concert: The assemblage includes Billie Holiday, sax men Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster and Lester Young; trumpeters Roy

"'Judge not, that ye be not judged'? Who wrote this filth?"

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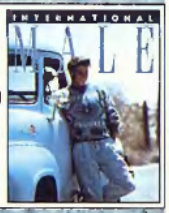

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Eldridge and Doc Cheatham; clarinetists Pee Wee Russell and Jimmy Giuffre; Count Basie and a hand-picked assortment from his band. Better still, the emphasis is on the casual and informal nature of jazz collaboration, with the musicians dressed in rehearsal clothes and playing in a mostly bare studio, with cameramen frequently visible and the production's seams showing. The results are lambent or incandescent, depending on the performers, but glowing throughout.

WKRP in Cincinnati: In "Turkeys Away," station manager Carlson is feeling useless. So he decides to stage a little promotion—no, a great promotion—a Thanksgiving-turkey giveaway at an outdoor mall. He installs newsman Les Nessman for a live report—as a hired helicopter flies overhead and tosses live turkeys onto an unsuspecting audience. Nessman's reactions make it sound like he's reporting on the Hindenburg disaster, as he struggles to describe people being strafed by big fowl. Carlson closes by swearing, "I really thought turkeys could fly." This one's a little gem that plays on the goofiest ineptitudes of its two biggest nebbishes.

I, Claudius: "Queen of Heaven" has it all. It starts with tales of the emperor Tiberius' sodomistic debauchery (followed by the victim's stunning suicide). Before it ends, we've witnessed early scenes of the young Caligula's depravity and sadism; the ambitious treachery of the outsider Sejanus, replete with husband poisoning and rape-fantasy foreplay; and Livia's offhand admission to a half-dozen far-flung murders ("You've got a long reach," comments her duly impressed grandson Claudius. "The Empire's very large, I need one," Livia responds)—all set in a Rome awash with treason trials and seditious blather. That snake crawling across the opening credits never made so much sense as in this, the middle episode of the 13-part PBS classic.

—NEIL TESSER

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 128)

riches continues with 19 redshirt freshmen from one of the nation's best recruiting classes last year, seven *Parade* All-Americans from this year's recruiting class and *USA Today*'s Top Offensive Player, running back Marquette Smith, and Top Defensive Player, defensive back Derrick Brooks. The Seminoles play a championship-caliber schedule, including games with Michigan, Florida, Miami, Syracuse and BYU in its season opener. If Bowden can keep this team focused, the schedule won't matter. 11–1

2. GEORGIA TECH

Riding the longest unbeaten streak in the nation (16), Tech is ready to make a run for an undisputed national championship this season. Coach Bobby Ross has all the tools: Eight starters return from a defense that didn't allow a touchdown last year until the three-minute mark of the fifth game. Playboy All-America Ken Swilling has been switched from free safety to strong safety so that he can get his 236 pounds into the action more often. Linebacker Marco Coleman, another Playboy All-America, should improve his impressive 13-sack total. On offense, junior quarterback Shawn Jones combines 4.5-second speed in the 40 with a strong, accurate arm (65 percent completion rate last season). The Yellow Jackets are loaded with talented receivers and have a promising running back in redshirt freshman Jimy Lincoln. The only fly in the ointment is inexperience in the offensive line, caused by losses to graduation. Tech opens the season against Penn State in the Kickoff Classic on August 28. 11–1

3. MICHIGAN

This will be a pivotal season in the career of Michigan coach Gary Moeller. His Wolverines team has enough talent to win the national championship and a schedule tough enough to result in four losses. In four consecutive games, Michigan plays Notre Dame, Florida State, Iowa and Michigan State. Without taking the rest of the schedule for granted, four Ws on those four Saturdays could get Moeller the national crown that eluded predecessor Bo Schembechler. Four losses could cost Moeller his job. Michigan's talent is impressive. Quarterback Elvis Grbac, who threw for a school-record 21 T.D.s last season, has fully recovered from a broken thumb he suffered last spring and will direct the attack. Sophomore running back Ricky Powers, who ran for more yards last season (748) than any other freshman in Michigan history, is a game breaker. Playboy All-America Desmond Howard is Michigan's most dangerous receiver since Anthony Carter. The offensive line, led by Playboy All-America Greg Skrepenak (6'6", 322

pounds), can dominate opponents. The only weak link in the defense is a lack of experience in the secondary. 9–2

4. WASHINGTON

Just when Washington coach Don James thought he had assembled all the pieces, quarterback Mark Brunell went down in spring practice with a knee injury. Brunell, the best rushing Huskies Q.B. since Warren Moon, underwent surgery and will miss the season. Untested sophomore Billy Joe Hobert will replace him. The Huskies have talent and experience everywhere else. The offensive line, which features tackle Siupeli Malamala (6'6", 300 pounds) and Playboy All-America guard Lincoln Kennedy, at 315 pounds, will control the line of scrimmage for fullback Darius Turner and tailback Beno Bryant, who replaces graduated Greg Lewis. Washington's defense, which held opponents to an average of 66.8 yards rushing per game, best in the nation last season, is anchored by Playboy All-America defensive tackle Steve Emtman. If Hobert can adequately take care of the Q.B. chores, Washington will win the Pac 10 going away. 9–2

5. OKLAHOMA

Don't look now, but the Oklahoma Sooners are about to re-emerge as a national football power. It has taken coach Gary Gibbs three years to stamp his identity onto the Sooners' program after taking over for good ol' boy Barry Switzer. With quarterback Cale Gundy, Big Eight Offensive Newcomer of the Year last season, expect Oklahoma to use the pass more often out of its option-I offense. The Sooners are deep at running back, with Dewell Brewer getting the starting-tailback spot. Mike Gaddis, who missed last season with a knee injury, should also see playing time. Linebackers and defensive secondary are both Sooners strong points. Gibbs says he welcomes the idea of the Sooners' again being the Big Eight pre-season favorite. 9–2

6. HOUSTON

Until someone figures out how to stop Houston's run-and-shoot offense, the Cougars will continue to roll up awesome offensive numbers. Houston led the nation in passing, scoring and total offense in 1990. With Playboy All-America quarterback David Klingler returning, the Cougars, free of the N.C.A.A. probation that prevented them from going to a bowl last season, will do some post-season growling this year. Second-year coach John Jenkins thinks Klingler will improve on last year's performance. Of Klingler, Jenkins says, "It's scary, because he practically walked through every record in the history of college football last year." The Cougars should improve on defense as well, since several starters who missed part of last season because of injuries have recovered. Houston's most dangerous opponent this year may be overconfidence. 9–2

7. PENN STATE

Penn State, a member of the Big Ten but still playing an independent's schedule until 1993, will tackle Georgia Tech, Miami and BYU in addition to traditional rivals Notre Dame and Pittsburgh. And the Nittany Lions are talented enough to do no worse than their 9–3 finish of last year. Quarterback Tony Sacca returns for his fourth year as starter. Last season, Sacca's passing-yard total (1866) was fifth best in school history. Terry Smith and O. J. McDuffie will be the Lions' primary pass catchers. Fullback Sam Gash, the Lions' leading returning runner, will shoulder much of the rushing responsibility. On defense, the guys in the ugly uniforms will be their usual tenacious selves. Joe Paterno, clearly in the living-legend category, begins his 26th year as Penn State coach. 9–3

8. NOTRE DAME

Maybe one little push in the back during a punt return should be allowed. If it were, Notre Dame would have ended last season with Rocket Ismail's electrifying

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runback in the Orange Bowl, leaving Irish eyes teary with joy. Notre Dame would have beaten Colorado. Georgia Tech would have been the undisputed national champion. Instead, the run was called back, leaving Techies and Buffaloes to argue aimlessly about who had the best team in 1990. Little did Irish fans realize that Rocket's punt return would be the last time he would run one for the Gipper. Raghib-just-call-him-Ismail is now a millionaire playing pro football (that is what they call it up there, isn't it?) in Canada. Other Notre Dame marquee names have also departed: Zorich, Stonebreaker and Todd Lyght. Never fear! The Notre Dame promotion machine will turn out new stars for coach Lou Holtz's football universe: quarterback Rick Mirer, tight end Derek Brown, running back Rodney Culver, defensive lineman George Williams. And the Irish have more high school All-Americans waiting for a chance to play than you can shake a shillelagh at. 9–3

9. FLORIDA

An N.C.A.A. probation cost Florida the official title as S.E.C. champion and a trip to a bowl game last season. Playboy Coach of the Year Steve Spurrier, whose Gators finished 6–1 in the conference and 9–2 overall, thinks his team was punished unfairly. "None of the kids playing last season or the coaching staff was involved in the violations," says Spurrier. "The N.C.A.A. punished the wrong people." The probation-free Gators will do some punishing of their own this year. Florida is loaded with offensive talent, led by junior quarterback Shane Matthews, S.E.C. Player of the Year last season. Matthews passed for 2952 yards, a school record, and 23 touchdowns, second best in Florida and S.E.C. history. The Gators, who scored more than 30 points eight times last season, should run up even bigger totals this year. Florida's defense has ranked in the top five in the nation for the past two seasons. However, All-America end Huey Richardson has departed for the N.F.L. and Spurrier was forced to switch personnel liberally at both linebacker and cornerback this past spring. The schedule is tough, featuring six opponents who played in bowls last season. 9–2

10. CLEMSON

Ken Hatfield's Clemson Tigers finished last season with a flourish, winning their final five games, including a 30–0 drubbing of Illinois in the Hall of Fame Bowl. The shutout of the Illini further enhanced Clemson's claim to its first-ever total-defense national championship. Hatfield, who brought to Clemson the same hard-nosed football philosophy that made him a winner at Air Force and then Arkansas, thinks the Tigers will be every bit as good as last season's 9–2 squad, despite losing offensive lineman Stacy Long and kicker/punter Chris Gardocki to the pros. Last year's A.C.C. Rookie of the Year, tailback Ronald Williams, is back, as is linebacker Levon Kirkland, the only underclassman finalist in last season's Butkus Award voting. 9–2

11. MIAMI

Is it possible that after a decade of being the most dominant team in college football (three national championships and several near misses), the University of Miami may finally be mortal? Not that the athletes on this year's team aren't good, but they don't appear to be the same sort of studs who strutted, swaggered and ran over teams with regularity the past 100 or so games. Still, we're not talking about collapse; it's more a momentary pause. Quarterback Gino Torretta has experience but will be pressed by redshirt sophomore Bryan Fortay. The number-one running back is Stephen McGuire, the top pass receiver Lamar Thomas. On defense, linebacker Darrin Smith is probably UM's best athlete. Junior safety Darryl Williams has tremendous potential. Coach Dennis Erickson, unfortunately, needs ten wins to call a season successful. 9–2

12. SYRACUSE

Did former Syracuse coach Dick MacPherson see a great and conquerable challenge before him, or is he simply another moth being drawn to the flame—the flame in this case being the pitiful New England Patriots of the N.F.L.? MacPherson led Syracuse to four straight bowls, had a record of 36-10-3 over the past four years and re-established the Orangemen as a national football power. So much the better for new coach Paul Pasqualoni, who inherits a team loaded with potential. Most promising are quarterback Marvin Graves, who set SU freshman marks for passing yards, T.D.s and total offense last season, and wide receiver Shelby Hill, a six-foot sophomore who Pasqualoni says was SU's best freshman receiver ever. Skill position players will have to carry the load, while the offensive line, which returns only one starter, develops. 9–2

13. TEXAS

Texas got back on the national football power map last season, finishing 10–2 and winning the Southwest Conference championship. The Longhorns did it with defense (18th nationally) and will likely do it the same way this season. Coach David McWilliams has eight defensive starters back, including Playboy All-America end Shane Dronett. "General" James Patton, the strongest man on the team, is another defensive-line stalwart. Junior quarterback Peter Gardere, a starter since the middle of the 1989 season, runs Texas' multiple offense. Texas is four deep at running back, with Butch Hadnot, S.W.C. Newcomer of the

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STYLE

Page 26: **Turtlenecks:** By *Robert Stock*, at select stores nationwide. By *Byblos*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300; Byblos Boutique, 5454 Wisconsin Ave., Chevy Chase, MD, 301-907-7808. **Pants** by *STNT*, at all Charivari locations, N.Y.C., 212-362-1212. **Sports coats** by *ETC.*, store locations, 213-741-8741. **Jeans** by *Marithé & François Girbaud*, at Macy's South/Bullock's. **Vest** by *Jean-Paul Gaultier*, at all Charivari locations, N.Y.C., 212-362-1212; Maxfield, 8825 Melrose Ave., L.A., 213-274-8800. **Ties:** By *Laura Pearson*, at all Barneys New York locations, N.Y.C. By *Henry Grethel*, at select stores nationwide. By *Rooster*, store locations, 212-685-5990; Albert Steiger, 1477 Main St., Springfield, MA, 413-781-4211. By *Nautica*, at The Nautica Store, 216 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-496-0933. From *Tango by Max Raab*, at The American Outfitters locations, MD, PA, WV; Jules Pilch, 19–25 S. York Rd., Hatboro, PA, 215-675-1103. By *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200; The Hub Ltd., Crabtree Valley Mall, Raleigh, NC, 800-722-9636. By *Fern Devlin*, at Zona, 97 Greene St., N.Y.C., 212-925-6750; all Frank Stella Ltd. locations, N.Y.C., 212-535-6666; Maxim Designs Ltd., 519 Nichols Rd., Kansas City, MO, 816-753-7399. From *Grays by Gary Wasserman*, at all Barneys New York locations, N.Y.C.; Park & Co., 50 Penn Pl., Oklahoma City, 405-840-9991; John's & Co., 2501 E. Camelback, Phoenix, 602-955-1700.

FALL SPORTSWEAR PORTFOLIO

Page 150: **Jacket** by *Big 2 Do*, at The New York Leather Co., 33 Christopher St., N.Y.C., 212-243-2710. **Turtleneck** by *Henry Grethel*, at All American Boy, 463 Castro St., San Francisco, 415-861-0444. **Jeans** by *Tom Tailor*, at Zebraclub, 1901 First Ave., Seattle, 206-448-7452. **Work shirt** by *Perry Ellis Mens America*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000; select Bullock's stores. **Coat** by *Perry Ellis Mens America*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000. **Bracelets** by *Kerry MacBride*, at Vignette, 3625 Sacramento St., San Francisco, 415-567-0174.

Page 151: **Sweater** and **T-shirt** by *French Connection Menswear*, at Urban Outfitters nationwide; Cignal stores nationwide; select G.H.q. locations. **Jeans** by *Jordache*, at Macy's South/Bullock's. **Sunglasses** from *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, at all Sungear locations, Dallas, Fort Worth; Sunglass Hut, Beverly Center, L.A., 213-652-4012.

Page 152: **Motorcycle jacket** by *Schott*, at The Antique Boutique, 712–714 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-505-0161; Leo's Custom Leather, 2841 N. Clark St., Chicago, 312-929-6540; East West Leather, 1400 Upper Grant St., San Francisco, 415-397-2886. **Jeans** by

Edwin Jeans, at select stores nationwide. **T-shirt** by *Calvin Klein Underwear for Men*, at major department stores nationwide.

Page 153: **Duster** and **shirt** by *Calvin Klein Sportswear*, at major department stores nationwide. **Sunglasses** from *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, at all Sungear locations, Dallas, Fort Worth; Sunglass Hut, Beverly Center, L.A., 213-652-4012.

Page 154: **Jacket** by *Z. Cavaricci*, at Attivo nationwide; Dejaiz nationwide; Merry-Go-Round nationwide; D.J.'s nationwide; select Jay Jacobs locations. **Overalls** by *Pepe*, at select stores nationwide. **Pullover** by *Axis*, at Pockets, 9669 N. Central Expressway, Dallas, 214-368-1167. **Baseball cap,** at Leland's Historical Sports Memorabilia, 151 W. 28th St., Room 7E, N.Y.C., 212-971-3111. **Boots** by *Rockport*, at Paragon Sporting Goods, 871 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-255-8036. **Jacket** by *Henry Grethel*, at Moe Ginsburg, 162 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-242-3482; Kline's, 515 W. Lincoln Highway, Chicago Heights, 708-481-4200; All American Boy, 463 Castro St., San Francisco, 415-861-0444. **Shirt** and **trousers** by *Bugle Boy*, at McRae's department stores, FL, AL, LA, MS. **Belt** by *Daniel Craig*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., L.A., 213-651-4129; Butch Blum, 1408 Fifth Ave., Seattle, 206-622-5760.

Page 155: **Jacket** by *M. Julian*, at The Diamond Company and Christian St. John, Ltd., stores, OH. **Jacket** and **T-shirt** by *Diesel*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000; select Bullock's stores; Macy's South/Bullock's. **Jeans** by *Bon Jour*, at better specialty stores nationwide. **Work boots** by *Timberland*, at Timberland, 709 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-754-0434.

Page 156: **Jacket** by *Lee*, at select department stores nationwide. **Jeans** by *Rifle*, at Coda nationwide; Macy's South/Bullock's. **Jacket** by *Harley-Davidson*, at your local Harley-Davidson dealer. **Jeans** by *Guess*, at all Guess boutiques and select department stores nationwide. **Tank top** by *Calvin Klein Underwear for Men*, at Macy's South/Bullock's. **Jeans** by *Pepe*, at select Burdines locations, FL; select stores nationwide.

Page 157: **Jacket** by *Guess*, at all Guess boutiques and select department stores nationwide. **Shirt** by *Lance Karesh for Basco*, at Barneys New York nationwide. **Jeans** by *Lee*, at select department stores nationwide. **Sunglasses** from *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, at all Sungear locations, Dallas, Fort Worth; Sunglass Hut, Beverly Center, L.A., 213-652-4012. **Boots** by *Kenneth Cole*, at Kenneth Cole, 2078 Union St., San Francisco, 415-346-2161. **Jacket** by *Mirage*, at McRae's department stores, FL, AL, LA, MS. **Turtleneck** by *STNT*, at all Charivari locations, N.Y.C., 212-362-1212. **Jeans** by *Diesel*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000; select Bullock's stores; Macy's South/Bullock's. **Sunglasses** from *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, at all Sungear locations, Dallas, Fort Worth; Sunglass Hut, Beverly Center, L.A., 213-652-4012. **Work boots** by *Timberland*, at Timberland, 709 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-754-0434.

Page 158: **Shirt** by *Tom Tailor*, at all Britches Great Outdoors locations, Washington, D.C., MD, VA, NJ, Atlanta, Chicago; Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **Jeans** by *Jordache*, at Macy's South/Bullock's. **Jacket** and **jeans** by *Diesel*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000; select Bullock's stores; Macy's South/Bullock's. **Undershirt** by *Jockey*, at better department stores nationwide. **Hat** by *Stetson*, at all Sheplers locations, 800-835-4004; Starr Western Wear, 112 E. Overland Ave., El Paso, TX, 915-533-0113; Kings Western Wear, 6455 Van Nuys, Van Nuys, CA, 818-781-4160. **Boots** by *Justin Boots*, at Boogies Diner, 534 E. Cooper Ave., Aspen, CO, 303-925-6111; Cavender's Boot City, 857 W. Pipeline Rd., Hurst, TX, 817-595-0462; all Thieves Market locations, Southern California.

Page 159: **Sunglasses** from *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, at all Sungear locations, Dallas, Fort Worth; Sunglass Hut, Beverly Center, L.A., 213-652-4012. **Boots** by *Code West*, at Village Cobbler, 60 W. Eighth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-460-8532; The Broadway Cobbler, 788 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-995-0046; all Thieves Market locations, Southern California; Boot Barn, 607 N. Tustin, Orange, CA, 714-538-2668.

ON THE SCENE

Page 197: **Cameras:** By *Nikon*, at local Nikon dealers. By *Pentax Corporation*, contact Pentax Corporation, P.O. Box 6509, Englewood, CO, 303-799-8000. By *Minolta*, store locations, Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, NJ, 201-825-4000. By *Olympus*, store locations, 800-221-3000. By *Canon U.S.A., Inc.*, at authorized Canon dealers nationwide.

Year last season, rated number one. The November ninth battle between Houston's explosive offense and the Longhorns' stubborn defense will determine the Southwest Conference championship. 9–2

14. MICHIGAN STATE

The Spartans, 8-3-1 last year, finished strong, winning their final six games, including a 17–16 victory over USC in the John Hancock Bowl. Fourteen starters from that team are gone, but coach George Perles has some top talent that may yet yield a Big Ten crown. Playboy All-America running back Tico Duckett, the nation's leading returning rusher, will head up the ground attack. Wide receiver Courtney Hawkins, fully recovered from an injury that forced him to miss five games last season, is a legitimate All-America player. Key to the Spartans' offensive hopes is Bret Johnson, a transfer from UCLA, who Perles hopes will fill the number-one quarterback spot. MSU's defense is always strong, aggressive and tough against the run. Middle linebacker Chuck Bullough and defensive end Bill Johnson are the glue that will hold the Spartans' D together. 9–2

15. NEBRASKA

Tom Osborne and Nebraska just aren't getting much respect these days. True, Osborne's coaching record at Lincoln is 177-41-2, the best winning percentage of any active coach. And the Cornhuskers have won at least nine games during each season in his 18-year tenure. So what's the problem? Nebraska can't seem to win the games that really count, either the battles with Big Eight rivals Oklahoma and Colorado or the bowl games (the Huskers have dropped four in a row). The rap on Osborne is that he's too conservative and hasn't developed a passing game to go with Nebraska's always-strong rushing game and that the Big Red fattens up on nonconference weaklings and then can't stand up to national powerhouses such as Miami or Florida State in the post season. Osborne refuses to abandon his conservative offensive philosophy, but he does say his team will throw the ball more. As if to prove his point, he has installed walk-on Tom Haase as his number-one quarterback, pushing Mickey Joseph, a good option Q.B. but a weak passer, to number two. Ironically, in a year when Nebraska will pass more often, Osborne has one of his best groups of running backs ever, led by exceptional sophomore Derek Brown. There are also quality receivers. Tight end Johnny Mitchell may be the best in the nation if he gets the ball. 9–2

16. AUBURN

Coach Pat Dye and the Tigers are attempting a comeback from disaster, which is how any eight-win season is described at Auburn. After three straight S.E.C. championships, Dye thinks last year's team may have had a case of complacency, a mistake he's not likely to allow the Tigers to repeat this year. Auburn's field leader is quarterback Stan White, M.V.P. in Auburn's Peach Bowl win over Indiana last season. Dye will install some new wrinkles in the offense, sometimes running out of the shotgun. Renovations are in store for the defense as well, with the Tigers switching from a five-two to a four-three. Auburn's success in early-fall back-to-back games against Texas and Tennessee will determine this season's success. 8–3

17. IOWA

Hayden Fry pulled a few tricks out of his coaching hat last season and coaxed an unheralded team into the Big Ten cochampionship and the Rose Bowl with surprise wins over Michigan, Michigan

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the football field. Nominated by their universities, candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends *Playboy*'s pre-season All-America Weekend—held this year at the Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida—receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, *Playboy* awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Mike Hopkins of the University of Illinois. Hopkins, who was a walk-on in 1987, is expected to be a full-time starter this season in the Illini defensive secondary. A GTE Academic All-America for the past two years, Mike is majoring in aeronautical/astronautical engineering. His grade-point average is 4.725 on a 5.0 scale.

Honorable mention: Jason Hanson (Washington St.), Pat Engelbert (Nebraska), Carl C. Voss (Navy), Jeff Bender (Central Michigan), Jim Hansen (Colorado), Tony Schmitz (Temple), James Jones (Oregon St.), Joel Staats (Minnesota), Matt Whitaker (Iowa), David Moore (Pittsburgh), Paul Anderson (Cincinnati), Tim Ruddy (Notre Dame), Dan Eichloff (Kansas).

WHO NEEDS A NATIONAL CHAMP?

I don't know about you, but I hope they never devise a play-off system to determine a "true" national champion in college football. Last season, the A.P. said the champ was Colorado; the U.P.I. countered with Georgia Tech. It marked the eighth time since 1954 that the two polls have disagreed. And what if it happens again next season? I don't think I'm going to be able to sleep.

You and I both know that even if there were play-offs and a national championship game, people would still complain that somebody got left out. Or some referee would blow his whistle at the wrong time and screw up a crucial outcome. And speaking for myself, I'm not sure I can live without the Poulan/Weed Eater Independence Bowl or the California Raisin Bowl or Domino's Pizza Copper Bowl. Would there even be a Rose Bowl parade, that wondrous TV processional of flowers and horse droppings that I squint at through bloodshot eyes every New Year's Day morning? And I'm dismayed at the alliance, scheduled to begin in 1992, that includes some conferences and bowls, plus Notre Dame, to stage a one-two championship match-up. It has more provisos than the SALT treaty and doesn't include the Big Ten or the Pac 10. Who are these people, anyway, who are trying to set up a national championship and thus eliminate several of the most important rituals in my life?

I'm not having it. Let the Yellow Jackets or the Rambling Wrecks or whatever they're called argue all year long with the Buffaloes about which was really the best college team. Everybody outside Georgia and Colorado knows it was either Miami or Florida State. What'd you say? Clemson? Michigan? Actually, Notre Dame would have been number one if that ref hadn't called a penalty on the Rocket's runback against Colorado. But then the Irish were upset by Stanford, which lost to San Jose State, which dropped one to California, which got nipped by Washington State, which lost to, let's see, eight opponents that lost to lots of other teams. You get the idea.

The system we already have makes infinite good sense, because it allows almost everyone to lay some sort of claim to the national championship. What a completely American way of doing things! —G.C.

State and Illinois. Fry, Iowa's winningest coach ever (63-31-4), has lost his best trick, fullback Nick Bell, to the N.F.L. However, quarterback Matt Rodgers, who won All-Big-Ten honors last season, returns, as does most of the Hawkeyes' offensive line. The defense, which never dominated last season but was good enough to win, is led by linebacker John Derby. Iowa has a relatively easy nonconference schedule and does not play Michigan State this year. 8–3

18. VIRGINIA

Defensive problems and injuries contributed to Virginia's weak finish (only one win in its last five games) after a 7–0 start and a number-one national ranking for three weeks in a row. The Moore boys, quarterback Shawn and wide receiver Herman (no relation), have gone to the N.F.L., but coach George Welsh (58-44-2) has enough talent left to make some noise once again in the A.C.C. Matt Blundin, a 6'7" part-time UV basketball player, will handle the Q.B. chores. Playboy All-America Ray Roberts is the anchor on the offensive line. Welsh is switching the defense from a five-two to a more aggressive four-three. Tailback Terry Kirby and defensive end Chris Slade will garner post-season honors. 8–3

19. BAYLOR

The Bears lost two quarterbacks to injury last season and still managed six wins. Credit a stingy defense and freshman quarterback J. J. Joe, who ran coach Grant Teaff's veer offense to perfection before breaking a hand prior to the Arkansas game. Joe is back and so is fullback Robert Strait, S.W.C. Newcomer of the Year last season. Playboy All-America defensive lineman Santana Dotson, who plays equally well outside or inside, leads the defense, talented through the first 11 players but lacking depth. 8–3

20. COLORADO

Coach Bill McCartney thought he could patch together another Big Eight championship for Colorado this season despite the loss to the N.F.L. of running back Eric Bieniemy, guard Joe Garten and linebacker Alfred Williams. However, quarterback Charles Johnson (last season's Orange Bowl M.V.P.) dropped football to pursue academics (there's a switch), leaving McCartney in a Q.B. quandary, since Darian Hagan is questionable after knee surgery. Untested Vance Joseph becomes the starter by default. McCartney hasn't settled on a number-one running back, either, though there is a pool of talent to choose from. The defense, led by nose tackle Joel Steed, will have to keep things in order for the Buffaloes until the offense falls into place. 7–4

•

Other teams that have a chance to crack the top 20:

OHIO STATE

The heat's on in Columbus for Ohio State coach John Cooper. First of all, the Buckeyes haven't been a dominating football program since Cooper took over three years ago after Earle Bruce was asked to leave. Now Cooper is being unfairly criticized because his daughter, a student at OSU, decided to pose for *Playboy*'s *Girls of the Big Ten* pictorial (see page 134). Hey, guys, let's stick to football. Cooper is a good coach, as he proved at Arizona, where he posted a 25-9-2 record before taking the job in Columbus. But Woody Hayes casts a broad shadow and Ohio State alums aren't satisfied simply to be on the right side of .500. Cooper has a chance to have a better team than last season's 7-4-1 squad. "This will be the best defensive unit we have had since I've been here," he promises. The Buckeyes also have an abundance of good running backs: Big Ten Freshman of the Year Robert Smith, Carlos Snow, a starter in 1989 who missed last season because of hip surgery, unusually named Butler By'not'e and fullback Scottie Graham. The Buckeyes also have three candidates for the starting-quarterback spot, though Notre Dame transfer Kent Graham will probably get the nod. Ohio State should win seven games, but Cooper may need a Big Ten championship to keep his job. 7–4

TENNESSEE

Last season provided more frustration than success for coach John Majors and the Volunteers: losses to Notre Dame and Alabama and kiss-your-sister ties with Colorado and Auburn against nine wins. UT has tons of talent back on defense this season, returning ten of 11 starters, including Playboy All-America free safety Dale Carter. Quarterback Andy Kelly, who completed 58 percent of his passes last year, is back for his senior season. Carl Pickens, another Playboy All-America and the top pass receiver in the S.E.C. last year, will draw lots of attention from opposing defenses. Running-back duties go to untested Tavio Henson and Tracy Smith, thrown into the breach because of Chuck Webb's early departure to the N.F.L. A possible N.C.A.A. investigation clouds the Volunteers' future. 7–4

BRIGHAM YOUNG

The standard rap against Brigham Young's aspirations for high national rankings was always that the Cougars never played anyone of note. Last season, they scheduled and beat Miami in a nonconference game. This year, they have lined up Florida State, UCLA and Penn State for the first three games of the season. The BYU scheduler may have invited overkill. Of course, Ty Detmer, last year's Heisman Trophy winner, is back. Detmer has recovered from the two shoulder separations he suffered in BYU's Holiday Bowl loss to Texas A&M and needs only 446 yards to set an N.C.A.A. career-yardage record. Coach LaVell Edwards, entering his 20th season as the third winningest active coach (175-59-1), behind Tom Osborne and Joe Paterno, has lots of holes to patch in BYU's offensive and defensive lines. BYU should be good enough to win another Western Athletic Conference championship, but its nonconference schedule may be humbling. 8–4

UCLA

Expect the Bruins to bounce back after an uncharacteristic 5–6 season last year. Coach Terry Donahue, who set an N.C.A.A. record by leading his team to seven consecutive bowls before the 1988–1989 season, thinks that quarterback Tommy Maddox is the key to a resurgence. Maddox, who led the Pac 10 in total offense and ranked eighth in the nation (257.3 yards per game) last season, will team with junior Sean LaChapelle, a 6'4" receiver with 39 catches last year. Running back Kevin Smith, at 256 pounds, is a punishing rusher. On defense, the secondary shines. Safety Matt Darby, a four-year starter, will make some All-America teams. The secondary will be tested early when the Bruins open in the Rose Bowl against Detmer and Brigham Young. 7–4

FRESNO STATE

The Bulldogs, winners of the Big West championship two years in a row, got an unexpected thumping from rival San Jose State (42–7) in the regular-season finale and found themselves spectators at last year's Raisin Bowl, the traditional Big West/Mid-American Conference post-season game. Coach Jim Sweeney, 105-41-2 in his FSU career, thinks his team can rebound behind the talent of Mark Barsotti, one of the best quarterbacks in the West. Flanker Kelvin Means, who led the Bulldogs with 40 receptions last season, is expected to be fully recovered from a foot injury. Rushing duties go to Lorenzo Neal, who has to fill the void left by the departure of two-time 1000-yard rusher Aaron Craver. 9–2

TEXAS A&M

There will be lots of new faces for the Aggies this season, since only two starters on offense and six on defense return from last season's 9-3-1 squad. A couple of the familiar faces belong to Playboy All-America defensive back Kevin Smith and quarterback Bucky Richardson. Coach R. C. Slocum will try to replace departed running backs Darren Lewis and Robert Wilson with talented newcomers Randy Simmons, Keith McAfee and Greg Hill. "We'll try all three until one establishes himself as the front runner," says Slocum. Defensively, the Aggies should be strong at linebacker and defensive back. While there's talent galore in the program, A&M appears too

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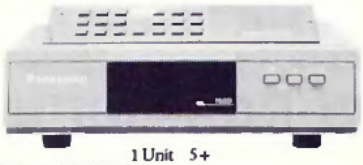

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inexperienced to beat out Houston, Texas or Baylor this year. 7–4

STANFORD

Stanford's 36–31 upset over Notre Dame last year was no fluke. With 18 starters from that team returning, including Playboy All-Americas Glyn Milburn and Bob Whitfield, the Cardinal (the color, not the bird) could go big time in 1991. Coach Dennis Green will emphasize balance on offense: Milburn and Tommy Vardell rushing; quarterback Jason Palumbis, who set a Stanford completion-percentage record last year (.686), passing. The schedule, which includes Notre Dame, Colorado and Pac 10 powers Washington, USC and UCLA, is brutal, but at least seven Cardinal games are at home. 7–4

PITTSBURGH

"We are in no position to make excuses for what happened last year," said first-year Pittsburgh coach Paul Hackett after the Panthers stumbled to a 3-7-1 record. Hackett could have used the numerous injuries to his defense or the ankle injury that kept running back Curvin Richards on the side lines most of the year as an excuse. But then, Hackett, who has spent many years coaching in both the pro and the college ranks, knows the only thing that will satisfy his critics is a vastly improved team performance. He will build the team around junior quarterback Alex Van Pelt, already third on Pitt's all-time passing-yardage list. Receiver Olanda Truitt, who averaged 18.3 yards per catch last season, should get even better. The big question for Hackett and Pitt is defense, a commodity that was sorely lacking last year. 7–4

SAN JOSE STATE

The Spartans, who enjoyed a 9-2-1 year under rookie coach Terry Shea last season, play their first four games in four time zones, which should at least make them eligible for bonus frequent-flier miles. Shea is undaunted at the prospect of not playing a home game until October 19: "We have the nucleus to make a run at the top twenty." First, he will have to find a replacement for Sheldon Canley, the do-everything back graduated to the N.F.L. Too many miles and too few home games reduce the Spartans' chances for a top-20 finish this season. 8–3

AIR FORCE

What's a successful season for Air Force? How about knocking off Army and Navy and ending the year with a 23–11 romp over Ohio State? Coach Fisher DeBerry and the Falcons are looking for more of the same and could get it, since quarterback Rob Perez returns to lead Air Force's potent wishbone offense. Perez' only losses as a starter last season were to Notre Dame and BYU. Ironically, the Falcons' weakness last season was their aerial attack, which failed to complete a single touchdown pass. As usual, the AF defense will be undersized and overmotivated. 7–5

WYOMING

The end of last season might have been enough to persuade coach Paul Roach to move upstairs to the job of Wyoming athletic director and let former offensive coordinator Joe Tiller worry about the Cowboys' fortunes on the field. Wyoming started last season with nine consecutive victories, only to drop its last four games to end the season with a thud. Tiller promises to "refine" rather than change the Cowboys' one-back possession-style passing attack. Returning quarterback Tom Corontzos and receiver Robert Rivers are keys to Wyoming's offensive success. On defense, the Cowboys are strong up front despite the graduation of standout Mitch Donahue. 7–4

NORTH CAROLINA

After his team finished 1–10 two years in a row, coach Mack Brown's efforts began to show results last year, with the Tar Heels finishing 6-4-1 and serving notice that they were once again a force to be reckoned with in the A.C.C. North Carolina's success this season will depend on the performance of junior Chuckie Burnette, who won the starting-quarterback job in the spring. Burnette is still looking for the confidence he lost when pressed into service two years ago as a freshman. Carolina has excellent receivers in Corey Holliday and Deems May and a promising young rusher, Natrone Means. Credit the defense for much of last season's success. 7–4

ALABAMA

Crimson Tide coach Gene Stallings says it loud and often, "I am not Coach [Bear] Bryant." Ray Perkins, one of Stallings' predecessors, also fought to find the light outside Bryant's shadow. Perkins couldn't find it and it remains to be seen whether Stallings can. At least he has the distinction of having played and coached for Bryant, a fact that will deflect criticism and comparison, at least temporarily. Stallings' first year with the Tide last season was a mixed bag: three early-season losses, wins over Tennessee and rival Auburn, and then a crushing defeat (34–7) by Louisville in the Fiesta Bowl. This season's team is a mixed bag as well. Quarterback Gary Hollingsworth has graduated, as has the right side of the offensive line. Senior Danny Woodson and redshirt freshman Jay Barker will battle for the number-one Q.B. spot. Alabama is loaded with running backs, including Siran Stacy, who missed last season with a knee injury. 7–4

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

You'd expect long faces on the USC coaching staff because of the two-year-

early departure of quarterback Todd Marinovich to the N.F.L. Not so. He was termed by one USC source to have become a "decisive disruption" to the team and coach Larry Smith is happy to see the petulant and often-troubled Marinovich somewhere else. The Trojans' immediate problem, however, will be finding a replacement, since the only nonfreshman quarterback on the roster, Reggie Perry, has taken exactly three snaps from center in his collegiate career. Smith is hoping that Perry, with the same initials and jersey number (16) as former USC great Rodney Peete, can emulate Peete's feats on the field. A bright spot for the Trojans is at running back, where Mazio Royster, the Pac 10's top returning rusher, gained more than 1100 yards last season as a sophomore. 6–5

CALIFORNIA

With Playboy All-America back Russell White running the ball, and with quality receivers, experienced offensive linemen and a feisty quarterback, the Golden Bears will put a lot of points on the board this season. The question is, will it be more points than the defense allows? Coach Bruce Snyder has only four defensive starters returning from last year, but that may not be so bad, since last season's D allowed opponents an average of 428.5 yards per game. Without dominant defensive players, Snyder will opt for a gambling, blitzing style of play. White, who didn't start a single game last season and still finished seventh in the nation in all-purpose yards, could be this season's Barry Sanders. 6–5

GEORGIA

Ray Goff probably never imagined what a challenge he was biting off when he succeeded Georgia coaching legend Vince Dooley two years ago. Dooley, at the time considered the most popular man in Georgia, left the 33-year-old Goff with a squad as short on talent and experience as any Bulldogs team since the late Seventies. Georgia managed a 6–5 record in 1989, but last season, plagued by numerous injuries and inexperience, the Bulldogs plunged to 4–7, their first losing season since 1977. Goff responded by landing one of Georgia's strongest recruiting classes in years, including Eric Zeier, one of the most sought-after high school quarterbacks in the nation. The Bulldogs' recent weaknesses—youth and inexperience—will turn to strengths this year as the team matures. 6–5

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Georgia Tech	11–1
Clemson	9–2
Virginia	8–3
North Carolina	7–4
Maryland	4–7
Duke	4–7
North Carolina State	4–7
Wake Forest	3–8

The A.C.C., long thought of as a basketball conference, is quickly becoming a national power in football, a perception that can only be enhanced with the addition of Florida State next year. **Georgia Tech**, co–national champion last season, is our choice to take the conference title this year, with **Clemson** a close second. **Virginia** is still strong despite the graduation of last year's starting quarterback, Shawn Moore. **North Carolina**, under coach Mack Brown, continues to improve dramatically. Coach Joe Krivak was given a new four-year contract after leading his **Maryland** team to a 6–5 regular-season record and a 34–34 tie with Louisiana Tech in the Independence Bowl. Krivak's biggest problem this season will be finding a replacement for quarterback Scott Zolak. In the meantime, the Terrapins' defense, led by tackle Larry Webster, will be improved. Maryland plays a brutal nonconference schedule and will find most of its wins against weaker A.C.C. opponents. **Duke**, on the other hand, will fatten its record out of conference. The Blue Devils, usually known for their potent passing game, may be forced to rely on their defense, which returns ten starters from last year. Dave Brown steps into the number-one quarterback spot. **North Carolina State** will have to replace six starters from the conference's second-ranked defense. Three of the Wolfpack's secondary players were selected in the first seven rounds of the N.F.L. draft. Quarterback Terry Jordan, who was impressive in NC State's 31–27 win over Southern Mississippi in the All-American Bowl, is back to lead the offense.

BIG EAST

Miami	9–2
Syracuse	9–2
Pittsburgh	7–4
Virginia Tech	7–4
West Virginia	6–5
Temple	5–6
Rutgers	4–7
Boston College	3–8

With its crazy-quilt schedule, it's tough to call the Big East a real football conference yet. Virginia Tech plays only one conference opponent and Miami only two, while West Virginia plays all seven. The conference standings won't be meaningful until 1993, when everyone will face off for seven conference games. However, national standings will be pertinent this year for at least **Miami**, **Syracuse** and possibly **Pittsburgh**. Coach Frank Beamer has quietly built **Virginia Tech** into a nationally competitive program in his four-year stint with the Hokies. Tech capped last season by knocking off three bowl-bound teams—North Carolina State, Southern Mississippi and Virginia—and nearly upset Georgia Tech (6–3). Beamer has 16 starters from that squad returning, including quarterback Will Furrer, who will likely become the Hokies' all-time passing leader this year. **West**

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Virginia coach Don Nehlen experienced only his second losing season in 11 years when the Mountaineers finished 4–7 last year. "Youth and inexperience were the culprits," said Nehlen. A series of crippling injuries will hold back UWV. The defensive line was hit especially hard when Steve Redd and All-East defensive tackle Jim Gray were injured in the spring. Steve Grant is a Mountaineers mainstay at linebacker. **Temple** was the most improved team in Division I-A football last season, finishing 7–4 after a 1–10 record in 1989. The Owls have lost quarterback Matt Baker but return Anthony Richardson, who led Temple to an upset victory over Pitt last year after Baker was injured. The defense will struggle to replace lineman Kenyatta Rush, though linebacker Santo Stephens, the team's leading tackler, returns. **Rutgers** looks to improve on last year's 3–8 record. Quarterback Tom Tarver is attempting to come back from knee surgery. Coach Doug Graber says he feels "a lot better about where we're headed than I did a year ago." Nonconference games against Maine and Northwestern should continue to lift Graber's spirits. The first person new coach Tom Coughlin should have talked to when he arrived at **Boston College** is the guy who makes up BC's football schedule. Nonconference opponents include Michigan, Penn State and Georgia Tech. Add Big East rivals Syracuse and Miami to the mix, and Coughlin may wish he were back coaching receivers for the New York Giants, the job he had before joining BC.

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	9–2
Nebraska	9–2
Colorado	7–4
Missouri	5–6
Iowa State	4–7
Oklahoma State	4–7
Kansas	4–7
Kansas State	4–7

Oklahoma will reassert itself in the Big Eight this year, with **Nebraska** close behind. **Colorado** slips a bit from its position of prominence in the past two seasons. **Missouri** coach Bob Stull is gradually working the Tigers back into a position to challenge the Big Eight's big three. Sophomore Phil Johnson, at 6'5" and with 4.5-second speed in the 40, looks like Missouri's quarterback of the future. Johnson should get plenty of protection, since the Tigers' offensive line, which allowed only 20 sacks last season, returns four starters, including mammoth 6'10", 320-pound tackle Russ McCullough. **Iowa State**, under coach Jim Walden, returns quarterback Chris Pedersen but little else on offense. The Cyclones' defense should be tough. **Oklahoma State** coach Pat Jones expects big things from freshman running back Rafael Denson. **Kansas** and **Kansas State** have been mirror-image football programs the past several years, first fighting for the Big Eight basement, now battling each other for the most-improved-team-in-the-conference award. Kansas, under coach Glen Mason, was referred to by one publication as the best three-win team in the nation last year. The Jayhawks' defense returns nine starters from last season but will miss linebacker Curtis Moore. Kansas State has lots of experience returning except at quarterback; 5000-yard career passer Carl Straw graduated, leaving senior Paul Watson to fill his spot. The Wildcats' most potent offensive threat is wide receiver Michael Smith.

BIG TEN

Michigan	9–2
Michigan State	9–2
Iowa	8–3
Ohio State	7–4
Indiana	6–5
Illinois	6–5
Purdue	4–7
Minnesota	3–8
Wisconsin	3–8
Northwestern	2–9

Last year, four teams (Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Michigan State) finished with 6–2 conference records in a logjam for the Big Ten title. This season, **Michigan** is good enough to take the conference crown outright. **Michigan State** is the best bet for second place, with **Iowa** and **Ohio State** close behind. Coach Bill Mallory has what could be his best team in his eight years at **Indiana**, but a tough schedule may prevent the Hoosiers from bettering their six-win total of last season. Indiana returns 17 starters, including running back Vaughn Dunbar, who ran for more than 1200 yards behind a young and injury-depleted offensive line. That line should be better this year and so should quarterback Trent Green, who scored three touchdowns in Indiana's 27–23 Peach Bowl loss to Auburn last year. **Illinois** will have to replace too many talented defensive players to equal last season's 8–4 record. Darrick Brownlow, Moe Gardner and Mel Agee have all moved on to the pros. The lone holdover from the core of the stubborn Illini defense of the past two seasons is free safety Marlon Primous. On offense, the picture is brighter because of the return of junior quarterback Jason Verduzco, who passed for more than 2500 yards in his first year as a starter. Jim Colletto has replaced Fred Akers as coach at **Purdue**. Colletto immediately threw out Akers' run-and-shoot offense and installed a more traditional I formation. While the Boilermakers try to learn the new offense, Purdue's defense will keep them in most games. Nose guard Jeff Zgonina, who led all Big Ten linemen last season in tackles, is only a junior. **Minnesota** surprised everyone last year by winning six games. The unexpectedly strong showing probably saved coach John Gutekunst's job, at least for the time being. The Golden Gophers will be run-oriented this year and the success of the offense will hinge on the performance of athletic quarterback Marquel Fleetwood. Minnesota plays a tough schedule and anything more than four wins would be remarkable. Coach Barry Alvarez of **Wisconsin** and his counterpart, Francis Peay at **Northwestern**, would gladly settle for four wins for their teams this year. Alvarez, who took over the Badgers last season, is a good coach who needs time in order to turn around Wisconsin's anemic football fortunes. Peay is an excellent coach who simply cannot attract enough talent to NU to field a competitive Big Ten team.

BIG WEST

Fresno State	9–2
San Jose State	8–3
Utah State	6–5
Long Beach State	5–6
Pacific	5–7
Nevada–Las Vegas	4–7
New Mexico State	1–10
Cal State Fullerton	1–10

Fresno State and **San Jose State** will dominate the conference once again this year. **Utah State** has its best team since 1980. The Aggies return ten of 11 starters from an offense that averaged more than 26 points a game last season. Star of the team is running back Roger Grant. Says coach Chuck Shelton, "There is nothing Roger can't do on the football field. He could start for us at running back, wide receiver, fullback or defensive back." Grant's backup is Floyd Foreman—the second cousin of George Foreman. Coaching legend George Allen, who died in the off season, will be missed at **Long Beach State**. The 70-year-old Allen took over the ailing 49ers team before last season and produced a winner (6–5) one last time. Willie Brown, a Hall of Fame defensive back for the Oakland Raiders during the Seventies, is the new head coach. The 49ers, who return 15 starters from last season, will remain competitive. Quarterback Todd Studer, who threw for 19 touchdowns and 2618 yards, is back for his senior season. With Troy Kopp, ranked third in the nation last year in total offense, returning at quarterback, the **University of the Pacific** will put lots of points on the board. The question is whether the Tigers' defense, which allowed opponents an average of more than 37 points per game last year, can stop anyone. The answer, unfortunately, for coach Walt Harris is probably not. **Nevada–Las Vegas** second-year coach Jim Strong landed one of the strongest recruiting classes in UNLV history during the off season. It will take a year or two, however, before the talent influx begins to pay off. Hunkie Cooper, a converted quarterback who runs, receives and was the conference's top kick returner last season, is Vegas' Mr. Do

Here are the two-digit personal codes you will need to select your favorite girls.

10 BOGUSKY, NATALIE ANN (Michigan State), p. 144
11 BRADLEY, WAHLEA MICHELLE (Ohio State), p. 136
12 BROCK, MARA DIONNE (Northwestern U), p. 139
13 BROOKS, ASHLEY (U of Iowa), p. 141
14 CARLSON, BRIGITTE (Purdue U), p. 139
15 COCHRAN, KELLY (Michigan State), p. 135
16 COOPER, CINDY (Ohio State), p. 134
17 D'ALEMBERTE, GABRIELLE (U of Iowa), p. 143
18 DE SANTES, NICOLE (Penn State), p. 142
19 EARLY, LISA (Michigan State), p. 135
20 ENGELMAN, LISA (U of Michigan), p. 140
21 GOODING, SANDRA (U of Iowa), p. 137
22 HALSEY, MICHELLE (Michigan State), p. 135
23 HEROLD, KRISTIN (Ohio State), p. 137
24 JOHNSON, HEATHER (Michigan State), p. 144
25 KALCHEIM, LINDSEY (Northwestern U), p. 140
26 KROCZYNSKI, CHRISTINE (Penn State), p. 144
27 LANE, CYNTHIA (Northwestern U), p. 137
28 LAUDER, BETTY (Penn State), p. 139
29 LAZAR, KATHLEEN (Penn State), p. 144
30 LORENTZEN, AMY (Michigan State), p. 143
31 MACHINSKI, KATY (Penn State), p. 144
32 MARTIN, ANGELIQUE (U of Wisconsin), p. 142
33 MC CARTY, SHAUNA (Northwestern U), p. 143
34 MITCHELL, ANDY (Indiana U), p. 141
35 MITCHELL, LESLEY (Purdue U), p. 134
36 MOODY, HEATHER (Michigan State), p. 135
37 MORGAN, PARK (U of Wisconsin), p. 134
38 MOWRY, TRISTA (Michigan State), p. 135
39 MURPHY, PAMELA (U of Minnesota), p. 140
40 NAGLE, JENNIFER (Northwestern U), p. 141
41 NORTON, VICKI (Penn State), p. 144
42 O'CONNOR, APRIL LYNNE (Penn State), p. 144
43 PARR, CHENOA (U of Minnesota), p. 142
44 PAUL, KIMBERLY (Ohio State), p. 145
45 PETERS, MALINDA (U of Minnesota), p. 136
46 PHILLIPS, TRACEY (U of Michigan), p. 141
47 PRICE, JENNIFER (U of Minnesota), p. 144
48 RICE, AMANDA (Michigan State), p. 135
49 ROBINSON, TRACY (Indiana U), p. 143
50 ROSSETTO, KAREN (U of Illinois), p. 136
51 SCHIEBLE, CARRIE (U of Wisconsin), p. 142
52 SHERMAN, TAMIKA (Ohio State), p. 138
53 SMITH, JUDY (Penn State), p. 144
54 WANESKY, SANDRA (Penn State), p. 144
55 WARD, LESLIE (Ohio State), p. 138
56 YOUNG, SOUMAYA (U of Wisconsin), p. 141
57 ZEILSTRA, SARA JANE (U of Michigan), p. 138
58 ZINGER, LINDA (Indiana U), p. 140

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Everything. New Mexico State snapped the nation's longest losing streak (27) by defeating Cal State Fullerton in the final game of last season. Coach Jim Hess's 1991 team should be at least good enough not to start another record losing streak. The same may not be true of lowly Cal State Fullerton. Late last January, the campus athletic council recommended dropping football. Before college president Milton Gordon and some football boosters stepped in a week later with a commitment to keep the program alive for two more years, coach Gene Murphy had released all of the Titans' football recruits. Only about half of them returned when the program was saved.

EAST INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	9–3
Army	5–6
Navy	4–7

With the formation of the Big East football conference, there's not much left of the East Independents. Of course, there will be even less once Penn State, already an official Big Ten member, begins conference play. Bob Sutton takes over from Jim Young as head coach at Army. Sutton, who was Young's defensive coordinator for eight years, is not about to change anything. The Cadets, unable to recruit big-time football talent because of the difficulty of entering the academy and the lack of N.F.L. prospects for players with military commitments, still managed six winning seasons in the past seven years and three bowl appearances under Young's brilliant coaching. Sutton will stick with Young's wishbone offense and five-two defense. With the graduation of all-time rushing leader Mike Mayweather, quarterback Willie McMillian, who rushed for 900 yards last season, will be the focus of Army's attack. Navy finished last season 5–6, its most wins since 1982, under new head coach George Chaump. The Midshipmen will have better size in the offensive line but lack experience at quarterback and running back.

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Central Michigan	8–3
Toledo	7–4
Miami University	7–4
Ball State	7–4
Western Michigan	6–5
Bowling Green State	4–7
Kent	3–8
Eastern Michigan	3–8
Ohio University	2–9

The Mid-American promises to be a dogfight among five or six teams for the conference title this season. Central Michigan will try to be the first conference champion to repeat since it turned the trick in 1979. The Chippewas, who finished 7–1 in the conference and 8-2-1 overall, won the honor of playing in the Raisin Bowl, only to get whacked by San Jose State 48–24. Central Michigan sports a lot of offense in a defense-dominated conference. Jeff Bender, last season's M.A.C. Player of the Year, returns for his senior year, as does talented wide receiver Ken Ealy. If defensive coordinator Dick Flynn can patch together the D, the Chippewas can repeat. Toledo, which also finished 7–1 in the conference last season but didn't take the raisins, has a new coach, Gary Pinkel, former offensive coordinator for the University of Washington. Kevin Meger, who returns as the starting quarterback, is an excellent scrambler but marginal passer. Pinkel will experiment with the offense but will stick with Toledo's four-three stunt defense. If Miami University sneaks into contention, it will be on the back of its defense. The Redskins have four potential all-conference players on their defensive line, including end Jon Wauford, who had 14 quarterback sacks last season. Second-year coach Randy Walker will have a difficult job coaxing points out of an inexperienced offense. Ball State returns nine starters from a defense that ranked second in the nation in total defense last season. The Cardinals have had the best over-all record of any M.A.C. school for the past three years. Western Michigan will again start Brad Tayles at quarterback. Tayles had 22 consecutive starts in his first two seasons. WMU's best player is junior running back Corey Sylve, who averaged 5.7 yards per carry last year. Gary Blackney is the new coach for Bowling Green State. The Falcons should continue their stubborn defense (15th in the nation in fewest points allowed), with eight starters returning from last year. The defense will have to perform well, while an inexperienced offense develops.

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: *Ty Detmer (Brigham Young), Shane Matthews (Florida), Tommy Maddox (UCLA), Shawn Jones (Georgia Tech), Matt Rodgers (Iowa), Marvin Graves (Syracuse), Alex Van Pelt (Pittsburgh), Troy Kapp (Pacific), Bucky Richardson (Texas A&M), Bobby Fuller (South Carolina)*

RUNNING BACKS: *Ricky Powers (Michigan), Robert Smith (Ohio St.), Tony Brooks (Notre Dame), Edgar Bennett (Florida St.), Terry Kirby (Virginia), Siran Stacy (Alabama), Vaughn Dunbar (Indiana), Mazio Royster (USC)*

RECEIVERS: *Courtney Hawkins (Michigan St.), Michael Smith (Kansas St.), Rodney Blackshear (Texas Tech), Tre Everett (Florida), Stephen Shipley, Kelly Blackwell (Texas Christian), Shelby Hill (Syracuse), Robert Brooks (South Carolina), Derek Brown (Notre Dame), Mark Chmura (Baston College)*

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Mike Mooney (Georgia Tech), Leon Searcy (Miami), Mike Gisler (Houston), Matt Elliott (Michigan), Eddie Blake (Auburn), Kevin Mancini (Florida St.), Cal Dixon (Florida), Eugene Chung (Virginia Tech), Russ McCullough, Brad Funk (Missouri), Tray Auzenne (California), Jim Johnsan (Michigan St.), Monte Jones, John Turnpaugh (Baylor), Mirko Jurkovic, Gene McGuire (Notre Dame), Kevin Brathen (Vanderbilt)*

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Jeff Zgonina (Purdue), Joel Steed (Colorado), Robert Stewart (Alabama), Marc Boutte (Louisiana St.), Jon Wauford (Miami University), Chris Slade (Virginia), Larry Webster (Maryland), Jim Deter (Penn St.), Brad Culpepper (Florida), James Patton (Texas), Keith Hamilton (Pittsburgh), Chris Hutchinson (Michigan), Gilbert Brown (Kansas), Chester McGlackton (Clemson), Marcus Woods (Oregon), Gerald Dixon (South Carolina)*

LINEBACKERS: *Marvin Jones, Kirk Carruthers (Florida St.), Levon Kirkland (Clemson), Steve Grant (West Virginia), Ricardo McDonald (Pittsburgh), Erick Anderson (Michigan), Joe Bowden (Oklahoma), Donald Jones (Washington), Tommy Thigpen (North Carolina), Kurt Barber (USC), Darrin Smith (Miami), Dan Conley (Syracuse), Barron Wortham (Texas–El Paso), Mark D'Onofrio, Keith Goganious (Penn St.), Phillip Kent (Mississippi), Chuck Bullough (Michigan St.), Travis Hill (Nebraska), Darrel Crawford (Auburn)*

DEFENSIVE BACKS: *Terrell Buckley (Florida St.), Matt Darby (UCLA), Eric Castle (Oregon), Marlon Primous (Illinois), Jerry Parks (Houston), Lance Gunn (Texas), Damien Russell (Virginia Tech), Phillippi Sparks (Arizona St.), Selwyn Jones (Colorado St.), Troy Vincent (Wisconsin), Marquez Pape (Fresno St.), Darryl Williams (Miami), Shannon Yates (Air Force), Paul Wallace (Wyoming)*

PLACE KICKERS: *Craig Hentrich (Notre Dame), Raman Anderson (Houston), Carlos Huerta (Miami), Jim Von Wyl (Auburn), Scott Bonnell (Indiana), Clint Gwaltney (North Caralina), Chris Boniol (Louisiana Tech), Sean Fleming (Wyoming), Jason Elam (Hawaii), Kenny Stucker (Ball St.)*

PUNTERS: *Dan Eichloff (Kansas), Craig Hentrich (Notre Dame), Scott McAlister (North Carolina), Earl Kauffman (Brigham Young), Klaus Wilmsmeyer (Louisville), Daren Parker (South Carolina), Mike Riley (Mississippi St.)*

MIDWEST INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9–3
Louisville	6–5
Northern Illinois	4–7
Tulsa	4–7
Akron	3–8
Cincinnati	2–9

PACIFIC 10

Washington	9–2
UCLA	7–4
Stanford	7–4
Southern California	6–5
California	6–5
Oregon	6–5
Arizona	5–6
Arizona State	5–6
Washington State	3–8
Oregon State	3–8

Notre Dame is, once again, the strongest of the Midwest Independents. Louisville coach Howard Schnellenberger has been promising for a couple of years that his Cardinals would be nationally ranked and win a bowl game. Last year, he was right. The Cardinals were 10-1-1, knocked off Alabama 34–7 in the Fiesta Bowl and ended the season ranked 14th in the nation. However, Schnellenberger is not talking this year. The Cardinals lost 14 starters, including defensive stalwarts Mark Sander and Ted Washington, plus quarterback Browning Nagle. To make matters worse, Schnellenberger's defensive coordinator headed for Virginia, his defensive secondary coach to Texas A&M. The bright spot in this rebuilding year will be freshman quarterback Jeff Brohm, described by a UL spokesman as "one of the best athletes ever to come out of Kentucky." A successful season for the Cardinals will be winning more games than they lose. With Jerry Pettibone gone to Oregon State, Charlie Sadler takes over as head coach at Northern Illinois. The former Oklahoma defensive coordinator inherits a team depleted by graduation. Last year, with Stacey Robinson at quarterback, the wishbone-oriented Huskies won the N.C.A.A. team rushing title with 3791 yards. Robinson and the bulk of the offensive line are gone and Sadler will switch the offense to a multiple I, which, he says, combines the best aspects of the option and passing games. The Huskies have too much youth and change to do much barking this year.

•

Before quarterback Mark Brunell went down with a knee injury, we were ready to pick Washington as the number-one team in the nation. Even without Brunell, the Huskies are the best team in the Pac 10. UCLA should bounce back from an atypical losing season. Only a murderous schedule will hold down an excellent Stanford team. Southern Cal can never be discounted and California has some tremendous athletes, especially running back Russell White. Oregon, 8–4 last year, should enjoy another solid season if coach Rich Brooks can solve his quarterback problem created by the graduation of Bill Musgrave. The Ducks have four candidates with good potential, but none of them has yet to throw a pass in Division I-A competition. Sophomore Sean Burwell, who rushed for nearly 1000 yards last season, gives the Ducks some punch on the ground. Until the quarterbacking situation solidifies, Oregon will depend on its improved defensive play of recent years to remain competitive. Arizona, which finished in the middle of the Pac 10 last year, will likely do the same this season. The Wildcats, who have traditionally had one of the better defenses in the conference, uncharacteristically allowed opponents an average of almost 26 points a game last year. Still, AU finished with a 7–5 record, beating USC, UCLA and in-state rival Arizona State. Last season was a nightmare for Arizona State's medical insurance company. Twenty-seven surgeries were performed on ASU players during and after the season. In fact, only four players on each side of the ball started every game. Still, the Sun Devils managed a 4–7 record, three of the losses coming by a touchdown or less. Untested Bret Powers gets the nod from coach Larry Marmie at quarterback. Marmie may also make immediate use of a good recruiting class, with running back Mario Bates and receivers Carlos Artis and Derrick Land having a chance at playing time. The defense, led by tackle Shane Collins and linebacker Darren Woodson, is solid. Washington State had trouble getting on track offensively last season, leaving an undermanned defense on the field too often and for too long. The Cougars could have the same problem this year. Coach Mike Price has three quarterback candidates, but it looks like sophomore Drew Bledsoe will start. The defense returns only four starters and picks up linebacker Lewis Bush, a starter from 1989 who sat out last year because of grades. Bush could be the Cougars' best defensive player. Oregon State evidently decided it could not recruit the talent required to run the more conventional pass-run styles of attack used by most of its conference rivals. So the Beavers hired Jerry Pettibone as new head coach. Pettibone, formerly with Northern Illinois, is a devotee of the wishbone offense. The wishbone has enabled undermanned teams such as Air Force, Army and Northern Illinois to play more effectively with the big boys. The key to the wishbone is the quarterback and Pettibone has found two, senior Ed Browning, who should start, and Ian

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Shields, a second baseman on OSU's baseball team.

SOUTH INDEPENDENTS

Florida State	11–1
Louisiana Tech	7–4
Southern Mississippi	7–4
South Carolina	6–5
Memphis State	4–7
East Carolina	4–7
Tulane	3–8

Florida State would be the strongest of the South Independents even if Miami and Virginia Tech hadn't joined the Big East. Louisiana Tech, a Division I-A competitor for only two years, hasn't found the adjustment to tougher competition all that difficult. The Bulldogs, under coach Joe Raymond Peace, finished 8-3-1 last season, tying with Maryland in the Independence Bowl. The Bulldogs return almost everyone except outstanding receiver Bobby Slaughter, who was drafted by the San Francisco 49ers. Quarterback Gene Johnson has a shot at overtaking the passing records of Tech alum Terry Bradshaw. Peace says, "The defense will be better than last year," and last year, Tech ranked 23rd nationally in total defense. Once Southern Mississippi capped an 8–3 season by knocking off Auburn 13–12, it didn't take long for coach Curley Hallman's phone to ring with an offer to become head coach of Louisiana State. Hallman was already in Baton Rouge when the Golden Eagles met North Carolina State in the All-American Bowl on December 28. By then, new Southern Mississippi coach Jeff Bower was at the wheel. Despite a 341-yard passing performance by quarterback Brett Favre, Southern Mississippi lost 31–27. Favre has gone on to the N.F.L., but Bower has 16 starters back, including most of a defense that ranked fifth in the nation in points allowed per game (12.82). South Carolina is switching to a three-man front defensively. The Gamecocks' defensive Player of the Year, Gerald Dixon, will get more opportunities to rush the passer in the new alignment. Quarterback Bobby Fuller, who threw for 2372 yards and 13 touchdowns last season, also returns.

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Florida	9–2
Auburn	8–3
Tennessee	7–4
Alabama	7–4
Georgia	6–5
Mississippi	6–5
Mississippi State	5–6
Louisiana State	5–6
Kentucky	5–6
Vanderbilt	2–9

Florida is the most talented team in the S.E.C. this season. Auburn is strong again, Tennessee not quite as strong. Alabama doesn't match up to its top conference foes. Georgia, after a disappointing year, may be ready to turn things up a notch. Mississippi star running back Randy Baldwin passed up his senior year to enter the N.F.L. draft. Coach Billy Brewer has switched Tyrone Ashley, whom he calls the best athlete on the team, from defensive back to running back. Brewer's top two quarterbacks, Tom Luke and Russ Shows, both return. The Rebels' defense suffered heavy losses to graduation and only the linebacking positions appear solid. If optimism creates winners, Mississippi State, under new coach Jackie Sherrill, will win a lot of games. Sherrill, out of coaching for two years since leaving Texas A&M in a cloud of controversy, has redesigned MSU's uniforms and installed a "12th man" kickoff team, the Mad Dawgs, a collection of nonathletic scholarship students who volunteered to play on the Bulldogs' kickoff coverage team. With an inexperienced quarterback and a lack of defensive depth, Sherrill will have to use all his coaching magic to coax a winning season out of the Bulldogs. After suffering two losing years in a row, Louisiana State has hired a new coaching staff headed by former Southern Miss coach Curley Hallman. Hallman has put improved discipline and conditioning at the top of his list of priorities for the Tigers. He will have to come up with a quarterback, since no obvious starter emerged last spring. Kentucky quarterback Freddie Maggard was lost in the fourth game of last season because of a shoulder separation. His replacement, Brad Smith, went down in game seven with a knee injury. The good news is that both have recovered, which means that coach Bill Curry will keep the Wildcats pass-oriented. Most of the defense returns, but then, the defense wasn't very effective last year, allowing opponents an average of more than 28 points per game.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Houston	9–2
Texas	9–2
Baylor	8–3
Texas A&M	7–4
Texas Tech	7–4
Rice	5–6
Texas Christian	5–6
Arkansas	4–7
Southern Methodist	3–8

Houston and Texas will be national powers this season. Baylor has an improved offense to go with its usually stubborn defense. Texas A&M is inexperienced but loaded with talent. Texas Tech, which averaged 29 points a game last year, should have an explosive offense again. Quarterbacks Jamie Gill, a two-year starter before being sidelined with injuries last season, will be backed up by sophomore Robert Hall. Rodney Blackshear (22.11-yard-per-catch average) is a blue-chip receiver. In an effort to bolster the defense, coach Spike Dykes will switch the Red Raiders to a three-four defense, which he hopes will improve its aggressiveness. Rice fought its way back to football respectability last season, posting a 5–6 record under coach Fred Goldsmith. The Owls will struggle to replace quarterback Donald Hollas and linebacker O. J. Brigance. However, Eric Henley, who already owns the school record for career receptions, and Trevor Cobb, who became Rice's first 1000-yard rusher ever last year, are back. Potent offenses are all the rage in the Southwest Conference these days and Texas Christian is no exception to the rule. The Horned Frogs rolled up 4511 yards of offense and averaged 26.6 points per game last season. Trouble was that TCU's defense allowed opponents an average of 32 points per game. With Stephen Shipley, Kelly Blackwell and Richard Woodley, TCU is loaded with great receivers. Coach Jack Crowe suffered an inauspicious beginning at Arkansas. The Razorbacks, a perennial national power, fell to an embarrassing 3–8, their first losing season in 24 years. Crowe is not deterred and promises improvement, despite the fact that he will have to replace departed Quinn Grovey at quarterback. Arkansas moves to the Southeastern Conference in 1992.

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	8–4
Air Force	7–5
Wyoming	7–4
San Diego State	7–5
Colorado State	5–6
Hawaii	5–7
Texas–El Paso	5–7
Utah	4–8
New Mexico	2–10

Brigham Young sits in its usual spot atop the W.A.C. Air Force and Wyoming will follow. San Diego State should be improved in most phases of its offense, with the exception of quarterback, where Dan McGwire has left for the N.F.L. Coach Al Luginbill may replace the 6'8" McGwire with 6'7" Cree Morris. Whoever quarterbacks for the Aztecs will try to get the ball to Playboy All-America receiver Patrick Rowe. Colorado State, under coach Earle Bruce, lost too many players to graduation to match last season's 8–4 performance. Hawaii coach Bob Wagner, who has coached the Rainbows to three consecutive winning seasons, will search for a quarterback to replace Garrett Gabriel, who set 32 school records at Hawaii. Returning, however, are receiver Jeff Sydner, who finished fifth in the nation in all-purpose yards last season, and most of the offensive line. Texas–El Paso has too much in-state competition to land many blue-chip recruits. However, coach David Lee should coax more wins out of the Miners than their three-victory total of last season. Sophomore linebacker Barron Wortham, W.A.C. Freshman of the Year last season, is the player Lee will build his defense around.

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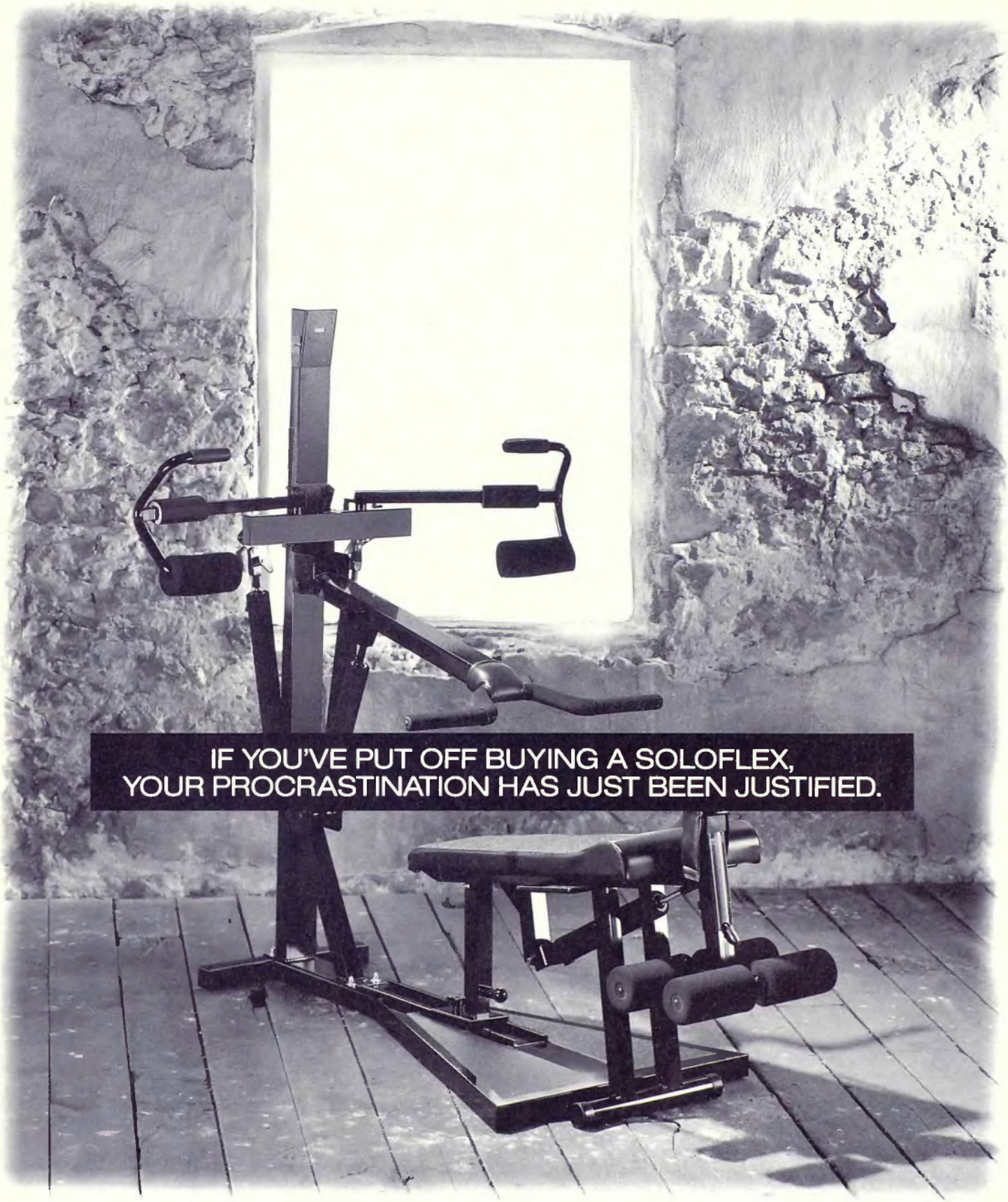


For maybe the first time in your life, you're about to be rewarded for putting off till today what you were meaning to do yesterday. Because now there's Trimax. The total body conditioning machine that gives you a more complete muscular and cardiovascular workout than any other home system. Soloflex included. And it does it in half the time. Virtually all 24 Trimax exercises work not one, but two muscle groups at once. More effectively. More efficiently. With no bothersome rubber straps or weights to slow you down. To find out more about the machine you've been waiting for, call for a free 16-page brochure. And remember, that procrastination stuff only goes so far. **1-800-866-5676.** PB1091

TRIMAX

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

You press the button, the rest is taken care of—and what a choice "the rest" is. Once considered mere cookie-cutter clones, 35mm SLR cameras now bristle with a variety of electronics that can expand your approach to picture taking. Some features, such as autoflash, have been around for years, while others are evidence of technology pushed to the limit. SLRs with variable-pattern autoexposure, for example, can read the kinds of mixed lighting that tend to trick conventional meters. Another nifty feature, autobracket, eliminates f-stop confusion by creating a variety of exposures for each shot. You simply choose the one that you think looks best. And functions such as autofocus, wind and rewind make things even easier. Get the picture?

RICHARD IZUI

Clockwise from left: Nikon N6006 with autoexposure bracketing, about $650. Pentax SF1-N with spot-beam projector for autofocus accuracy in low light, $657. Minolta Maxxum 8000i with custom white body features auto- and flash-exposure bracketing and multispot exposure readings, about $840. Olympus IS-1 with built-in 35mm to 135mm macrofocusing power-zoom lens, $800. Canon EOS 10S autofocus camera with shake-alert feature that compensates for camera movement, $730. (All prices—excluding that of the Olympus—are for camera bodies only.)

Where & How to Buy on page 185.

More than Meets the Eye

Actress LISA SAXTON was in *The Forbidden Dance . . . Is Lambada* and is co-starring in *Ring of Fire*. She talked with Rick Dees on *Into the Night*, but we like best the question posed by the *ABC Eyewitness News* segment Lisa was on: "Does Sex Sell?" Yes, Lisa, yes.

ANDY PEARLMAN

A Knees Tease

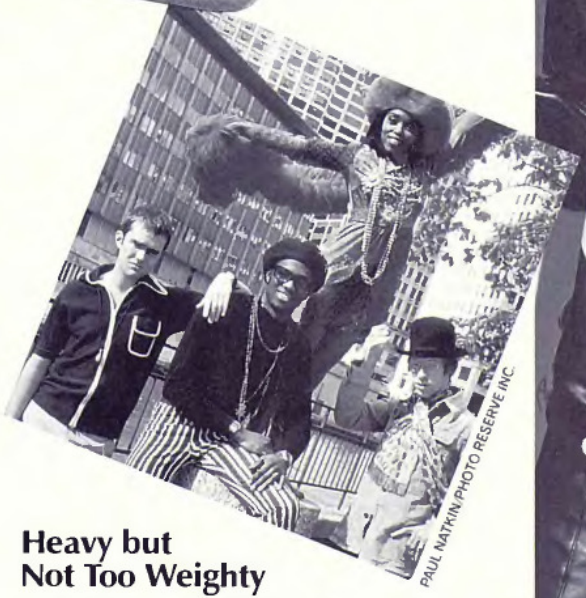
Actress ELENA SAHAGUN has been on the big and small screens in *Marked for Death*, *Quantum Leap* and *Naked Obsession*. Elena's got us obsessing, too.

© DAN GOLDEN

Hip, Flip and Full of Lip

There are a couple of WILL SMITHs. With his partner, DJ Jazzy Jeff, he's the Fresh Prince with a new LP, *Homebase*. On TV, the Fresh Prince lives in Bel Air. Altogether, he's one cool dude.

© NICK CHARLES



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Heavy but Not Too Weighty

Critics call the English funk group the BRAND NEW HEAVIES the real deal. If the shows they did in New York and L.A. are proof, you will, too. Until they play more clubs, check out the self-titled debut LP and get down.

The New Dad Fad

Who else but Rhino Records would have found a musical home for the likes of BIG DADDY, whose third album, *Cutting Their Own Groove*, is full of Fifties doo-wop versions of everything from *Ice Ice Baby* to *Like a Virgin*. Recently, the guys played the L.A. club scene. We hope they hit the road.

© ROBERT MATHEU

© PAUL RIDER

Cage Unbarred

Actor NICOLAS CAGE's recent video is sure to cause talk. Already being called the *9½ Weeks* of the Nineties, *Zandalee* costars Judge Reinhold and Erika Anderson. Cage plays an obsessed lover, a pull-out-all-the-stops part.

Anna Maria Puts the Pedal to the Metal and We All Cheer

ANNA MARIA GOSTANIAN is English and a model, but her passion is cycling. An activist in the London Cycling Campaign, she bikes for health, for the environment and to meet guys. She has met thousands.

© LUCHRIS/RDR PRODUCTIONS

SEND IN THE KLOWNS

"There's nothing more frightening than a clown after midnight," the late Lon Chaney once remarked. And Chaney should know, since he played the grinning top-hatted monster in *London After Midnight*. Although no prints of the film survive, Death Studios in La Porte, Indiana (219-362-4321), has created the Chaney character, Midnight, from old stills, and he can walk the streets again for $114, postpaid (including the top hat). Or if you'd rather be a klown this Halloween, there is Death Studios' Fatso and Slim, the two evil stars of *Killer Klowns from Outer Space*, a low-budget science-fiction thriller directed by the Chiodo brothers. Slim is $98.50; Fatso is $83.50, postpaid. Take two, they're large.

IT'S STILL A JUNGLE OUT THERE

In December 1989, *Potpourri* featured an unusual South American resort named La Selva located deep in the Ecuadorian jungle. Now La Selva's American owners, Eric and Maggie Schwartz, have introduced The Amazon Light Brigade, a jungle camping safari that Hemingway would have loved. By day, you travel with a guide down paths and streams of high—but safe—adventure. At dusk, you arrive at a campsite where your tent has been pitched, and drinks and an elegant dinner await. At dawn, you move on (La Selva's staff packs up the camp) to enjoy the region's spectacular flora and fauna. A six-day Light Brigade adventure costs $1200 (not including air fare to Quito). For more information, call La Selva from the States at 011-593-2-550-995. Or write to the Schwartzes at 6 De Diciembre, Quito, Ecuador. Charge!

PET ON A SWEAT

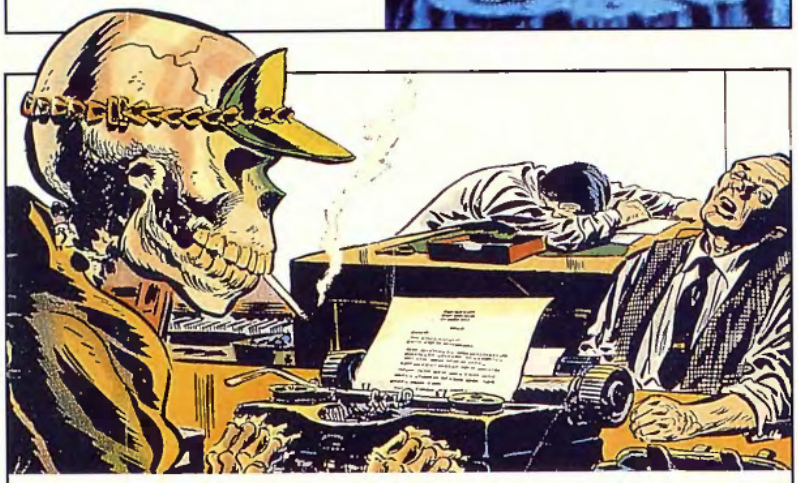
Think your favorite four-footed friend looks like you—or vice versa? Have your pet painted on a sweat. Lois Karhinen Signashirts etc. . ., P.O. Box 811, Grand Island, New York 14072, specializes in immortalizing pets on the front or back of a sweat shirt. Yes, you can wash the shirt, and all Karhinen needs is a clear photo or two of your animal (the eyes must show), your size and a check for $45, plus postage and handling. Woof!

UP IN COOKIE SMOKE

If you're in surroundings where a stinking stogie is not going to ingratiate you to your fellow man, try firing up an aromatic Tinder Box Private Stock cigar. The scent of the smoke is vanilla (some people think it smells like cookies baking), but Private Stock still tastes like a real cigar. Two other scents, café espresso and amaretto, also are available. A box of 25 cigars costs about $20 at Tinder Box stores nationwide. Don't eat 'em, smoke 'em.

FANTASTIC *FANTASIA*

Mickey, the Sorcerer's Apprentice, is asleep in the master's dungeon when a wicked wind from Bald Mountain scatters musical notes throughout Fantasia. Is this a remake of the Disney film of the same name? Nope. Sega of America has recently introduced a $49.95 video game of *Fantasia* for its Genesis system; and if you ever wanted to see Mickey Mouse get splatted by dancing hippos, here's your chance. Lots of luck looking for the lost notes on Bald Mountain.



THE HORROR OF IT ALL

"The rotted, decayed thing grinned . . . reaching outward! Its flesh crawled with the slime of death!" Arrrrgh. That passage from *Tales from the Crypt*, December 1952, is just one of the milder excerpts in *Horror Comics: The Illustrated History*, available from Taylor Publishing in Dallas for $23.95, postpaid. (Call 800-275-8188 for a credit-card order.) Other books in the ten-volume *History of Comics* series will feature superheros and science fiction.

PISSER OF A POSTER

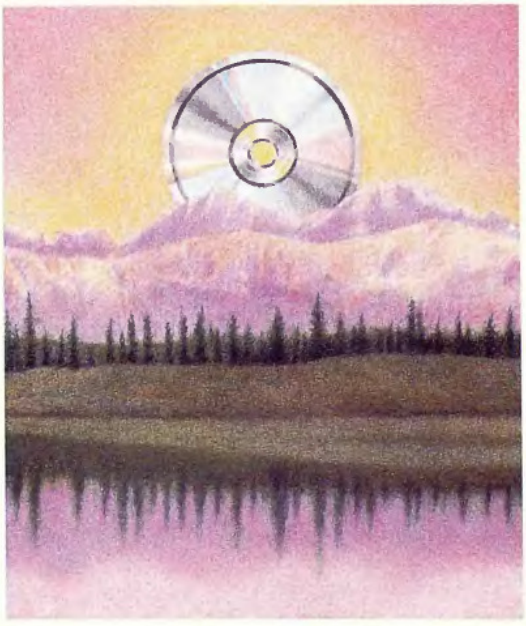
Remember *The Modern Man's Guide to Life*, which we published back in December 1987? Sure you do. It featured a whimsical illustration by artist Dave Calver of a debonair chap in coat and tails taking a whizz. Now, by popular request, we've made Calver's artwork titled *Elegance* into a 24"x18" poster that would look terrific framed over your porcelain throne. And the price is also a real pisser of a good deal—$19.50, postpaid. To order, call our Special Editions Limited number, 800-345-6066.

YOUR MOVE, MONTANA

The Gridiron Chess Set blends fine craftsmanship and humor. The coach is the king and the quarterback is the queen. Rooks are wide receivers, knights are tight ends, bishops are running backs and the lowly pawns are linemen, of course. All pieces are hand-crafted out of 24-kt.-gold-plated pewter and the board is made of artificial turf. The price: $659, postpaid, sent to Procreations, 340 Old Mill Road, #85, Santa Barbara, California 93110. Hike!

CRY OF THE LAND

Recording artist Bernie Krause is perhaps the world's only bio-acoustic musician naturalist. As such, he has tramped the globe recording sounds of the earth using digital and Dolby SR technology. Current releases include *Amazon Days, Amazon Nights*, *Dawn at Trout Lake*, *Green Meadow Stream*, *Natural Voices/African Song Cycle*, *Woodland Journey* and *Ocean Wonders*. For more info or to order, call 800-473-WILD. Postpaid prices from $12.50 (cassettes) to $18.50 (CDs).



NEXT MONTH

SECRET CELEBRITY

BOTTOMS UP

SINFUL CINEMA

FAMINE CYCLE

"BOTTOMS UP"—A COLLEGE GRAD LEARNS A LESSON FROM A COUPLE OF STREET-WISE STRIPPERS WHO JUST HAPPEN TO BE HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS—FICTION BY **MARSHALL BOSWELL**

SEAN PENN DEFENDS HIS *PAPARAZZO* PUNCH AND SHATTERS HIS BAD-BOY IMAGE AS HE SHEDS NEW LIGHT ON HIS EX, HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT, FATHERHOOD AND DOING TIME IN A BRASH **"PLAYBOY INTERVIEW"**

"AN ENTIRELY MAN-MADE DISASTER"—A SEARING EXPOSÉ OF HOW POLITICS, BUREAUCRACY AND ARROGANCE COMBINE TO REAP A HARVEST OF HUMAN LIVES IN AFRICA—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

"WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES"—A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF **KITTY KELLEY'S** DUEL WITH THE FIRST FAMILY—BY **GERALD GARDNER**

"SEX IN CINEMA"—THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA MISBEHAVIN' GOING ON IN THIS YEAR'S MOVIES. IF YOU MISSED THE HOTTEST MOMENTS ON THE BIG SCREEN, CATCH UP WITH OUR SCINTILLATING RECAP. TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

JULIA ROBERTS SHARES HER GRAND REVELATION ABOUT SEX, TELLS SECRETS ABOUT HER HAIR AND HOTEL SHAMPOO AND REVEALS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE "THE LIPS OF THE NINETIES" IN A PRETTY WOMANLY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"THE UNIVERSE OF TREACHERY"—WE'VE HEARD ABOUT LIFE IN THE MOB BEFORE, BUT NEVER IN SUCH DETAIL. AN INTIMATE LOOK AT PHILADELPHIA HIT MAN **NICK "THE CROW" CARAMANDI,** WHO RATTED ON HIS BRUTAL MAFIA BOSS AND LIVED TO TELL THE STORY—BY **RICHARD BEHAR**

"CODE NAME: SECRET CELEBRITY"—WE HAVE A MYSTERY PICTORIAL IN STORE FOR YOU. NOW, JUST BE PATIENT

PLUS: *PLAYBOY* FASHION FEATURES CATALOG CLOTHES, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** PLUG INTO THE LATEST GADGETRY WITH **"PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONIC ROUNDUP";** AND GET THOSE THUMBS POINTED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION FOR **ROGER EBERT'S** LASER-DISC FAVES; THEY'RE BACK: **"PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE"** WITH VARSITY JACKETS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

Seventh Heaven

SEAGRAM'S SEVENTH HEAVEN

1 oz. Seagram's 7
over ice in a tall glass
¼ oz. Amaretto
Fill to the top with
orange juice
Garnish with orange slice

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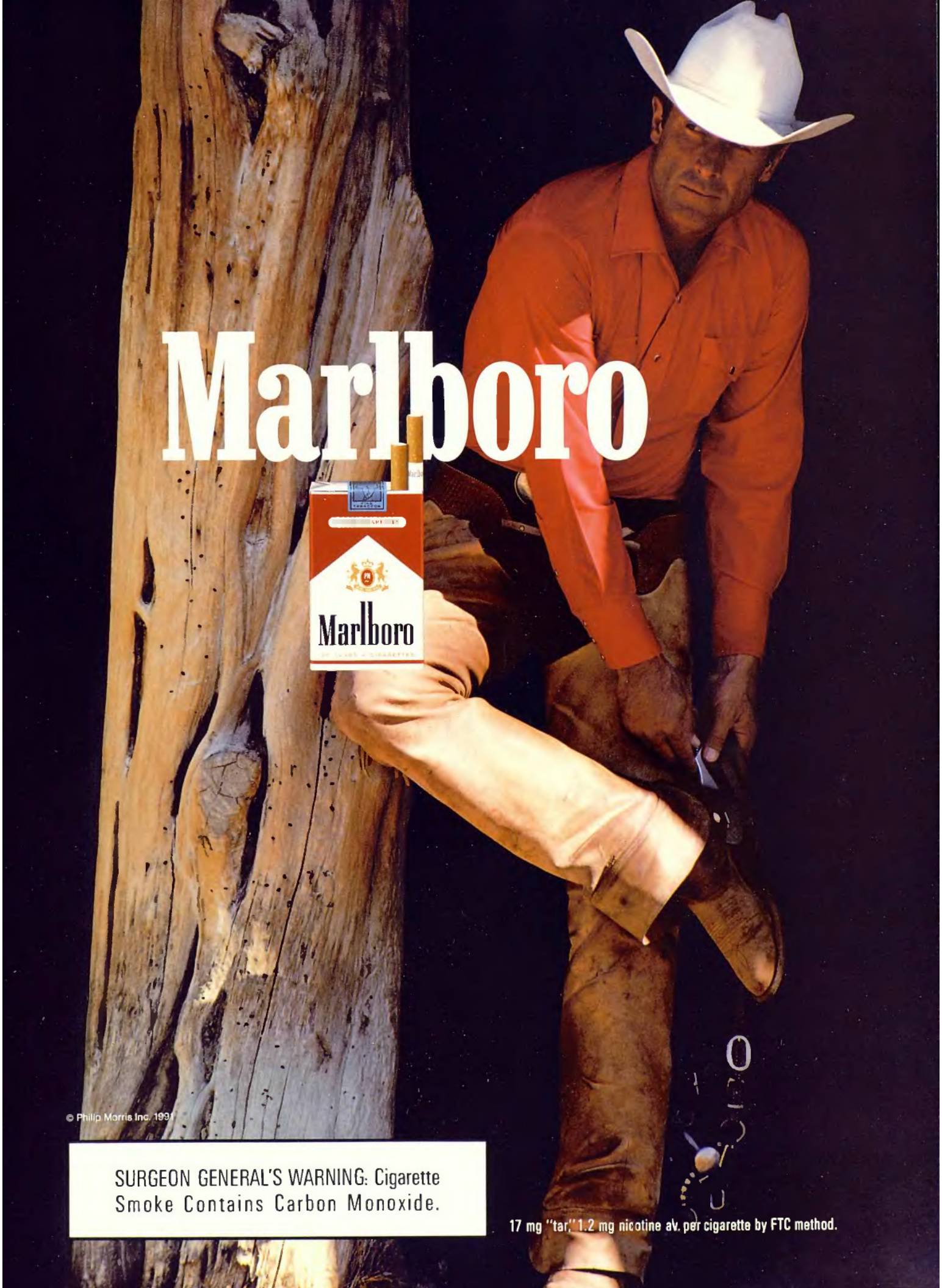
AMERICA'S GOOD TIME SPIRIT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17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.